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ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

The movement for a higher artistic standard in our public works, and other topics of the art world—with a series of engravings of representative canvases by painters of the day.

BEAUTY IN GOVERNMENT ART.

The movement for better art and better architecture in our public works and governmental productions has recently been organized as the Public Art League of the United States. Wherever there are Americans who delight to see beauty in the things that represent their government, this society will receive hearty support.

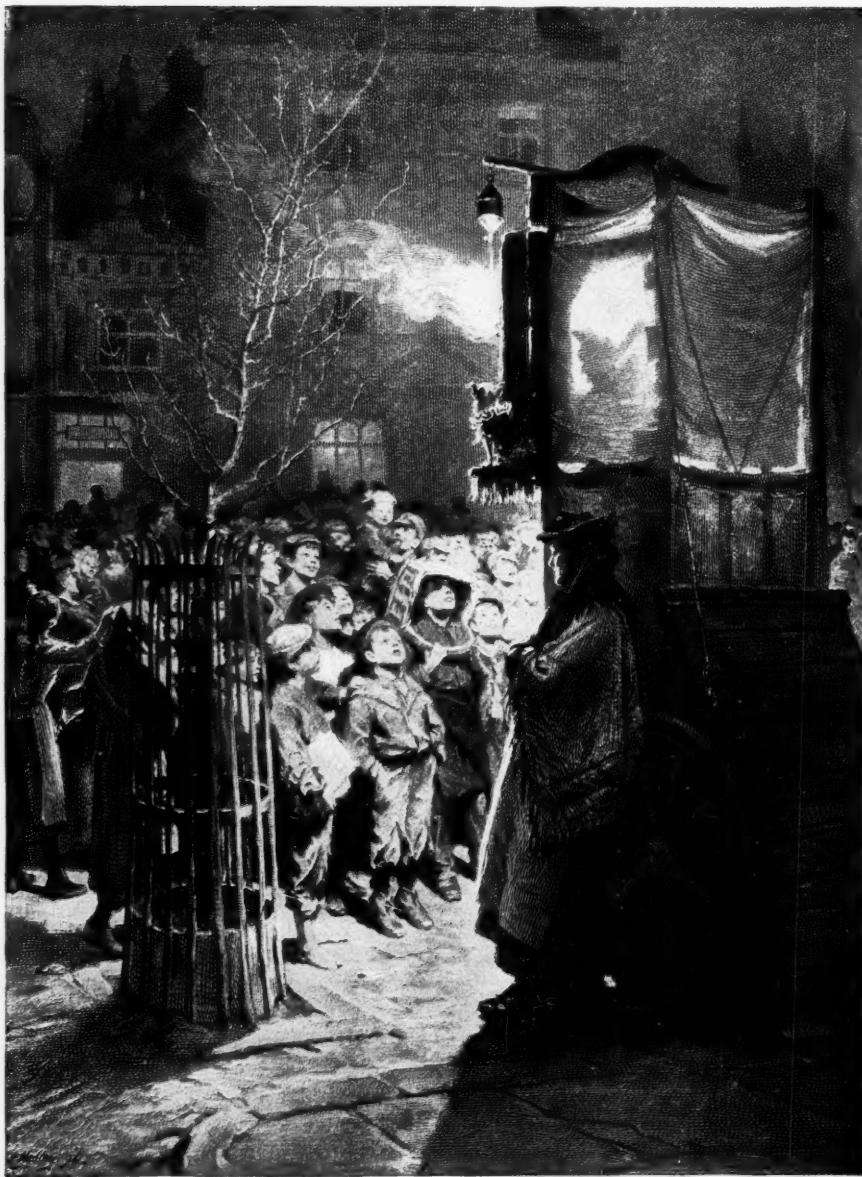
One of its chief aims is to pass a bill through Congress requiring that, before the purchase or acceptance of any work of art (sculpture, painting, architecture, coin, seal, medal, note, stamp, or bond), the design shall be submitted to the criticism of a competent committee of experts.

Among the officers of the league are such well known men as Richard Watson



"AT THE SHRINE."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by Ralli.



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"PUNCH AND JUDY."

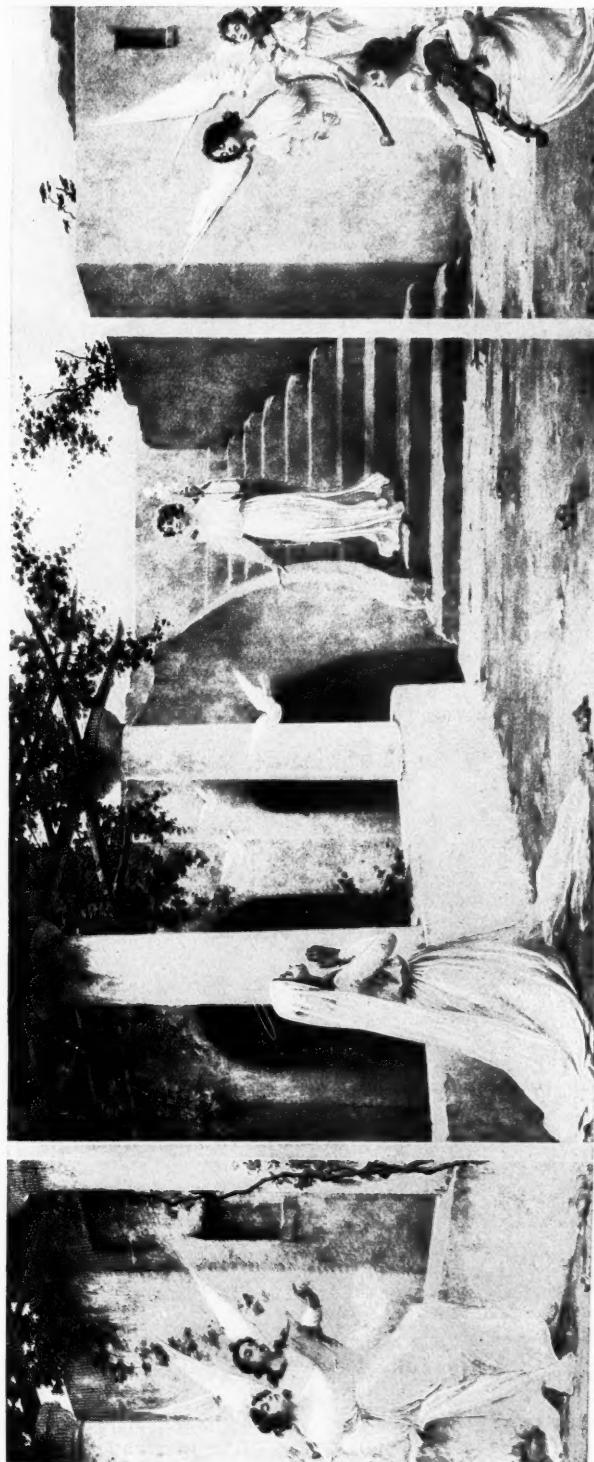
From the painting by Ralph Hedley—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

Gilder, C. F. McKim, Augustus St. Gaudens, and John La Farge.

WHOLESALE ART BORROWING.

The "loan exhibition," which has so long been a popular means of showing works of art, is beginning to test the pa-

tience of collectors. They say they are tired of such "wholesale borrowing." An Englishman who owns a finely chosen little gallery of paintings, valued at about a hundred thousand dollars, gives a good reason for this general impatience on the part of owners of works of art. In a letter



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"THE ANGEL'S GREETING."

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"A PLEASANT BURDEN."

From the painting by William A. Bouguereau.

to a friend he says: "Of all my pictures I have not a single one in my house at the present minute." There are few

private collectors, whose art works are worth seeing, who could not have written very much the same sort of letter.



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"DIANA."

From the painting by I. B. Kennington—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

A POET PAINTER.

Robert C. Minor, America's poet painter, belongs to the small band of men who have raised landscape art in this country to the creditable position it holds

in the world's esteem. Wyant and Inness, who were perhaps the foremost in this little group of men, died before their work had received the full appreciation which they deserved. Mr. Minor is more fortu-



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"STEPPING STONES."

From the painting by M. Nonnenbruch—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

nate than they, because he is still young enough to enjoy the praise he earns. He was a pupil of Boulanger and Diaz, and

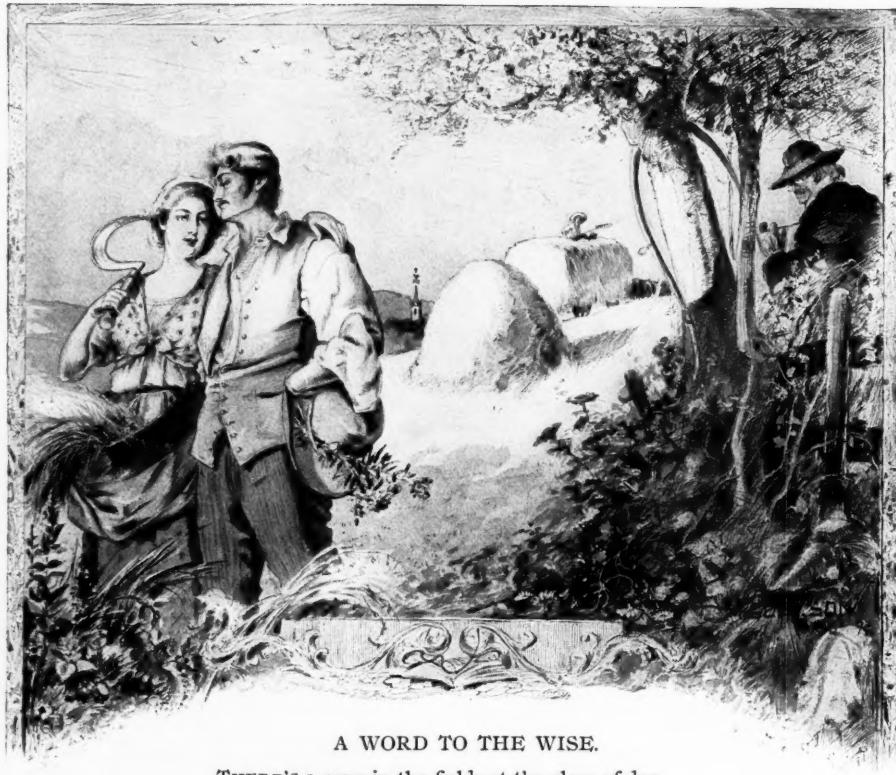
his early art impressions were received in the village of Barbizon, the cradle of so much artistic genius.



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"AN IDYL OF SPRING."

From the painting by L. W. Henzel—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.



A WORD TO THE WISE.

THERE'S a song in the fields at the close of day—
“Tirili, tirili, oh !”

’Tis the farmer’s lad, and he lightens the way
With a “Cheerily, cheerily, oh !
For it’s up, lads and lasses, ’tis no time for sorrow,
But cheerily, cheerily, oh !
For Meg and I walk to the church on the morrow ;
Tirili, tirili, oh !”

Thus spake a philosopher, hearing the stave :
“ If you could command from above
Any one of these gifts, pray, which would you crave—
Wisdom, or wealth, or love ?”

Said the lad : “ For true love true hearts were made ;
That’s wisdom enough for me ;
And my Meg for the wealth of the world I’d not trade ;
So I’m rich in my love, you see !
And it’s up, lads and lasses, ’tis no time for sorrow,
But cheerily, cheerily, oh !
For Meg and I walk to the church on the morrow ;
Tirili, tirili, oh !”

The night creeps on and enshrouds the day—
(Hark, ’tis a “Tirili, oh !”)
But the day still lives in that blithe, faraway,
Mellow sweet “Cheerily, oh !”

Judson Newman Smith.



THE MODERN SWORDSWOMAN.

Fencing as a fad of the hour among American society women—The interest and picturesqueness of the sport, its value as an exercise, and the skill attained by feminine fencers.

“A REAL woman fencer?” said the *maitre d’armes*, repeating the words as if he did not understand the question. “Ah, yes, I suppose that *may* be, but she is very rare; she will not practice; she may take up fencing for a time, but she gets tired too easily and gives it up before she has really learned. Fencing is an art as well as a sport. It is a *real* thing only to those who devote themselves seriously to it—who master it.”

“But are not society women taking up the art now, and learning to fence as they learn to ride the bicycle? Is it not a fad for women to fence?”

At the word “fad” the expert’s face brightened, his shoulders drew up in a comical French shrug, and he smiled meaningly.

“Oh, pardon,” he said, “I thought you spoke of the art of fencing, of *real* fencers; it is a different thing—that fad!”

Thus does art look upon dilettanteism. But from the faddist’s outlook—a point of view that cannot be disregarded nowadays—fencing among women is real enough. To have it more real would be to spoil it as a fad. The fair swordswoman appreciates this, and dons her mask, straps her padded armor about her, draws on her gauntlets, and grasps her slender blade, with no other intention than to amuse herself.

Still, when she takes up the foil, even as a caprice, woman is sure to feel its beneficent influence. Fencing was not called “the sport of kings” lightly, nor have many generations of men learned to defend themselves with the small sword because they had nothing better to do. There is a fascination about an engagement at arms which few sports offer, for few appeal so strongly to the human love of a keen struggle for supremacy.

There are other reasons, too, for believing that women will, in time, look upon the sport more seriously. The fact that in a generous use of the foil lies an awkward woman’s chance to become graceful will have its due weight. Women who fence much believe that no other form of exercise tends so materially to improve their personal appearance. A systematic course of instruction in the art, followed by a moderate adherence to practice, develops the finer lines of a woman’s figure, tempers all the muscles of her body, strengthens her arms and legs, and gives her lightness of step, grace of movement, and perfect poise and ease of bearing.

To fence at all one must be wide awake—awake in mind as well as body. Proficiency in the art depends almost entirely on alertness. The rapidity with which the eye detects an adversary’s intention, and warns the fencer to prepare to foil an attack, is of the first importance. The vari-

ous salutes, lunges, parries, thrusts, guards, are matters of mere technique, and are easily acquired; but in alertness lies the secret of the art. It awakens every sense, bids every muscle hold itself in readiness for instant, thought-like re-

quiring alertness and quick thought, and involving a minimum chance of injury, they say, and you have a form of exercise as nearly perfect as possible. The apparatus of a gymnasium—dumb-bells, Indian clubs, weights, and ropes—sometimes prove injurious to women, but it is not so with the foils.

The art of fencing, as it is scientifically understood, dates from the sixteenth century. Henry III, of France, was a lover of the art and an expert in it, as were several of his successors. It reached its highest point early in the present century, after the restoration of the French Bourbon monarchy. The French school of fencing, which is now the favorite system, was founded on the historical sword play of Spain. From Spain, too, the sport made its way into Italy, where masters of the art still retain the long foil with its bell shaped guard, which may be called a descendant of the old Spanish rapier. The modern foil is modeled with some changes on this weapon.

In continental Europe fencing is more widely recognized as an art, and women are more fully awake to its advantages, than in this country or in England. The Empress of Austria, who is well known as an ardent lover of sports, and whose daring horsemanship has often made her a conspicuous figure, is an expert fencer. Young women in the highest circles of Parisian society fence quite as regularly as they ride or dance. Indeed, those who are proficient in both of these arts say that a dexterous use of the foil is the greatest aid in making a woman mistress of herself, and in developing a fine dancer.

On the stage, fencing has long been known as a sure means of attaining grace. The education of an actress is not complete until she has mastered the art, and can cross swords with an adversary in earnest. Recognizing the importance that her profession gives to "presence," "bearing," and "physical self possession," the young woman who is studying for the stage learns that the foil is an invaluable aid to her training. She may never have an opportunity to show her skill in a combat before the footlights, but it appears in her grace of movement and her ease of pose.

Fencing among women in New York



A FENCING TEACHER.

sponse. How quickly can a thought be executed, not how violently, is the question; and in its solution lies the indescribable exhilaration which fencing offers. Two expert swordsmen in combat are like intricate machines inspired by electricity.

Physicians appreciate this feature of the sport, and recommend it unreservedly. Quicken the pulse, stir the blood, give the muscles a moderate amount of work,



A TYPICAL SCENE IN A NEW YORK SALLE D'ARMES.

Drawn by E. Grivas.



BETWEEN BOUTS.

has been more or less popular for many years. It was started here about 1878, and has been much in vogue since that time. Once every three or four years it becomes a fashion — even touches the fad mark. Generally this rise is to be attributed to the fact that some well known society woman has taken to fencing. The simple announcement that Mrs. John Jacob Astor was one of the best fencers in the metropolis caused a perceptible increase in the demand for foils and fencing outfits, and doubled the classes of M. Sénac and other *maîtres d'armes*.

Later, published lists of prominent women who were distinguishing themselves with the foil included such well known names as Mrs. Royal Phelps Carroll, Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, the Misses Welling, the Misses Havemeyer, Miss Edith Benedict, Miss Lauterbach, Miss Helen Graham, Miss Daisy Post, Miss Ives, daughter of Brayton Ives, and Miss La Farge. Even the New York Fencers' Club, whose doors had long been shut against women fencers, opened them — just a crack once in a while — and gave over their *salle d'armes*, on stated hours of

stated days, to the members' wives and daughters. Women took advantage of the club's generosity, and made an occasion of their hours there.

Unfortunately, it was an incident that appealed to the "Sunday editors" of our enterprising newspapers, and they, too, made an occasion of it. Reporters besieged the club house, and the columns of their journals gleamed with gorgeous cuts and glowing descriptions of society women who fenced. Emile Bayard's celebrated picture, "An Affair of Honor," in which two fair fencers meet in deadly combat, became the subject matter for illustrations in which well known society women figured as the combatants. Naturally, such notoriety frightened the fencers, and the sword fad was dropped.

In bringing it to life again this spring, the women who first made it popular have not forgotten the thrusts of the daily press. They have discovered a parry, however, to all such attempts at making a public show of them — a parry which even the ubiquitous reporter cannot defeat. This is the *salle d'armes* of the private house — the one new feature of the present fad.

Women who take up fencing today find the sport more complicated by this necessity for privacy, but the complication only adds to its fascinations. There is a charm in a *salle d'armes* of one's own that the most gorgeously appointed hall of an instructor does not present. There is a

Before the new coming of the fad, women had little chance to give expression to their love of the chivalry of old, but now the fencing salon offers them an opportunity. To be sure, the practical side of some of these rooms is sacrificed to art; still, there usually remains a cleared space



PREPARING FOR THE FRAY.

feeling of ancestry in a room that is tapestry and hung with armor; a floor cleared for action stirs one's blood, and gives even the novice the desire to fight; while to one who rests in such a place, after an engagement at arms, there are sure to come visions of those fighting women of the crusades who clad themselves in mail, drew their swords, and marched bravely away to the Holy Land with their lords and masters.

for the combat. Most often the room is in the basement of the house, where a firm foundation for the stamping of fighting feet may be assured. The floor is bare and polished; close to the walls are comfortable divans, bright with cushions; swords and masks and the fighting relics of various ages hang upon the walls, while gloves and the padded armor of the present lie scattered about in artistic confusion.

In many houses, where each apartment

has been designed for a definite purpose, and where space is limited, the billiard room is the only place suited for a *salle d'armes*. In such homes, man has had to sacrifice his after dinner amusement to

right, inasmuch as they will consent to live in Brooklyn, are no longer allowed their innocent game of pool at home. Driven from the social seclusion of their own billiard rooms, they seek the public loneliness of their clubs, despair stamped upon their brows, while a clever young Frenchwoman, a past mistress of the foil, Mlle. Stamm in this case, wields the masterful sword that is wrecking their homes.

"She is making our wives and daughters honestly believe," so they say, "that no woman who does not fence can be either healthy, graceful, or beautiful."

In New York the fad has not reached so advanced a state as materially to swell attendance at the clubs, but there are indications of a movement in that direction. Here it is Mlle. Sézac who, as the daughter of the *maître d'armes* who has done much to make fencing popular among men, is confuting her father's theory that women will not take the foil seriously by developing many of her feminine pupils into skilled fencers.

Still, an army of women expert in the use of the foil will hardly be able to change the nature of things, and, in the nature of things, arms were made for man. Woman's appropriation of them must always be called a fad. The woman of today will fence, as she shoots, rides a wheel, or casts a fly, because it is the "end of the century," and she may do as she pleases. It is as if it were leap year, and she had the right to propose.

Ancient sport as it is, as a fad fencing is a new thing, with all the attraction of novelty to its devotees. Woman has taken it up as she took up tennis some ten or a dozen years ago. When she found that she was really mistress of the game of nets and rackets it became a recognized sport, or even an art, and she lost much of her interest in it. It may prove to be so with the bicycle and the golf stick, and possibly with the foil.

But whatever fencing may be to her in the future, today it is simply a fad of the hour. Undoubtedly it will add to her strength, give her more grace, make her even more beautiful and winning than she is, but with all that it cannot make a man of her.

Jerome Case Bull.



A MODERN SWORDSWOMAN.

keep peace in his family. Nor is the sacrifice one that has been confined to the men of New York. The women of Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and San Francisco are calling for like expressions of love and submission from their husbands and brothers. Even the exiles who are thought by New Yorkers to have given up their birth-

CORLEONE.*

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

"Corleone" is the latest of Mr. Crawford's remarkable stories of Italian life. With its scenes laid in the modern society of Rome, the most ancient and also the newest of the world's great capital cities, and amid the romantic surroundings of an old Sicilian castle, it is a drama of stirring action, in which the *mafia* plays a powerful part—a tale of true love and of exciting adventure.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

CORLEONE is the title of the Pagliuca d'Oriani family, to whom a sadly diminished estate descends at the death of the spendthrift prince who had been head of the house. Besides the widow of the dead nobleman's brother, Donna Maria Carolina, there are her three sons—Tebaldo, Francesco, and Ferdinando—and a daughter, Vittoria, who has spent the greater part of her seventeen years in a convent at Palermo. With the exception of Ferdinando, who remains at Camaldoli, their Sicilian homestead, the family move to Rome, where Vittoria meets and loves Orsino Saracinesca. Saracinesca's father is Giovanni, Prince of Sant' Ilario, and his grandfather is the aged Prince Saracinesca, the head of this old Roman family. The monotony of the young patrician's existence has palled upon him, and he gladly accepts the chance of employment offered by his cousin, the Marchese di San Giacinto, who purchases Camaldoli, in order to further a scheme for a new railroad, and asks Orsino to take charge of the property. Vittoria, who knows that her brother Ferdinando objected to the sale of Camaldoli and is determined to prevent its occupancy, is greatly alarmed for her lover's safety, but in spite of her pleadings, Orsino accompanies San Giacinto to Sicily. As they are nearing the Corleone homestead they are shot at by concealed foes, and Orsino returns the fire, killing a man who is identified by the soldiers of their escort as Ferdinando Pagliuca.

Shocked by the catastrophe, Orsino returns to Rome, where Tebaldo and Francesco, unwilling to jeopardize their social position, disclaim the dead man's relationship, alleging it to be a mere coincidence of names. He formally proposes for their sister's hand, but his father emphatically refuses to consent to the match, and Vittoria's mother, encountering Orsino, curses him as the murderer of her son.

Meanwhile Tebaldo Corleone is in a situation of some doubt and difficulty. For mercenary reasons he is anxious to marry an American heiress, Miss Lizzie Slayback. At the same time both he and his brother Francesco—between whom there is mutual distrust and bitter jealousy—are enamored of a young and beautiful Sicilian girl, Aliandra Basilii, the daughter of a notary at Randazzo, a village near the old homestead. Aliandra is a singer, and has made a decided success in Rome as a *prima donna*.

When he goes back to join San Giacinto in Sicily, Orsino is accompanied by his brother Ippolito Saracinesca, who is a priest and a musician. There is an organ in the old church of Santa Vittoria, close to Camaldoli, and as Ippolito wishes to try it, Orsino walks there with him. The sacristan admits them to the church, which, is haunted by the souls of the Pagliuca family.

XX (*Continued*).

"**T**HAT is the organ," the sacristan said, pointing to the loft.

He led the way. On one side of the entrance a small arched door gave access to a narrow, winding staircase in the thickness of the wall, lighted by narrow slits opening to the air. Though the loft had not appeared to be very high above

the pavement, the staircase seemed very long. At last the three emerged upon the boarded floor, at the back of the instrument, where four greasy, knotted ropes hung out of worn holes in the cracked wood. The rose window over the door of the church threw a bright light into the little forest of dusty wooden and metal pipes above. The ropes were for working the old fashioned bellows.

*Copyright, 1896, by F. Marion Crawford.

Ippolito went round and took the thin deal cover from the keyboard. He was surprised to find a double bank of keys, and an octave and a half of pedals, which is very uncommon in country organs. He was further unprepared to see the name of a once famous maker in Naples just above the keys, but when he looked up he understood, for on a gilded scroll, supported by two rickety cherubs above his head, he read the name of the donor:

FERDINANDUS PALIUCÀ PRINCEPS COR-
LEONIS COMES SANCTAE VICTORIAE
SICULUS DONAVIT A. D. MDCCXXI.

The instrument was, therefore, the gift of a Ferdinando Pagliuca, Prince of Corleone, Count of Santa Vittoria, probably one of those Pagliuca whose souls the fat sacristan believed he had seen "jumping up and down on the pavement."

The sacristan tugged at the ropes that moved the bellows. Ippolito dusted the bench over which he had leaned to uncover the keys, slipped in, swinging his feet over the pedals, pulled out two or three stops, and struck a chord.

The tone was not bad, and had in it some of that richness which only old organs are supposed to possess, like old violins. He began to prelude softly, and then, one by one, he tried the other stops. Some were fair, but some were badly out of tune. The cornopean brayed hideously, and the hautboy made curious buzzing sounds. Ippolito promised himself that he would set the whole instrument in order in the course of a fortnight, and was delighted with his discovery. When he had finished, the fat sacristan came out from behind, mopping his forehead with a blue cotton handkerchief.

"Capers!" he exclaimed. "You are a professor. If Don Giacomo hears you, he will die of envy."

"Who is Don Giacomo?"

"Eh, Don Giacomo! He is the postmaster and the telegrapher, and he plays the old organ in the big church on Sundays. But when there is the festival here, a professor comes to play this one, from Catania. But he cannot play as you do."

Orsino had gone down again into the

church while Ippolito had been playing. They found him bending very low over an inscription on a slab near the altar steps.

"There is a curious inscription here," he said, without looking up. "I cannot quite read it, but it seems to me that I see our name in it. It would be strange if one of our family had chanced to die and be buried here, ages ago."

Ippolito bent down, too, till his head touched his brother's.

"It is not Latin," he said presently. "It looks like Italian."

The fat sacristan jingled his keys rather impatiently, for it was growing late.

"Without troubling yourselves to read it, you may know what it is," he said. "It is the old prophecy about the Pagliuca. When the dead walk here at night they read it. It says, '*Esca Pagliuca pesca Saracen.*' But it goes round a circle like a disk, so that you can read it, '*Saracen esca Pagliuca pesca*'—either, 'Let Pagliuca go out, the Saracen is fishing,' or, 'Let the Saracen go out, Pagliuca is fishing.'"

"Or '*Saracinesca Pagliuca pesca*'—'Saracinesca fishes for Pagliuca,'" said Ippolito to Orsino, with a laugh at his own ingenuity.

"Who knows what it means!" exclaimed the sacristan. "But they say when it comes true, the last Corleone shall die and the Pagliuca d'Oriani shall end. But whether they end or not, they will walk here till the Last Judgment. Signori, the twilight descends. If you do not wish to see the Pagliuca, let us go. But if you wish to see them, here are the keys. You are the masters, but I go home. This is an evil place at night."

The man was growing nervous, and moved away towards the door. The two brothers followed him.

"The place is consecrated," said Ippolito, as they reached the entrance. "What should you be afraid of?"

"Santa Vittoria is all alone here," answered the man, "and the Pagliuca are more than fifty, when they come out and walk. What should a poor Christian do? He is better at home, with a pipe of tobacco."

The sun had set when they all came

out upon the road, and the afterglow was purple on the snow of Etna.

XXI.

VITTORIA D'ORIANI had very few companions. Corona Saracinesca really liked her, for her own sake, and was sorry for her because she belonged to the family which was so often described as the worst blood in Italy. Corona and San Giacinto's wife had together presented the Corleone tribe in Roman society, but they were both women of middle age, without daughters who might have been friends for Vittoria. On the other hand, though the Romans had accepted the family on the indorsement, as it were, of the whole Saracinesca family, there was a certain general disinclination to become intimate with them, due to the posthumous influence of their dead uncle, Corleone of evil fame. The Campodonico people were unwilling to have anything to do with them, even to the gentle and charitable Donna Francesca, who had been a Braccio, and might therefore, perhaps, have been expected to condone a great many shortcomings in other families. Pietro Ghisleri, who generally spent the winter in Rome, refused to know the d'Oriani, for poor dead Bianca Corleone's sake; and his English wife, who knew the old story, thought he was right. The great majority of the Romans received them, however, very much as they would have received a family of foreigners who had what is called a right to be in society, with civility, but certainly not with enthusiasm.

Vittoria had, therefore, met many Roman girls of her own age during the spring, but had not become intimate with any of them. It was natural that when her brother made the acquaintance of Mrs. and Miss Slayback, and when the young American took what is usually described in appalling English as a violent fancy to Vittoria, the latter should feel that sort of gratitude which sometimes expands into friendship.

They saw much of each other. It is needless to say that they had not an idea in common, and it would have been very surprising if they had. But on the other hand they had that sort of community of

feeling which is a better foundation for intimacy than a similarity of ideas.

Miss Lizzie Slayback was not profound, but she was genuine. She had no inherited tendency to feel profound emotions nor to get into tragic situations, but she was full of innocent sentiment. Like many persons who do not lead romantic lives, she was in love with romance, and she believed that romance had a sort of perpetual existence somewhere, so that by taking some pains one could really find it and live in it. Her fortune would be useful in the search, although it was unromantic to be rich. She had not read "Monte Cristo," because she was told that Dumas was old fashioned. She was not very gifted, but she was very clever in detail. She did not understand Tebaldo in the least, for she was no judge of human nature, but she knew perfectly well how to keep him at arm's length until she had decided to marry him. She was absolutely innocent, yet she had also the most absolute assurance, and bore herself in society with the independence of a married woman of thirty.

"It is our custom in my country," she said to Vittoria, who was sometimes startled by her friend's indifference to the smaller conventionalities.

The two young girls spoke French together, and understood each other, though a third person might not at first have known that they were speaking the same language. Vittoria spoke the French of an Italian convent, old fashioned, stilted, pronounced with the rolling southern accent which only her beautiful voice could make bearable, and more or less wild as to gender. Lizzie Slayback, as has been said, spoke fluently and often said the same things because she had a small choice of language. Occasionally she used phrases that would have made a Frenchman's hair feel uneasy on his head, and her innocent use of which inspired disquieting doubts as to the previous existence of the person who had taught her.

"We think," she said, "that it is better to enjoy yourself while you are young, and be good when you grow old, but in Europe it seems to be the other way."

"No one can be good all the time,"

answered Vittoria. "One is good a little and one is bad a little, by turns, just as one can."

"That makes a variety," said Miss Slayback. "That is why you Italians are so romantic."

"I never can understand what you mean by romantic," observed Vittoria.

"Oh—everything you do is romantic, my dear. Your brother is the most romantic man I ever saw. That is why I think I shall marry him," she added, as though contemplating a new hat with a view to buying it, and almost sure that it would suit her.

"I do not think you will be happy with him," said Vittoria, rather timidly.

"Because he is romantic, and I am not? Well, I am not sure."

"There! You use the word again! What in the world do you mean by it?"

Miss Slayback was at a loss to furnish the required definition, especially in French.

"Your brother is romantic," she said, repeating herself. "I am sure he looks like Caesar Borgia."

"I hope not!" exclaimed Vittoria. "Surely you would not marry—" she stopped.

"Caesar Borgia?" inquired Lizzie Slayback calmly. "Of all people, I should have liked to marry him! He was nice and wicked. He would never have been dull, even nowadays, when everybody is so proper, you know."

"No," laughed the Italian girl, "I do not think anybody would have called him dull. He generally murdered his friends before they were bored by his company."

Miss Lizzie laughed, for Vittoria seemed witty to her.

"If I had said that at a party," she answered, "everybody would have told me that I was so clever! I wish I had thought of it. May I say it, as if it were mine? Shall you not mind?"

"Why should I? I should certainly not say it myself, before people."

"Why not?"

"It would not be thought exactly—oh—what shall I say? We young girls are never expected to say anything like that. We look down, and hold our tongues."

"And think of all the sharp things you will say when you are married! That is

just the difference. Now, in the West, where I come from, if a girl has anything clever to say, she says it, even if she is only ten years old. I must say, it seems to me much more sensible."

"Yes—but there are other things, besides being sensible," objected Vittoria.

"Then they must be senseless," retorted Miss Lizzie. "It follows."

"There are all sorts of customs and traditions in society that have not very much sense, perhaps, but we are all used to them, and should feel uncomfortable without them. When the nuns taught me to do this or that, to say certain things and not to say certain other things, it was because all the other young girls I should meet would be sure to act in just the same way, and if I did not act as they do, I should make myself conspicuous."

"I never could see the harm in being conspicuous," said Miss Slayback. "Provided one is not vulgar," she added, by way of limitation.

"Do you not feel uncomfortable, when you feel that every one is looking at you?"

"No, of course not, unless I am doing something ridiculous. I rather like to have people look at me. That makes me feel satisfied with myself."

"It always makes me feel dreadfully uncomfortable," said Vittoria.

"It should not, for you are beautiful, my dear. You really are. I only think I am, when I have good clothes and am not sunburnt or anything like that—I never really believe it, you know. But when people admire me, it helps the illusion. I wish I were beautiful, like you, Vittoria."

"I am not beautiful," said the Sicilian girl, coloring a little shyly. "But I wish I had your calmness. I am always blushing—it is so uncomfortable—or else I am very pale, and then I feel cold, as though my heart were going to stop beating. I think I should faint if I were to do the things you sometimes do."

"What, for instance?" laughed the American girl.

"Oh—I have seen you cross a ball room alone, and drive alone in an open carriage—"

"What could happen to me in a carriage?"

"It is not that—it is—I hardly know! It is like a married woman."

"I shall be married some day, so I may as well get into the habit of it," observed Miss Lizzie, smiling and showing her beautiful teeth.

In spite of such inconclusive conversations, the two girls were really fond of each other. When Mrs. Slayback looked at Tebaldo's sharp features, her heart hardened; but when she looked at Vittoria, it softened again. She was a very intelligent woman, in her way, and, having originally married for his money a man whom she considered beneath her in social standing and cultivation, she wished to improve his family in her own and her friends' eyes by making a brilliant foreign marriage for his niece. "Princess of Corleone" sounded a good deal better than "Miss Lizzie Slayback," and there was no denying the antiquity and validity of the title. There were few to be had as good as that, for the girl's religion was a terrible obstacle to her marrying the heir of any great house in Europe in which money was not a paramount necessity. But Tebaldo assured her that he attached no importance whatever to such matters. Lizzie was in love with him, and he took pains to seem to be in love with her.

Mrs. Slayback did not give more weight to her niece's inclinations and fancies than Tebaldo gave to his religious scruples. The girl was highly impressionable to a very small depth, skin deep, in fact, and below the shallow gauge of her impressions she suddenly became hard and obstinate like her uncle. She had an unfortunate way of liking people very much at first sight if she chanced to meet them when she was in a good humor, and quite regardless of what they might really be. She had said to herself that Tebaldo was "romantic," and as his life hitherto might certainly have been well described by some such word, he had no difficulty in keeping up the illusion for her.

He saw that she listened with wonder and delight to his tales of wild doings in Sicily, and he had not the slightest difficulty in finding as many of them to tell her as suited his purpose. He had been more intimately connected with one or two of his stories than he chose to tell

her; but he was ready at turning a difficulty of that sort, and when he introduced himself he treated his own personality and actions with that artistic modesty which leaves vague beauties to the imagination.

Never having had any actual experience of the rude deeds of unbridled humanity, Miss Lizzie liked revengeful people because they were "romantic." She liked to think of a man who could carry off his enemy's bride in the gray dawn of her wedding day, escape with her on board a ship, and be out of sight of land before night—because such deeds were "romantic." She liked to know that a band of thirty desperate men could bid defiance to the government and the army for months, and she loved to hear of Leone, the outlaw chief, who had killed a dozen soldiers with his own hand in twenty minutes, before he fell with twenty seven bullets in him—that was indeed "romantic." And Tebaldo had seen Leone himself, many years ago, and remembered him and described him; and he had seen most of the people whose extraordinary adventures he detailed to the girl, and had known them and spoken with them, had shot with them for wagers, had drunk old wine of Etna at their weddings, and had followed some of them to their graves when they had been killed. A good many of his acquaintances had been killed in various "romantic" affairs.

Everything he told her appealed strongly to Lizzie Slayback's imagination, and he had the advantage, if it were one, of being really a great deal like the people he described, daring, unscrupulous, physically brave and revengeful, very much the type which is so often spoken of in Calabria with bated breath, as a "desperate man of Sicily." For the Italian of the mainland is apt both to dread and respect the stronger man of the islands.

In addition to his accomplishments as a story teller, Tebaldo possessed the power of seeming to be very much in love, without ever saying much about it. He flattered the girl, telling her that she was beautiful and witty and charming, and everything else which she wished to be; and when his eyelids were not drooping at the corners as they did when he was angry, he had a way of gazing with in-

tense and meaning directness into Lizzie Slayback's dark blue eyes, so that Vittoria would no longer have envied her, for she blushed and looked away, half pleased and half disturbed.

Aliandra Basili thought Francescomuch more ready and apt to anticipate her small wishes and to understand her thoughts than his brother. But when he chose to take the trouble, with cool calculation, Tebaldo knew well enough how to make a woman believe that he was taking care of her, which is what many women most wish to feel. With Aliandra, whom he loved as much as he was capable of loving any one, Tebaldo felt himself almost too much at his ease to disguise his own selfishness. But he gave himself endless trouble for Miss Slayback, and she was sometimes touched by little acts of his which showed how constantly she was in his mind—as indeed she was, much more than she knew.

In her moments of solitude—which were few, for she hated to be alone—she reflected more than once that her money must seem a great inducement to a poor Italian nobleman; but she was too much in love with the "romantic" to believe that Tebaldo wished to marry her solely for her fortune. It was too hard to believe, when she looked at her own face in the mirror and saw how young, and pretty, and smiling she really was. Her dark lashes gave her blue eyes so much expression that she could not think herself not loved, a mere incumbrance to be taken with a fortune, but not without, in exchange for a title. She was fond of her refined but not very remarkable self, and it would have been hard to convince her that Tebaldo's silent looks and ever ready service meant nothing but greed of money. Very possibly, she admitted, he could not have thought of marrying her if she had been poor, but she believed it equally certain that if she had been an ugly, rich, middle aged old maid, he would never have thought of it either.

Besides, Tebaldo had watched with great satisfaction the growing intimacy between her and his sister, and he took care to play his comedy before Vittoria as carefully as before Miss Slayback herself. Vittoria, as he knew, was very truthful, and if her friend asked questions about

him, she would repeat accurately what he had said in her presence, if she gave any information at all. To his face, Vittoria accused him of wishing to marry for money, but so long as he affirmed that he loved Miss Slayback, Vittoria would never accuse him behind his back, nor tell tales about his character which might injure his prospects. Though he knew that she rarely believed him and never trusted him, he knew that he could trust her. That fact alone might have sufficiently defined their respective characters.

XXII.

TEBALDO had not been at all willing to believe that Aliandri Basili really meant to treat him differently after the meeting in which she had defined her position so clearly, but he soon discovered that she was in earnest. She was not a person to change her mind easily, and she had decided that it was time to end the situation in one way or the other. Tebaldo must either marry her, or cease to persecute her with his attentions. In the latter case she intended to marry Francesco.

Like most successful singers, and, indeed, like most people who succeed remarkably in any career, she possessed the extraordinary energy which ultimately makes the difference between success and failure in all struggles for pre-eminence. Many have the necessary talent and the other necessary gifts; few have, besides these things, the restless, untiring force to use them at all times to the extreme limit of possibility. People who have the requisite facility, but not the indispensable energy, find it so hard to realize this fact that they have inverted our modern use of the word "genius" to account for their own failures. The ancients, and even the medievals, when beaten in a fair fight by men more enduring than themselves, were always ready to account for their defeat on the ground of a supernatural intervention against them. Similarly the people who are clever enough to succeed, nowadays, but not strong enough, nor patient enough, attribute to the man who surpasses them some sort of supernatural inspiration, which they call genius, and against which

they tell themselves that it is useless to strive.

Socrates called his acute sense of right and wrong his familiar spirit, his *dæmon*; but in those days of the supremacy of the greatest art the world has ever seen, or ever will see, at a time when most people still believed in oracles, no one ever attributed any such familiar spirit to Sophocles, to Praxiteles, nor to Zeuxis, nor to any other poets, sculptors, or painters. The Muses had become mere names even then, and the stories about them were but superstitious fables.

That restless energy was part of the Sicilian singer's nature. Whether her other gifts were great enough for greatness remained to be seen, and the question had nothing to do with Tebaldo Pagliuca. Her singing gave him pleasure, but it was not what chiefly attracted him. He was in love with her in a commonplace and by no means elevated way, and artistic satisfaction did not enter into his passion as a component factor. There was nothing so elevated about it.

Aliandra's very womanly nature made her vaguely aware of this; and she had a physical suspicion, so to say, that if Tebaldo ever lost his head, he would be much more violent than his brother, who had frightened her so badly one evening at the theater. She was inclined to think that it would not be safe to irritate Tebaldo too much; yet she was sure that it was of no use to prolong the present ambiguous situation, in which she was practically accepting and authorizing the love of a man who would not marry her if he could help it.

After she had finally told him what she meant to do, nothing could move her, and she entirely refused to see him alone. Hitherto she had used her privilege as an artist in this respect, and had often sent away her worthy aunt, the Signora Baruzzi, during his visits. But now, when he came, the black browed, gray haired, thin lipped old woman kept her place beside her niece on the little green sofa of the little hired drawing room, her withered fingers steadily knitting black silk stockings. This was her only accomplishment, but it was an unusual one, and she was very proud of it, and of her wonderful eyes, which never needed

glasses, and could count the minute black stitches even when the light was beginning to fail on a winter's afternoon.

Then Tebaldo sat uneasily on his chair, and wished the old woman might fall dead in an apoplexy, and that he had the evil eye, and by mere wishing could bring her to destruction. And Aliandra leaned back in the other corner of the sofa, behind her aunt, and smiled coolly at what Tebaldo said, and answered indifferently, and looked at her nails critically but wearily when he said nothing, as if she wished he would go away. And he generally went at the end of half an hour, unable to bear the situation much longer than that, after he had discovered that the Signora Baruzzi was in future always to sit through his visits.

"And now, my daughter," said the aunt one day when he had just gone, "the other will come in a quarter of an hour. The sun sets, the moon rises, as we say."

Which invariably happened. Francesco did not like being caught with Aliandra by his brother, as has been already seen. He had, therefore, hit upon the simple plan of spying upon him, following him at a distance until he entered Aliandra's house, and then sitting in a little third rate *café* opposite until he came out. Tebaldo, who was extremely particular about the places he frequented, because he wished to behave altogether like a Roman gentleman, would never have entered any such place as Francesco made use of for his own purposes. Francesco knew that, and felt perfectly safe as he sat at his little marble table, with a glass of syrup and soda water, his eyes fixed on the big front door which he could see through the window from the place he regularly occupied. He was also quite sure that, as Tebaldo had always just left the house when he himself came, there was no danger of his elder brother's sudden appearance.

The Signora Baruzzi was decidedly much more civilized than her brother, the notary of Randazzo, for she had been married to a notary of Messina, which meant that she had lived in much higher social surroundings. That, at least, was her opinion, and Aliandra was too wise

to dispute with her. She had given the deceased Barbuzzi no children, and in return for her discretion he had left her a comfortable little income. Notaries are apt to marry the sisters and daughters of other notaries, and to associate with men of their own profession, for they generally have but little confidence in persons of other occupations. The Signora Barbuzzi might have been a notary herself, for she had the avidity of mind, the distrustfulness, the caution about details, and the supernormal acuteness about the intentions of other people which are the old fashioned Italian notary's predominant characteristics. She looked like one, too.

"For my part, my daughter," she said to her niece, shaking her head twice towards the same side, as some old women frequently do when they are knitting a stocking, "for my part, I should send them both away for the present. They will not marry, for they have no money. Who marries without money? I see that you earn a great deal, but not a fortune. If you should marry Tebaldo or Francesco, and if you should not earn the fortune you expect, you would find yourself badly off. But if you can earn ten times, twenty times what you have earned this winter during the next four or five years, then you can marry either of them, because they will want your money as well as yourself."

Aliandra said nothing for some minutes, for she saw the truth of her aunt's advice. On the other hand, she was young and felt quite sure of success, and she did not feel sure that some unexpected turn of fortune might not suddenly bring about an advantageous marriage for one of the two men.

"I am not the Patti," she said thoughtfully. "I am not the Melba. I am only the little Basili yet, but I have a remarkable voice and I can work——"

"Voices are treacherous," observed the cautious old woman. "They sometimes break down. Then you will only be the daughter of Basili the notary again."

"My voice will not break down," answered Aliandra confidently. "It is a natural voice, and I never make any effort. My master says it is the voices which are incomplete at first and have to

be developed to equalize them, which break down sometimes."

"You may have an illness," suggested the Signora Barbuzzi. "Then you may lose your voice."

"Why should I have an illness? I am strong."

The handsome girl leaned back on the sofa, and raising her arms clasped her hands behind her head, resting them against the wall—a splendidly vital figure.

"We are mortal," observed the old woman sententiously. "When God pleases to send us a fever, good by voice!"

"Have I some sin on my soul that Heaven should send me a fever?" asked Aliandra, rather indignantly. "What have I done?"

"Nothing, nothing, my daughter! Who accuses you? You are an angel, you are a crystal, you are a little saint. I have said nothing. But a fever is a fever for saints and sinners."

"I am not going to have a fever, and I am not going to lose my voice. I shall make a great reputation and earn a great deal of money."

"Heaven send it you thus!" answered the Signora Barbuzzi devoutly.

"But I shall make Tebaldo jealous of Francesco, so that he will not be able to see out of his eyes for jealousy. Then he will marry me. But if not, I will marry the other, whom I like better."

"Indeed, jealousy is a weapon, my dear. A bad mule needs a good stick, as they say. But for my part, I am a notary's daughter, the widow of a notary—may the Lord preserve him in glory!—and the sister of a notary. I am out of place as the aunt of an artist. With us we have always said, who leaves the old road to take the new, knows what he leaves but not what he shall find. That is a good proverb. But your life is on a new road. You may find fortune, but no one knows. At least, you have bread, if you fail, and you risk nothing, if you remain a good girl."

"So far as that goes!" Aliandra laughed scornfully. "My head will not turn easily."

"Thank Heaven, no. There is the other one," added the old woman, as she heard the door bell ring. "Shall I leave you alone with him, my daughter?"

"Why should you?" asked Aliandra indifferently. "What have I to say to him?"

She was perhaps not quite as indifferent as she seemed, for Francesco attracted her. On the other hand, she did not wish to be attracted by him so long as there was a chance of marrying the other brother, and her aunt's presence was a sort of precaution against an improbable but vaguely possible folly which she distinguished in the future.

On his part, Francesco always did his best to make a favorable impression on the Signora Baruzzi, considering her friendship indispensable. He fancied that it must be a comparatively easy thing to please an old chaperon who got little attention from any one, and he used to bring her bunches of violets from time to time, which he presented with a well turned speech. He might as well have offered a nosegay to the deceased Baruzzi himself, for all the impression he produced by his civilities to the hard headed, masculine old woman.

He was not discouraged, however, and though he wished her anywhere but where she was, he bore her presence with equanimity, and made himself as agreeable as he could. He was far too sharp sighted himself not to see what Aliandra was doing, but he had no means of acting upon her feelings as she was trying to act upon Tebaldo's, and he had the low sort of philosophy which often belongs to sensual people, and which is perhaps not much higher than the patience of the cat that crouches before the mouse's hole, waiting for its victim to run into danger. He was no match, however, for the two women, and he very much overestimated the attraction he exercised upon Aliandra.

It was, in a manner, a sort of disturbing influence rather than an attraction. Aliandra avoided it until she was forced to feel it, and when she felt it, she feared it. Yet she liked him, and was surprised at the contradiction, and distrusted herself in a general way. She was not much given to self examination, and would probably not have understood what the word meant; but, like a young wild animal, she was at once aware of the presence of danger, and was tempted towards the cause of it, while her keen natural in-

stinct of self-preservation made her draw back cautiously whenever the temptation to advance was particularly strong.

This was the situation of Aliandra with regard to the two brothers respectively. Her interest lay with the one, her inclination, so far as it was one, with the other, and she distrusted both in different ways, fearing the one that was a coward, but distrusting more the one who was the braver and more manly of the two, but also incomparably the more deceitful.

They, on their part, were both in love with her, and not in very different ways; but though Tebaldo was the bolder in character, he was the one more able to be cautious where a woman was concerned, while he was also capable of jealousy to a degree inconceivable to Francesco.

XXIII.

THE world would go very well, but for the unforeseen. The fate of every one in this story might have been very different if Gesualda, old Basili's maid of all work, had not stopped to eat an orange surreptitiously while she was sweeping down the stone stairs early in the morning, before the notary was dressed. She was an ugly girl, and had not many pleasures in life; Basili was old and stingy and fault finding, and she had to do all the work of the house—the scrubbing, the cooking, the serving, the washing, and the mending.

She did it very well; in the first place because she was strong, secondly because she was willing and sufficiently skilful, and lastly because she was very unusually ugly, and therefore had no distractions in the shape of love making. She was also scrupulously honest and extremely careful not to waste things in the kitchen. But fruit was her weakness, and, being a Sicilian, she might have been capable of committing a crime for the sake of an orange, or a bunch of grapes, or a dozen little figs, if they had not been so plentiful that one could always have what one could eat for the mere asking. Her only shortcoming, therefore, was that she could not confine herself to eating her oranges in the kitchen. She always had one in her pocket.

A cynical old lady once said that the

only way to deal with temptation was to yield to it at once, and save oneself all further annoyance. Gesualda yielded to the temptation to eat the orange she had in her pocket, when she had resisted it just long enough to make the yielding a positive delight. She felt the orange through her skirt, she imagined how it looked, she thought how delicious it would be, and her lips were dry for it, and her soul longed for it. There was always a quiet corner at hand, for the notary lived alone. In an instant the orange was in her hands, her coarse fingers took the peel off in four pieces with astonishing skill, the said peel disappeared temporarily into the pocket again, and a moment later she was happy.

Her whole part in this history consisted in the eating of a single orange on the dark stone stairs, yet it was an important one, for out of all the thousands of oranges she had eaten during her life, that particular one was destined to be the first link in a long and tragic chain of circumstances.

Whether the orange was not quite ripe, so that the peel did not come away as easily as usual, or whether she was made a little nervous by the fact that her master might be expected to appear at any moment, a fact which enhanced the delight of the misdeed, neither she herself nor any one else will ever know. As usual, she ran her sharp, strong thumb nail twice round the fruit, crosswise, dug her fingers into the crossing cuts thus made, and stripped the peel off in a twinkling, thrusting the four dry pieces into her pocket. And as usual, in another moment, she was perfectly, blissfully happy, for it was a blood orange, and particularly sweet and juicy, having no pips, for it had grown on a very old tree, and those are the best, as every one knows in the orange country of the south.

But fate tore off a tiny fragment of the peel, a mere corner of one strip, thick, and the shiny side upwards, all slippery with its aromatic oil, and placed it cunningly just on the edge of one of the worn old stone steps, above her in the dark turning. Then fate went away, and waited quietly to see what would happen, and Gesualda also went away, down to

her kitchen, to begin and prepare the vegetables which she had bought at day-break of the vendor, a little way down the street. The bit of peel lay quite quietly in the dark, doing as fate had bidden it, and waiting likewise.

Now, fate had reckoned exactly how many paces Basili the notary would take from his room to the head of the stairs, in order to know with which foot he would take the first step downwards, and hence to calculate whether the bit of peel should be a little to the right or a little to the left. And it lay a little to the left; for the left foot, as fate is aware, is the unlucky foot, except for left handed people. Basili was a right handed man; and as he came down stairs in his great, flapping leathern slippers, he put the smoothest spot of the old sole exactly upon the shiny bit of peel. All of which shows the astonishing accuracy which fate can bring to bear at important moments. That was the beginning of the end of this history.

Basili fell, of course, and, as it seemed to him, he fell backwards, forwards, sideways, and upside down, all in a moment; and when he came to the bottom of the stairs, he had a broken leg. It was not a bad break, though any broken leg is bad, and the government surgeon was at home, because it was early in the morning, and came and set it very well.

Basili lay in a sunny room, with pots of carnations in the window, drinking syrup of tamarind with water, to cool his blood, and very much disturbed in his mind. Gesualda sat on the steps all the morning, moaning and beating her breast, for she had found the little piece of orange peel, groping in the dark, and she knew that it had all been her fault. For penitence, she made a vow, at first, not to eat an orange till the master was recovered. Later in the day, she went to confession, in order to ease her soul of its burden, and she told her confessor that she could not possibly keep the vow, and that she had already twice undergone horrible temptation since the accident, at the mere sight of an orange. Thereupon the confessor, who was a wise little old man, commuted her self imposed penance to abstinence from cheese, which she scrupulously practised for a whole month

afterwards, until the notary was on his feet for the first time. But by that time a great many things had happened.

Basili lay in his sunny room, finding it difficult to understand exactly what had happened to him. He had never been ill in his life, excepting once when he had taken a little fever, as a mere boy. He was a tough man, not so old as he looked, and he had never thought it possible that he could be laid on his back and made perfectly helpless for a whole month. He had ground his teeth while they had been setting his leg, but in spite of the pain he had been thinking chiefly of the check to his business which must be the inevitable result of such a long confinement. He had a shabby little clerk who copied for him, and was not altogether stupid, but he trusted no one with the affairs of his clients, and he was a very important person in Randazzo. Moreover, a young notary from Catania had recently established himself in opposition to him, and he feared competition.

He was very lonely, too, for the clerk, after presenting his condolences, had seized the opportunity of taking a holiday, and there was nobody but Gesualdo in the house. In the afternoon she got her mother to take her place while she went to confession. Basili was very lonely indeed, for the doctor would not let him receive his clients who came on business, fearing fever for his patient. The day seemed very long. He called for paper and pen, and in spite of the surgeon's prohibition, he had himself propped up in bed, and wrote a letter to his daughter. He told her of his accident, and begged her to come to him, if she could do so without injuring the course of study she had undertaken.

Time was precious to Aliandra, for her master generally left Rome at the end of June, and she had only learned about half of "Aida," the opera she had undertaken to study, and which was a necessary one for her future career. But she made up her mind at once to go to her father, for a fortnight, after which time, in the ordinary course of things, he would probably be able to spare her. She was very fond of him, for her mother had died when she had been very young, and Basili had loved the child with the grim tenderness

peculiar to certain stern characters; and afterwards, when once persuaded that she had both voice and talent for the stage, he had generously helped her in every way he could.

He had missed her terribly, for she had not been in Sicily since the previous autumn, and it was natural that he should send for her to keep him company during his recovery. She, on her part, looked forward with pleasure to a taste of the old simple existence in which she had been so happy as a child. She left her maid in Rome, and her aunt stopped in Messina, intending to come up to Randazzo a few days later and pay her brother a visit.

Before leaving Rome Aliandra told both Tebaldo and Francesco where she was going, and that she intended to return in a fortnight in order to study with her teacher until he should leave Rome. She maintained her attitude of coldness towards Tebaldo to the last. He complained of it. For once, the Signora Barbuzzi had left the room unbidden, judging, no doubt, that before going away for some time Aliandra might wish to see Tebaldo alone, and possibly have some further explanation with him.

"Look here," he said roughly, "you have treated me in this way long enough, and I have borne it quietly. Be reasonable—"

"That is exactly what I am," answered Aliandra. "It is you who are unreasonable."

"Because I love you, you say that I am unreasonable!" he retorted, his patience giving way suddenly. "Because you burn me—bah, find words! I cannot. Give me your hand!"

"Only in one way. I have told you—"

"Give me your hand!" He came quite close to her.

She held her hands behind her and looked at him defiantly, her head high, her eyes cold.

"If you want my hand—you must keep it," she said.

She was very handsome just then, and his heart beat faster. There was a tremor in his voice when he spoke again, and his fingers shook as he laid them lightly on her shoulder, barely touching her. There is a most tender vibration in any genu-

ine passion under control, just before it breaks out. Aliandra saw it, but she distrusted him, and believed that he might be acting.

"I cannot bear this much longer," he said. "It is killing me."

"There is no reason why it should," she answered coldly. "You know what you have to do. I will marry you whenever you please."

He was silent. The vision of Miss Lizzie Slayback with her millions, and with all his own future, rose before him. He seemed to see it all behind the handsome head, on the ugly flowered paper of the wall. That stake was too heavy, and he could not afford to risk it. Yet, as he met Aliandra's hard eyes and cruelly set mouth, her resistance roused him as nothing ever had before.

"You hesitate still," she said scornfully. "I do not think your love will kill you."

"Yours for me will not hurt you, at all events," he answered rudely.

"Mine? Oh—you may think of that as you please."

She shrugged her shoulders like a woman of the people, and turned from him indifferently, leaving him standing near the door, growing pale by quick degrees, till his face was a faint yellow and his eyes were red.

"I believe you love my brother," he said hoarsely, as she moved away.

She stopped and turned her head, as she answered.

"His is by far the more lovable character," she said in a tone of contempt. "I should not blame any woman for preferring him to you."

"It will be better for him that you should not prefer him." His face was livid now. Aliandra laughed, and turned so that she could see him.

"Bah! I believe you are a coward after all. He need not fear you, I fancy."

"Do you really think me a coward?" asked Tebaldo, in a low voice, and his eyes began to frighten her.

"You behave like one," she answered. "You are afraid of the mere opinion of society. That is the reason why you hesitate. You say you love me, but you really love only that you call your position."

"No," he answered, not moving. "There are other reasons. And you are mistaken about me. I am not a coward. Do not say it again. Do you understand?"

Again she shrugged her shoulders, as though to say that it mattered little to her whether he were a coward or not. But she did not like the look in his eyes, though she did not believe that he would hurt her. She had heard of his occasional terrible outbreaks of anger, but had never seen him in one of them. He was beginning to look dangerous now, she thought. She wondered whether she had gone too far, but reflected that, after all, if she meant to exasperate him into a promise of marriage, she must risk something.

"Do not make me say it," she replied, more gently than she had spoken yet.

Few feminine retorts are more irritating than that one, of which most women know the full value, but in some way it acted upon Tebaldo as a counter irritant to his real anger.

"No," said Tebaldo, and his eyelids suddenly drooped, "you shall say something else. As you are just going away, this is hardly the moment to fix a day for our marriage."

She started slightly at the words, and looked at him. His eyes were less red, and the natural brown color was coming back in his cheeks. She thought the moment of danger past.

"I shall be back in a fortnight," she answered.

"There will be time enough when you come back," he said in his usual tone of voice. "Provided that you do not change your mind in the mean time," he added, with a tolerably easy smile. "Do not forget that you love Francesco." He laughed, for he was really a good actor.

She laughed, too, but uneasily, more to quiet herself than to make him think that she was in a good humor again.

"I never forget the people I love," she said lightly.

Then with a quick gesture and movement, as though wholly forgiving him, she kissed her fingers to him, laughed again, and was out of the room in a moment, leaving him where he was. He stood still for three or four seconds, look-

ing at the door through which she had disappeared, longing for her—like a fool, as he said to himself. Then he went out.

It had been a singular parting, he thought, and if he had not been at her mercy by one side of his nature, he said to himself that he would never have spoken to such a woman again. There was a frankly cynical determination on her part to marry him, which might have repelled any man, and which, he admitted, precluded all idea of love on her side. In spite of it all, his hand trembled when he had touched her sleeve at her shoulder, and he had not been quite able to control his voice. In spite of it all, too, he hated his brother with all his heart, far more bitterly than ever before, for what Aliandra had said of him.

Something more would have happened on that day, if he had known that Francesco was sitting in the little third rate café opposite Aliandra's house, waiting to see him come out. He would, however, have been momentarily reassured had he further known that the Signora Barbuzzi, for diplomatic reasons, returned to the sitting room and was present during the whole of Francesco's visit.

Aliandra left Rome the next morning. She did not care to tire herself by traveling very fast, so she slept in Naples, and did not reach Randazzo until the third day, a week after her father's accident.

XXIV.

TEBALDO felt a sort of relief when Aliandra was gone. He missed her, and he longed for her, and yet, every time that he thought of Lizzie Slayback, he was glad that Aliandra was in Sicily. He felt more free. It was easier to bear a separation from her than to be ever in fear of her crossing the heiress' path. That, indeed, might have seemed a remote danger, considering the difference that lay between the lives of the American girl and the singer. But Miss Slayback was restless and inquisitive; she liked of all things to meet people who were "somebody" in any department of art; she had heard of Aliandra Basili and of the sensation her appearance had created during the winter, and she was quite capable of taking a fancy to know her. Miss Lizzie

generally began her acquaintance with any one by ascertaining who the acquaintance's acquaintances might be, as Tebaldo well knew, and if at any moment she chose to know the artist, it is probable that his secret would be out in a quarter of an hour.

Then, too, he saw that he must precipitate matters, for spring was advancing into summer, and if his engagement were suddenly announced while Aliandra was in Rome, he believed that she would very probably go straight to Miss Slayback and tell her own story, being, as he could see, determined to marry him at any cost. He was therefore very glad that she was gone.

But when the hour came round at which he had been accustomed to go and see her every day, he missed her horribly, and went and shut himself up in his room. It was not a sentimentality, for he was incapable of that weak but delicate infusion of sentiment and water from which the Anglo Saxon race derives such keen delight. It was more like a sort of physical possession, from which he could not escape, and during which he would have found it hard to be decently civil to Miss Slayback, or indeed to any other woman. At that time his whole mind and senses were filled with Aliandra, as though she had been bodily present in the room, and her handsome head and vital figure rose distinctly in his eyes, till his pulse beat fast in his throat and his lips were dry.

Two days after Aliandra's departure, Tebaldo was in this state, pacing up and down in his room and really struggling against the intense desire to drive instantly to the railway station and follow Aliandra to Sicily. Without a knock the door opened, and Francesco entered.

"What do you want?" asked Tebaldo, almost brutally, as he stopped in his walk.

"What is the matter with you?" inquired the other, in some surprise at his brother's tone.

"What do you want, I say?" Tebaldo tapped the floor impatiently with his foot. "Why do you come here?"

"Really, you seem to be in an extraordinary frame of mind," observed Francesco. "I had no intention of disturbing you. I often come to your room——"

"No. You do not come often. Again—what do you want? Money? You generally want that. Take it—there on the table!" He pointed to a little package of the small Italian notes.

Francesco took two or three, and put them carefully into his pocketbook. Tebaldo watched him, hating him more than usual for having come at that moment. He hated the back of his neck as Francesco bent down; it looked so smooth, and the short hair was so curly just above his collar. He wondered whether Aliandra liked to look at the back of Francesco's neck, and his eyes grew red.

"So Aliandra has gone," observed Francesco carelessly, as he returned the purse to his pocket and turned to his brother.

"Have you come here to tell me so?" asked Tebaldo, growing rapidly angry.

"Oh, no! You must have known it before I did. I merely made a remark—why are you so angry? She will come back. She will probably come just when you are ready to marry Miss Slayback."

"Will you leave my affairs to me, and go?" Tebaldo made a step forward.

"My dear Tebaldo, I wish you would not be so furious about nothing. I come in peace, and you receive me like a wild animal. I am anxious about your marriage. It will be the salvation of our family, and the sooner you can conclude the matter, the better it will be for all of us."

"I do not see what advantage you are likely to gain by my marriage."

"Think of the position! It is a great advantage to be the brother of a rich man."

"In order to borrow money of him. I see!"

"Not necessarily. It will change our position very much. The danger is that your friend Aliandra may spoil everything, if she hears of Miss Slayback."

"Either go, or speak plainly," said Tebaldo, beginning to walk up and down in order to control the impulse that was driving him to strike his brother.

Francesco sat down upon the edge of the writing table and lighted a cigarette.

"It is a pity that we should be always quarreling," he said.

"If you had not come here, we should

not have quarreled now," observed Tebaldo, thrusting his hands into his pockets, lest they should do Francesco some harm.

"We should have quarreled the next time we met," continued the latter. "We always do. I wish to propose a peace, a compromise that may settle matters for ever."

"What matters? There are no matters to settle. Let me alone, and I will let you alone."

"Of course, you really mean to marry Miss Slayback? Do you, or do you not?"

"What an absurd question! If I do not mean to marry her, why do you suppose I waste my time with her? Do you imagine that I am in love with her?" He laughed harshly.

"Exactly," answered Francesco, as though his brother's question seemed perfectly natural to him. "The only explanation of your conduct is that you wish to marry the girl and get her money. It is very wise. We are all delighted. Vittoria likes her for her own sake, and our mother will be very happy. It will console her for Ferdinando's death, which has been a great blow to her."

"Well? Are you satisfied? Is that all you wished to know?" Tebaldo stopped before him.

"No. Not by any means. You marry Miss Slayback, and you get your share. I want mine."

"And what do you consider your share, as you call it?" inquired Tebaldo, with some curiosity, in spite of his ill temper.

"It does not seem likely that you mean to marry them both," said Francesco, swinging one leg slowly and blowing the smoke towards the window.

"Both—whom?"

"Both the American and Aliandra. Of course, you could marry Aliandra in church and the American by a civil marriage, and they might both be satisfied, if you could keep them apart—"

"What an infernal scoundrel you are!" observed Tebaldo slowly.

"You are certainly not the proper person to point out my moral shortcomings," retorted Francesco coolly. "But I did not suppose that you meant to marry them both, and as you have very wisely

decided to take the American girl, I really think you might leave Aliandra to me. If you marry the one, I do not see why I should not marry the other."

"If I ever find you making love to Aliandra Basili," said Tebaldo, with slow emphasis, "I will break every bone in your body."

But he still kept his hands in his pockets. Francesco laughed, for he did not believe that he was in present bodily danger. It was not the first time that Tebaldo had spoken in that way.

"You are ready to quarrel again! I am sure, I am perfectly reasonable. I wish to marry Aliandra Basili. I have kept out of your way in that direction for a long time. I should not mention the matter now, unless I were sure that you had made up your mind."

"And—" Tebaldo came near to him, but hesitated. "And—excuse me—but what reason have you for supposing that Aliandra will marry you?"

"That is my affair," answered Francesco, but he shrank a little and slipped from his seat on the table to his feet, when he saw his brother's face.

"How do you mean that it is your affair?" asked Tebaldo roughly. "How do you know that she will marry you? Have you asked her? Has she told you that she loves you?"

Francesco hesitated a moment. The temptation to say that he was loved by Aliandra, merely for the sake of giving his brother pain, was very great. But so was the danger, and that was upon him already, for Tebaldo mistook the meaning of his hesitation, and lost his temper.

His sinewy hands went right at his brother's throat, half strangling him in an instant, and then swinging him from side to side on his feet as a terrier shakes a rat. If Francesco had carried even a pocket knife, he would have had it out in an instant, and would have used it. But he had no weapon, and he was no match for Tebaldo in a fury. He struck out fiercely enough with his fists, but the other's hands were above his own, and he could do nothing. He could not even cry out, for he was half choked, and Tebaldo was quite silent in his rage. There would have been murder, had there been weapons within the reach of either.

When Tebaldo finally threw him off, Francesco fell heavily upon one knee against the door, but caught the handle with one hand, and regained his feet instantly.

"You shall pay me yet," he said in a low voice, his throat purple, but his face suddenly white.

"Yes. This is only something on account," said Tebaldo, with a sneer. "You shall have the rest of the payment some other time."

But Francesco was gone before the last words had passed his brother's lips. The door closed behind him, and Tebaldo heard his quick footsteps outside as he went off in the direction of his own room.

The angry man grew calmer when he was alone, but now and then, as he walked up and down, and backwards and forwards, he clenched his hands spasmodically, wishing that he still had his brother in his grip. Yet, when he reflected, as he began to do before long, upon what had really happened, he realized that he had not, after all, had much reason for taking his brother by the throat. It was the hesitation that had made his temper break out. But then, it might have meant so much. In his present state, the thought that perhaps Aliandra loved Francesco was like the bite of a horsefly in a raw wound, and he quivered under it. He could not get away from it. He fancied he saw Francesco kissing Aliandra's handsome mouth, and that her eyes smiled, and then her eyelids drooped with pleasure. His anger subsided a little, but his jealousy grew monstrously minute by minute, and his wrath smoldered beneath it. He remembered past days and meetings, and glances Aliandra had given his brother, such as she had never bestowed upon himself. She did not love him, though she wished to marry him, and was determined to do so, if it were possible. But it flashed upon him that she loved Francesco, and had loved him from the first. That was not quite the truth, though it was near it, and he saw a hundred things in the past to prove that it was the truth altogether.

He was human enough to feel the wound to his vanity, and the slight cast upon him by a comparison in which Francesco was preferred to him, as well as

the hurt at his heart which came with it. He did not know of Francesco's daily visits, but he suspected them and exaggerated all he guessed. Doubtless Francesco had seen her again and again alone, quite lately, while Tebaldo had been made to endure day after day the presence of Aliandra's aunt in the room. Again the red lipped vision of a kiss flashed in the shadow of the room, a living picture, and once more his eyes grew red, and his hands clenched themselves spasmodically, closing on nothing.

She had said that she preferred Francesco. She had almost admitted that she loved him, and he could remember how cold her eyes had been while she had been saying it. There had been another light in them for his brother, and she had not held her hands behind her back when Francesco had held out his. Or else she had, laughingly. And then she had put up her face, instead, for him to kiss. Tebaldo ground his teeth.

His jealousy got hold of him in the vitals and gnawed cruelly. Everything in his own room made him think of Aliandra, though there was not one object in a score that could possibly have any association with her, nor any right to remind him of her, as he tried to tell himself. But his watch, lying on the toilet table, made him think of her watch, a pretty little one he had given her. His gloves made him think of her gloves, his books recalled hers, his very chairs, as they chanced to stand about the room, revived the memory of how other chairs had stood when he had parted from her. The infinite pettiness of the details that irritated him did not shock his reason as would have happened at any other time. On the

contrary, the more of them sprang up, the more they stung him. Instead of one gadfly, there were hundreds. And all the time there was the almost irresistible physical longing to go to her, and throw over everything else. He went out, for he could not bear his room any longer.

It was still hot in the streets in the early afternoon, and there was a fierce glare all through the new part of the city where there were many white houses in straight rows along smoothly paved streets. Tebaldo walked in the shade, and once or twice he took off his hat for a moment and let the dry, hot breeze blow upon his forehead. The strong light was somehow a relief as he grew accustomed to it, and his southern nature regained its balance in the penetrating warmth. He walked quickly, not heeding his direction, as he followed the line of broad shade and passed quickly through the blazing sunshine that filled the crossing of each side street.

He regained his normal state, and presently, being quite calm, he stopped and quietly lighted a cigar. Like many men of ardent and choleric temperament, he neither smoked nor drank much, but there were times, like the present, when it seemed as if smoking helped him to think quietly.

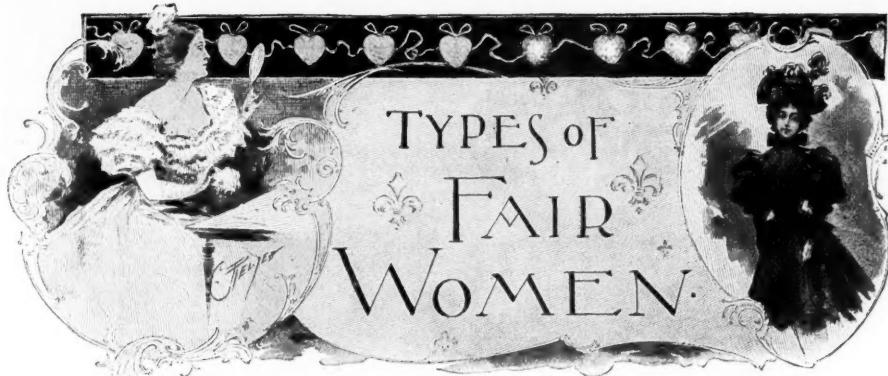
Before the cigar was half finished he was at the door of the hotel at which Miss Slayback and her aunt were staying. He was glad that he had decided to see her on that afternoon, and he attributed the good sense, as he would have called it, which had ultimately brought him to her door, to the soothing influence of the tobacco.

(To be continued.)

ABSENCE.

THE city sleeps, bound in her chains of light ;
 The slow dawn creeps about the night.
 Far in the distance, some poor caged bird sings,
 As if he longed to stretch his wing's.
 So my sad heart, from out these gloomy walls,
 Far through the lonely darkness calls,
 And fain would spread its wings and swiftly flee
 Far o'er the world in search of thee !

Lula Cooke Don-Carlos.



ATLANTA, Georgia, is a city possessing combinations of qualities which give it many of the characteristics of an individual—a many sided individual. It denies all the preconceived ideas of many people of the North, who have been told that the South lacks business ability and thirst. They used to say, in the old days, that "the South may bring forth statesmen and pretty women, but it can never

hope to cope with the North commercially." This bustling metropolis of a great and rich section of country is showing that the South can not only enter the arena with the rest of the world on its own ground, but can keep what it has always had, as well.

Peachtree Street, which is Atlanta's Fifth Avenue, marshals a procession of beautiful women every day. One of the



MISS RUTH HALLMAN, OF ATLANTA.

From a photograph by Condon, Atlanta.

handsomest of these is Miss Ruth Hallman, the only daughter of Mr. John C. Hallman. Miss Hallman combines all the qualities of the Southern girl in the happiest degree. She has been one of the very popular beauties of Georgia since her

for his wealth and his beautiful daughters. Florida Whiting, the handsomest of the family, married Captain William H. Graves, of Virginia. She kept her husband in her own city, and for years their residence was considered one of the finest



MISS FLORIDA GRAVES, OF BIRMINGHAM.

From a photograph by Gilbert, Washington.

début two seasons ago. She has charm of expression as well as of feature, and has made innumerable friends among the visitors who have made Atlanta gay during the past two years.

Another Southern girl who has a reputation for beauty which has reached beyond Mason and Dixon's line, is Miss Florida Graves, of Birmingham, Alabama. Mr. John Whiting, of Montgomery, was noted in his State, in ante bellum times,

homes in the South. They moved, finally, from Montgomery to Birmingham, where Captain Graves is prominent in his profession, the law, and in social and public affairs.

As was natural, their daughters kept up the traditions of their mother's family. The youngest, Miss Florida Whiting Graves, is already a famous beauty, although still a very young girl not out of her teens. Last autumn she went to



MRS. HOLLIS H. HUNNEWELL, JR. (FORMERLY MISS MAUD JAFFRAY, OF NEW YORK).
From a photograph by Alman, New York.

Washington under the chaperonage of Mrs. Thomas M. Owen, the daughter of Congressman Bankhead, of Alabama, to continue her study of the violin, an instrument of which she is a skilful amateur. It was said in Washington that she might have been a jasmine flower sent up from the South, she came so modestly, so unheralded; but the world was not long in finding her out. Foreigners were almost unanimous in declaring her the most beautiful woman they had seen in America. At a reception given by Minister Romero, of Mexico, Miss Graves walked through the mirror lined drawing room with Seiffeddin Bey, the young secretary of the Turkish legation, who has been called the handsomest man in the

world. The host followed them with his eyes, and said, "The handsomest man has found the most beautiful woman."

But New York claims for her women something which is distinctively theirs. They have the fire and dash of the Southerner, the nerve and superb health of the Englishwoman, and a smartness which is all their own. Two differing examples of the metropolitan type are to be found in Mrs. Hollis H. Hunnewell, Jr., and Miss Edith Blight.

New York will always claim Mrs. Hunnewell, although her present home is near Boston. As Miss Maud Jaffray, she was one of the most popular girls in Gotham's society. Like all the Jaffrays, she is of a splendid physique, brilliant

coloring, and great strength—in fact, a modern Diana. She still excels in driving, riding, golf, and all sorts of outdoor sports, and is a graceful dancer and fencer. Since her marriage she has lived at Hill Hurst, in Wellesley, Massachusetts, where the Hunnewells have a fine country estate.

families in America, and she is also one of the most brilliant and graceful women of the South. During her two seasons in society, she has been the belle of the White Sulphur Springs, that old resort where the mothers and the grandmothers of the present generation used to go, and



MISS EDITH BLIGHT, OF NEW YORK.

From a miniature by Amalia Küssner.

Here the young couple entertain their friends during the season for country house parties.

A New York girl of a different type is Miss Edith Blight. She is of more delicate, fragile appearance, but with the fine temper of steel under her seeming delicacy. Miss Blight is one of the best known members of the younger set, belonging to that very exclusive little coterie inside of the cliques within cliques which go to make up society.

Miss Eleanor Berger Moran is a daughter of one of the oldest and best known

where they take their daughters nowadays. Miss Moran's grandmothers were known there before her. She is the third of her family to be photographed for this department, Mrs. Arthur Kinsolving and Miss Alice Lee Moore being her cousins, as are also Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr., and Mrs. Edwin D. Morgan. Her mother, who was Miss Blackburn of Rippon Lodge, is descended from an old Scotch family allied to the Dukes of Argyll. They were people of wealth and distinction before the Revolution, and they threw their whole fortune into the struggle for



MISS ELEANOR MORAN.

From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

American independence. The daughter of Colonel Thomas Blackburn, who met his death at the battle of Germantown, while aide to General Washington, married Judge Bushrod Washington, to whom Mount Vernon was left. From the date of General Washington's death until the

considered one of the impossibilities. The daughter of a prince of character and power, she was still, in the eyes of Europe, but an imitation princess, without real pretensions to royal blood. Her people had sat on a throne, to be sure, but three generations back they were little



THE CROWN PRINCESS OF ITALY.

From a photograph by Adèle, Vienna.

time when Mount Vernon passed out of the possession of the Washington family, its mistresses were Blackburns.

Miss Moran is an heiress as well as a beauty. Her grandfather was the late Charles Moran of New York, who died a year ago, leaving an ample fortune in trust for his grandchildren. The Misses Moran will spend the coming season at Newport.

Ten years ago, the presence of Princess Hélène of Montenegro in Rome as the Crown Princess of Italy would have been

more than peasants, and would have been scorned by the proud old families of Italy's nobility.

It was rather a hard matter to find a wife at all for the young Italian prince, and yet it was almost a political necessity that he should have one. He is the only child of his parents, and some of his faults of physique and manner are said to be the result of a system of over training. His father is a very strong man, and his mother a very handsome and ambitious woman, and they were determined that



MRS. BERTRAM HAWKER, OF ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

From a photograph by Vandyck, Melbourne.

their son and heir should excel all the other princes of Europe. He was subjected to a course of study and exercise that might have broken down the sturdiest constitution. As it was, it left this boy, at the age when he should have been entering upon a vigorous manhood, weak, timid, dreamy, caring more for books and a sunny corner than for the affairs of a nation.

The next thing was to find him a wife. The young Crown Prince of Italy was on his travels, we heard. He visited at all the courts where there were marriageable princesses. They hoped, once, that it might be one of the daughters of the Prince of Wales, but she is said to have laughed in his face. People began to see something humorous in this thin, timid boy being carried about Europe, offering his crown here and there. Then he went home and sulked, until he happened to see the tall and handsome Princess

Helène of Montenegro, and fell in love with her.

The marriage is said to have delighted nobody particularly unless it was the young bridegroom. Prince Nicholas of Montenegro realized what a good match it was for his daughter, but he had hoped to see her marry a man like himself. The Queen of Italy is said to have wept with mortification over it, although she has shown a motherly kindness to the rather sad faced young girl who journeyed to Rome to be her son's wife.

We come back from old world royalties to the younger countries of America and Australia, and present two types that show how an old stock flourishes in a new soil.

Mrs. Bertram Hawker is the daughter of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Governor of South Australia. Miss Buxton was one of the most popular hostesses of the British viceregal courts, and there



MRS. J. KERR OSBORNE, OF TORONTO.

From a photograph by Mendelsohn, London.

was sorrow in Adelaide when she was married, last August, to the Rev. Bertram Hawker, although she was not going to change her place of residence. Mr. Hawker is a son of the late Hon. G. C. Hawker, of England. He is a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge. For two years he lived in Toynbee Hall, a famous center of philanthropic work among the London poor. He was ordained in 1894,

and went to Australia, where he had spent seven years as a boy. He is now a clergyman in Adelaide.

Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne is one of the prominent society women of Toronto. She has only lately married and come to the Canadian city, but her striking brunette beauty and her charm of personality have made her a social favorite at once.

Speculative Fancy



IF you and I should find the track
Unto the old time shore,
And you and I should wander back
A hundred years or more ;
If time could play an elfish trick,
And take us all the way
To days of crane and candlestick—
I wonder what we'd say !

If, in those days, with friendly zeal
You came to pay a call,
And found me spinning at a wheel
In some old shady hall,
In gown of dimity or print
Of simple white and pink,
Intent upon my morning stint,
I wonder what you'd think !

If I, in ruff of creamy lace,
And you in ruffled shirt,
Some grand cotillion ball should grace,
And just a bit should flirt ;
If you should ask me, in the dance,
To take a walk with you,
And I should catch a tender glance,
I wonder what I'd do !

While all the fiddles, in their glee,
Rang out a mellow tune,
If we should stand where we could see
A gleaming rim of moon,
And if the moon and stars and dew
Should work a sudden spell
And in its web entangle you,
I wonder what you'd tell !

Hattie Whitney.



EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Drawn by L. M. Glackens from the portrait by A. C. Smith.

THE PERSONALITY OF POE.

BY APPLETON MORGAN.

The bitter attacks that have been made upon the character and reputation of the most brilliant genius of American letters—The president of the New York Shakspere Society discusses their justice or injustice, in the light of evidence gathered from an investigation of Poe's private life.

IN October, 1849, in the city of Baltimore, there existed the same municipal ordinance that is in force there today—just as it is in force in New York and elsewhere—which provides that persons found intoxicated in the streets shall be taken to a police station, and there confined until they can be brought before a magistrate and arraigned for misdemeanor. Policemen are not infallible, however, and it sometimes happens that unfortunates suffering from other maladies than intoxication are dragged into station houses instead of being carefully carried to a hospital. But in no recorded case has the policeman's error been the other way. No drunken man, probably, was ever mistaken for something else by the humble guardians of the public peace!

The fact that on the morning of October 5, 1849, an unknown gentleman, found insensible in the streets of Balti-

more, should have been tenderly carried to a prominent hospital (not a charity hospital) and placed in an upper room, where he died, would seem to the reasoning mind to prove that the unknown gentleman—even if he proved to be Edgar Allan Poe—did not die a drunkard's death. But popular fallacies are proverbially tenacious of life, and when was one of them ever known to yield to an official record?

There are two ways of treating a disputed question. One way is to regard it as a historical doubt; to marshal the probabilities pro and con, and argue the matter out as a *tour de force*, leading the conclusion in any way the tourist himself inclines. The other way is simply to seek out the facts, disregarding anything and everything else. The first method supplies the more interesting reading, and invariably establishes what the conductor

desires. The other is less flexible, but its results are of more permanent value.

Granted the historic doubt, let us state the question: was Edgar Allan Poe a drunkard?

If the prophet Nehemiah wrote the Pentateuch, if Bacon created the plays known as Shakspere's, if Alexander Pope's apprentices translated Homer (who was probably a myth himself), and if Alexandre Dumas' young men wrote the great French romancer's novels—why should not Edgar Allan Poe turn out to have been a total abstainer?

As the public may be aware, the New York Shakspere Society has recently been occupied in a successful attempt to preserve the Poe cottage in Fordham from destruction. As the matter is at rest (the bill to lay out Poe Park and move the cottage thereon having become a law May 22, 1896), it is unnecessary to call further attention to the matter here; but in his work in connection with it, and in the voluminous

correspondence it involved, the writer could not well avoid learning much about Poe. As Poe was and always is an interesting subject, much of what he learned may be of general interest.

From those who claimed to have been Poe's neighbors at Fordham, or who said that their parents had been, there came curiously contradictory statements as to the poet's character and habits. I heard it asserted that he was a shiftless, careless, unhappy man, with a kind word for nobody—a drunkard who was pointed out to strangers as he reeled home at night. On the other hand, people who knew him personally, or whose fathers and mothers have so testified to them, have assured me that Poe never drank liquor, simply because his stomach was so delicate that a single glass of wine was poison to him,

and that he could not, even by a physical effort, swallow, much less retain, a drop of ardent spirits.

I have been assured, by this latter group of witnesses, that Edgar Poe was a sweet and lovable gentleman, with a smile and a courteous word or gesture for every one who met him; that he dressed with scrupulous care, and that, however threadbare his garments, he was always precise and dainty, even dapper, in his neatness and in his gait; that, far from pointing him out with scorn and reproach, his neighbors loved to see him, spoke highly of him, sympathized with his misfortunes, and, had they dared, would have openly offered him the assistance which they did, as often as possible, clandestinely render him. Within half an hour I have been told that those who helped him never heard from him again, or received only contumely in return; and, on equally good authority, that in requiting favors he was punctilious almost to excess.

Even in the critical estimates of his writings, the same antipodes of assertion are to be found. On the one hand, we read that he carried his habitual insincerity and dishonesty into his work—that he treated literature as if he knew the whole trick of it, as if he could write a "Paradise Lost" if he cared to; that if he had any literary creed, it was that any rigmarole, if it was sonorous or catchy, or had a march or refrain to tickle the ear, would earn him the price of a dinner. On the other hand, we are informed that "Poe failed to make a living at literature, not because he was an irregular profligate, but because he did ten times as much work as he was paid to do." If he received the meanest and most trivial book to review, this witness tells us, he would spend hours of labor in going to



ELIZABETH POE, MOTHER OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.

original sources of consultation, and would add taste and conjecture, and balance authorities as to its subject matter—a form of profligacy, to be sure, but not a profligacy which makes a man a byword and a reproach to his fellow men.

In view of these contradictions, an experiment which the writer tried may be worth recounting. I took two of Poe's letters, cut from them their dates, ad-



130 GREENWICH STREET (1844).

Here "*The Murders in the Rue Morgue*" was written.

dresses, and signatures, and submitted them to an expert in handwriting, who examined them at his leisure, in my presence. To provide for a perfectly disinterested judgment, I had cut into the letters themselves, mutilating the contexts. When I desired the expert's opinion as to whether they were written by one and the same person, he stated at once that they were. There could be no manner of doubt that they were. I then asked what sort of a person had written them. He answered :

"I should say an extremely methodical young person, with firm nerves, and not liable to excitements."

"Certainly not to alcoholic excitements?"

"Certainly not," he answered; and from this proposition he could not be shaken.

A year ago the public interest was aroused by a trial, held in a New York criminal court, to determine whether a young girl, who shot her betrayer to death, was a murderer or an epileptic, mentally and legally incapable of committing a crime. To decide this very abstruse question, not only alienists and pathologists, but phrenologists and professors of the science of heredity were summoned among the expert witnesses; and charts, sketches, weights, and measurements, not only of the prisoner's head, but of those of her father, mother, brothers, sisters, ancestors, and collaterals of ancestors, as far back as procurable, were paraded before the intelligent jury. I suppose if we only had before us the weights and measurements of the skull and brain of Edgar Allan Poe, we might perhaps be able to throw light upon the apparent mystery of his mental condition. Unfortunately, we possess no such statistics.

It may be stated, however, after an inspection of all the authentic portraits, including the last daguerreotype made for his fiancée, which she kindly placed in the writer's hands, I should be inclined to infer that above a horizontal line drawn from the lower edge of the orbital cavity to the middle of the ear cavity, the bumps were abnormally developed, while below it they were unusually, if not abnormally, minimized. Phrenologists, no doubt, would be able to tell us exactly what this would render probable; whether, for example, it would produce "sweet bells, jangled, out of tune and harsh," or something directly to the contrary. The ordinary observer sees no trace of the inebriate in any of Poe's portraits—one of which, one that is probably new to most readers, is reproduced at the head of this article.

Edgar Allan Poe's grandfather was a soldier, Commissary General David Poe, of the Maryland line, in the Revolutionary army. Though not figuring in history, this officer seems to have been a man of dignity and of soldierly qualities. At least, long after the peace, when the Marquis de Lafayette revisited the United States, he visited General Poe's grave, and knelt and kissed the turf, saying: "*Ici repose un cœur noble!*"—an effusion which he

does not appear to have duplicated over the ashes of any other of his departed comrades in that struggle.

General Poe's son, Edgar Allan's father, was a student reading for the bar in



VIRGINIA, WIFE OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Baltimore when he fell in love with, and married, Elizabeth Arnold, an English actress who appears to have stood high in her profession. From his grandfather and father came Edgar Allan's sense of honor and pride—as to which latter quality, for once, all his biographers and neighbors are agreed. From his mother, he seems to have inherited a very delicate physique. This, probably, was partly the result of his parents' poverty. The life of an actor at that date in the United States was a migratory one, and the young couple went together everywhere, enduring not a few hardships. As in the case of Heine—whom Poe resembled in many ways—the frail body seems to have been accompanied by an extreme sensitiveness, a tendency to melancholy, and a natural bent toward satire and bitterness. This temperament was intensified by the well known incidents of his early career, and especially by the loss of his expectations as heir to his wealthy adopted father.

As for young Poe's discharge from West Point, where he was entered as a cadet of the United States army, I am unable to discover any record to his discredit, except that he could not master the prescribed course of mathematics, of course the *sine qua non* of military instruction. Yet in such stories as "The Gold Bug" and "The Purloined Letter,"

the young man showed that he had absorbed the principles, if not the technique, of mathematical science.

Even in his short career at the United States Military Academy, young Poe gave an impression of eccentricity, and of a nature incomprehensible to his instructors or his sturdy fellow cadets. A classmate of his, writing many years afterward, said: "I believe now that he was marked for an early death, if only from an incompatibility of soul and body. These had not the usual relations to each other, and were on such distant terms of acquaintance as to make a separation seem inevitable."

Imagine such a personality thrown entirely upon his own resources; and add the extra burden which such a friendless and poverty stricken lad is almost sure to assume—namely, marriage with a delicate girl, as poor as himself, and still more helpless; and you can calculate Poe's chances for success in the world.

The only real home, with control of his own front door, which Edgar Allan Poe ever had, was in the tiny cottage now standing on that ancient thoroughfare, the Kingsbridge Road, Fordham, in what is now the Borough of the Bronx, City



113½ CARMINE STREET (NO LONGER STANDING).

Here Poe resided in 1837.

of New York. The cottage had been built about ten years (there are several others almost identical in size and interior arrangements still standing) when Poe rented it, and brought his wife and

her mother thither. He was able to furnish it comfortably, and even with some small elegance, from a circumstance now to be related.

In the course of his many and precarious employments, Poe had drifted into the penny-a-liner trade, as it then was in the United States, of book reviewing. To review a book, it was only expected



HOUSE NEAR BOULEVARD AND EIGHTY FOURTH STREET (REMOVED IN 1893).

Here "*The Raven*" was written.

that the hack should give the name of the author and publisher correctly, and say something about its contents. But it can be imagined that poor Poe may have reflected that these authors and publishers were comfortable persons with plenty to eat and drink, while he was starving; and may have felt that his only way to equalize the discrepancy was to damn their books when he had the chance. At any rate, he gave his Heine-like satire full rein on most of them; and this easily led to a project which he soon put into existence—to write down all American men of the pen. He did this with so much bitterness and abuse, or what the victims considered abuse, that some of them retaliated. Among others Thomas Dunn English took up the cudgel in his own defense, and wrote a stinging screed upon Edgar Allan Poe. For the publication of this, Poe began a suit for libel against its publisher, and his lawyer recovered a few hundred dollars. It was with this money, probably the largest sum he ever possessed at any one time, that he furnished the famous "Poe cottage" at Fordham, which the State of New York has just passed a law

to preserve as a perpetual shrine to his memory and his genius.

When nature decrees the mental and physical makeup of a human being, it seems as if fortune resolves to send to that human being only such circumstances and casualties as will accentuate that makeup. So, at least, it was in the case of Edgar Allan Poe. If ever there came a momentary ray to brighten his life, it was only to ban it more cruelly in the end. All the publishers with whom he made contracts—though his services eclipsed and surpassed a hundred fold, in value and brilliancy, any other services they could obtain—seem either to have failed outright, or to have been obliged to make heroic retrenchments. And their first and common step in the plan of retrenchment was—to discharge Poe!

As he stated it himself, some

unmerciful disaster

Followed fast, and followed faster,

everything he undertook. There seemed actually no place on God's green earth where he could remain. It was always "Move on! Move on!"

After one of these *débouts*, Poe issued a prospectus for a magazine of his own. The result was that he obtained a few advance subscriptions, not nearly enough to make a beginning with, but just enough to tantalize. Wandering about, hungry and sleepless, with these in his pocket, they went for bread. This, of course, is proof enough that the man was a rascal and a swindler; and those whom he had stung by his satire did not by any means allow their opinion of his conduct to fail of publicity.

One day, in cold and bitterness, a letter reached him. Whether from curiosity's sake, or from some sort of appreciation, it asked him to visit Boston and deliver a lecture. At this date, while the public appetite for literature was scarcely enough, as it was in the England of Ben Jonson's day, "to pay for a sea coal fire," and while there were few who would subscribe for a magazine or buy a book, almost anybody (in the vicinity of Boston, at least) would pay a couple of shillings to hear a "lecture" about almost anything. It must have been a hard job for poor Poe to scrape enough cash together to journey from New York to Boston; but he got

there. Perhaps his entire mental and physical forces had been exhausted in raising the fare, and he had none in reserve to prepare a lecture worthy of delivery upon a Boston rostrum, before a

the fact that to this day, fifty two years later, Boston has not forgiven Poe or his memory. To this day, the sternest and most uncompromising critics of the dead poet come from Boston.

New-York: Aug. 9. 45

Dear Sir,

It is nearly a month since I received a note from you, requesting an interview — but, by some inadvertence, I placed it (your note) among my pile of "answered letters". This will account to you for my seeming disconsistency in not sooner giving you an answer.

I have now to say that I shall be happy to see you at any time, at my residence 195 East Broadway. You will generally find me at home in the morning before 10.

Very truly yours,
Edgar A. Poe

Mr. Horace W. Field.

Boston audience—which then, as now, was nothing if not insistent on the worth of its money. At any rate, poor Poe stood there unprepared and speechless. He made some sort of performance, however; read his poem of "Al Aaraaf," and retired in a storm of hisses and cat calls. The incident is mentioned in order to note

The case of Edgar Allan Poe is probably the only case where the question of the personal habits of a great creator of literature has persisted beyond the man's grave. We do not discuss the personal morals of Dickens, of Georges Sand, of Lawrence Sterne, of Dean Swift, of Molière, or of Shakspere. And yet, though

half a century has been completed since Poe's death, the men who prepare costly editions of his immortal works still write nasty introductions and prefaces concerning Poe's irretrievable badness! This may be a compliment, but it seems like a ghoulish one.

Mr. Woodbury's "Life of Poe" is a unique example in literature of a biog-

their conversation, the poet's companion used the word "metaphysics." Poe replied: "Bother mathematics, let's have another beer." The argument of my informant was that Poe was so intoxicated that he did not know the difference between metaphysics and mathematics.

Old Dominie Ward says that Shakspere died of a fever contracted by over



THE POE COTTAGE AT FORDHAM.

Drawn by William Thomson.

rapher selecting his subject with the apparent purpose of doing his best to damn that subject for all time. I doubt if real biography can be written in this way; or whether the world would not prefer to let enthusiasm, rather than the meaner instincts of malice and hate, search for the truth.

Of the scores of incidents in Poe's life at Fordham that reach us from his old neighbors, all those related with purpose to show him an inebriate have invariably been extremely trivial and contemptible. Here is a fair sample of them. An old gentleman told me that one day he happened to be sitting in a tavern at Fordham (still standing near the Harlem Railway station) when Poe and a friend came in. The friend ordered beer. In the course of

indulgence when on a "lark" with Ben Jonson. But modern discovery, in view of the lack of drainage in Stratford-on-Avon in 1616, thinks that the immortal dramatist died of malaria. Similarly, I suppose that the admirers of Richard III are convinced that the young princes in the Tower died of diphtheria. But nobody has thought of either malaria, diphtheria, or that worst malady of all—an empty stomach—in the case of Edgar Allan Poe!

As to Poe's personality, our late movement to save the Fordham cottage naturally brought us much in the way of new and therefore unprinted matter. "Mr. Poe had the most engaging manners of any gentleman I ever met," wrote the lady who sent the daguerreotype. "He was always a very civil man," said an employee of a

carriage factory (still standing, though it has been rebuilt, on the spot it occupied in Poe's day, about ten rods from the Fordham cottage). "He went by the shop every morning, for he used to go to the city a good deal." The Harlem Railroad had just been opened as far as White Plains. "Knowing that he was a bright fellow," this informant added, "we came to think, from the taste and neatness with which he was dressed, that he must be making quite a bit of money in a very few hours."

At that time Archbishop Hughes had recently established St. John's College at Fordham, its present fine buildings being then supplied by temporary quarters. A priest who remembers Poe perfectly says: "Mr. Poe came here often, very often. He seemed to like to be with us and about the college. Agreeably and gradually, he became a privileged person among us. He was never other than a true gentleman. His grave, tender face, his simple and unconscious graciousness, his quick and never failing sympathy, his honest yet gentle earnestness, made him the most lovable of men." Yet, on page 67 of *The Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1897, it is asserted that the small park which is to be laid out in Fordham, and to which the cottage is to be moved, is to be called "Poet's Park," which suggests "that the poet's own name was avoided because it was not respectable"! As a matter of fact, the name adopted is not "Poet's Park," but "Poe Park." A neighboring street already bears the name of Poe Avenue.

Besides the famous cottage, of which a sketch appears on page 528, Poe lived at different times in several other places in New York. To the house on Carmine Street, shown on page 525, but no longer standing, he first brought his young wife when the couple took up their domicile in the metropolis. Here lived with them William Gowans, the eccentric book miser of Nassau Street, who bought so many volumes, and sold so few, that both cellar and attic of his place of business were found, at his death, packed with forgotten purchases. Mr. Gowans was full of admiration for the gentle wife, and of praise for the poet; but that he ever spoke of Edgar Allan Poe as an inebriate

is unrecorded. The guests who used to attend the salons of the Duyckink brothers, while telling of the beautiful pale face, the large, sad eyes, and the gentle but courtly bearing of Edgar Allan Poe, also forgot to speak of him as a dipso-maniac. Perhaps, after all, it is a tribute to his genius that the few animosities he did awaken were jealousies so professionally capital that after half a century they still deny, to him alone of mortals, the benefit of the principle *de mortuis*.

I cannot see anything irretrievably disgraceful in Poe's enlistment as a private in the army, or in his accepting the efforts of friends to procure his discharge, in their desire to save to American literature its most brilliant genius. Samuel Taylor Coleridge did exactly the same thing, without hypothecating his fame. It has been stated that Poe deserted. That such a charge should be made, a charge so untrue and so easily disprovable, is nothing but a characteristic sample of the malice of his detractors. A deserter, by military law, would have been imprisoned, or, in war time, shot; and Poe received neither punishment.

We know now that the charge that Poe resold his manuscripts is a lie, circumstantially nailed by the publisher, still fortunately living, from whose reminiscences the allegation originated. This publisher did, it seems, pay Poe three times for three versions of "The Bells," himself insisting on so doing, because the poems were substantially distinct pieces. The statement that Poe stole the theme, meter, rhythm, and technique of "The Raven" from a certain lunatic in a certain madhouse has also fallen to the ground, it having been ascertained that there never was either such a lunatic or such a madhouse.

The truth is, perhaps, that Poe's greatest crime was his poverty—often abject, and always extreme. A starving man with not enough money to buy a meal, but with enough to pay for a glass of whisky, might be like the philosopher who said that he could resist anything but temptation. And while a glass of whisky might have no visible effect upon a full stomach, upon an empty stomach it might have a very considerable one.

So far I have not attempted an answer

to my own question ; but here are facts that bear directly upon it. In 1875, when a monument to Poe was erected in Baltimore, certain records were examined and certain affidavits were taken. There was the record on the books of the Washington University Hospital, where Poe died : "Cause of death—exhaustion caused by exposure." There was the statement of the resident physician, Dr. John J. Moran, that there was no odor of liquor perceptible upon the patient when brought in. There was the statement of the conductor of the train which brought Poe for the last time to Baltimore, that his passenger was not under the influence of liquor. There was Dr. Moran's additional statement that, on his proposing to administer spirits to his patient, the latter refused them, obliging the physician to administer an opiate instead, against his own better judgment. Lastly, there were the statements of callers who, when it was discovered who the distinguished patient was, came to his bedside ; and these were unanimously to the effect that the dying man was not suffering from delirium tremens, but was rational and aware of his rapidly approaching end.

As any rehearsal of familiar matter has been avoided in this paper, the statement of the lady whom Poe was about to marry, that he left her in Richmond, to proceed to New York to settle certain business affairs prior to his marriage, need not be more than alluded to. But Dr. Moran states that he learned from Poe's own dying lips this story : that he had passed rapidly through Baltimore, having arrived

from Richmond by boat—there was no railroad—and in Baltimore had taken a train for Philadelphia ; but that the river Susquehanna (then crossed by a ferry) was so turbulent owing to the frightful storm then raging, that he had returned in the cars to Baltimore.

Here his story stopped. The narrative is taken up by the evidence of the conductor of the train, who noticed two suspicious looking men, closely watching Mr. Poe—so closely, in fact, as to arouse his surmise that mischief was designed. He had intended warning his passenger, but his duties had prevented when the train reached Baltimore at midnight.

What followed will probably never be known ; but at break of day the poet was found dying and insensible upon a sidewalk near the railway station, and was carried to the hospital. That the suspicious characters had drugged their victim, in order to rob him, is more than likely, in the opinion of Dr. Moran. The story that Poe was made drunk in order to use him as a "repeater" at a local election, is entirely disposed of by the fact that there was no election, local or otherwise, on that day. There was an election in Baltimore that year (1849) on the 3d of October, but Poe was then in Richmond, from which city he started for Baltimore on the steamer Columbus at 4 P. M. on October 4.

Poor Poe ! If he was human, was he therein different from the rest of humanity ? Even those who will not admit it might join us in saying, over his ashes : " May he rest in peace ! "

SONGS OF THE SOUTH.

MORNING.

THE darkness flees ; softly from off the distant Blue Ridge rises high the mist.
The Sun King, triumphant, comes to meet his bride, the fair young day. Hark ! Hark !
The sound of rippling water greets the ear ; the newly risen lark
Pours forth its glad song, lingering to caress the jasmine, dew drop kissed.

EVENING.

The gray shadows lengthen ; far off across the fields a nightingale calls to its mate.
The roses sleep, their perfume on the scented air borne high and wide
To me, still waiting at our tryst. In the magnolia's shade I hide
And yearn for you, sweetheart. Ah, love, dear love, why tarry you so late ?

Maud Howard Peterson.

IN THE BALKANS.

BY HARRY J. HASKELL.

A tragedy and its sequel—A realistic story of the Christian peasantry ruled by the Sultan, based on the author's experience of life in the realm of the Turk.

1876.

BY day, the blue foothills that bounded the long, level plain to the south were dim with smoke; by night, the clouds above them were red with a dull glare.

"We are too far away up here in the Balkans," the peasants said to one another. "The Bashibazouks will never find us here!"

But they knew that they talked to keep their spirits up, and that they did not really believe what they said. The shepherds brought in their flocks early at night, and the farmers took care to leave their work in time to reach the village before sunset. In the evenings, they gathered in the wine shops about the market place, where they drank *rakiah*, sipped their coffee, and talked in an undertone about the latest word from the south.

Occasionally a refugee stopped at the mountain village—some man scarcely able to crawl, with haggard face and sunken, staring eyes. On such occasions the villagers gathered around as the stranger told his story of horror and desolation, and when they had heard it they crossed themselves and stole away silently to their homes. On the next saint's day the church would be packed, and the priest's chant, "*Gospodee pomeeloi nee*"—"Lord have mercy upon us"—would be echoed by every soul in the building.

But young Vatralski was an exception to the rest. He believed that they were making fools of themselves to be so frightened, and told them so. Then the wise ones shook their heads, and said to each other,

"Ivan Vatralski has been married only a year. He will know better when he is older. Now he thinks only of the wife

and the baby and the sheep. He will be wiser some day."

Vatralski's wife had great faith in her husband, and tried her best, though often unsuccessfully, to hide her fears.

"Listen, Ivan," she said one evening, while her husband was mending the wooden fountain in the yard, "Baba Stoyanka says evil is at hand."

"So?" he returned, without looking up. "How does Baba Stoyanka know?"

"Thou rememberest the good sister who died here three years ago? The Baba says her spirit came last night to give the village warning."

"Ah, Vasilka, that could not be," the man said, stopping his work. "The good nun is in Paradise. Only evil spirits stay on earth after death."

His wife came closer and spoke in a whisper. "It is true. But the priest had the body dug up. It looks just as when it was buried—except that the face is frowning. And thou knowest, Ivan, that the spirit stays on earth till it is released by the body's decay. It must have been the sister's ghost that the Baba saw. Oh, I am afraid!" And she laid her head on her husband's broad shoulder.

"Don't fear, little one," he said. "These are old wives' tales. Am I not strong to protect thee? Dost thou not remember the bear I killed when it attacked my flock? And we have three wolves' skins——"

"So, so," she interrupted, still sobbing a little, "but the Bashibazouks—I fear them so! Thou knowest what the man who escaped from Eski Zaghra told us—how the Turks boiled his father in oil; how his brother they roasted on a spit; how his wife—O holy Mother of God, have mercy!" She clung closer to her husband.

"Yes," he answered soothingly, "but Eski Zaghra is many hours from here. Besides, the people there had first risen against the Turks; and we are peaceful here. There," he added, "I hear the *bebitcho* crying. He wants you."

Young Vatralski finished his work. The fountain now flowed in a steady stream and gurgled soothingly. He watered the buffalo cow, and grumbled a little at the care he had to bestow upon the animal, for the buffalo comes from a warmer climate, and does not take kindly to Balkan storms. Then he sat down inside the doorway on the divan, and rolled up a cigarette. He did not care to have the neighbors see him sitting talking with his wife. They would say he had not been married long enough to know better.

"I have ten new lambs, Vasilka," he observed in a satisfied tone, between his puffs. He was very proud of his sheep. "Next year I shall have a large flock. In five years, if everything goes well, it will be the largest flock in the village."

His wife looked admiringly at him. "I knew thou wouldest be rich some day," she said.

"And then," he went on dreamily, "we shall have a fortune for the boy when he marries. He is so big and strong now, he will be a fine lad when he is grown. Who knows but that some day he may go to Europe!" To Ottoman subjects on the Balkan peninsula, Europe is that part of the world which is free from Turkish rule.

"Thou art so brave and strong, Ivan," murmured his wife, as she hugged her baby close.

Vatralski had been keeping his flock near the village for some time, but the pasture was poor, and the next morning he decided to cross the mountain to fresh fields. He started earlier than usual, his huge dogs bounding about in delight at being off. The sheep followed him readily up the mountain. Just before he lost sight of the village, around a cliff, he saw Vasilka standing in the doorway watching him with the child in her arms. He looked carefully to see that no one would notice; then he waved his staff back at her, and leaped around the jutting edge, half ashamed of his weakness.

There was good pasture on the other

side of the mountain. It was on the bank of a mountain torrent near the point where the stream plunged with a roar over a steep cliff; and Vatralski was busy keeping the flock out of harm's way. Before sunset he started home. It was such a distance to the village that ordinarily he would have slept on the pasture with his flock; but Vasilka was timid, and would expect him to come home.

It was quite dark when he emerged from behind the cliff where he had waved farewell to his wife that morning. He looked down the mountain. Where the village had stood he saw only a few smoldering ruins. The shepherd dashed frantically down the path. The sheep huddled together, frightened. The wolf-like dogs rushed after their master. At the entrance to the village was a pile of bodies. Vatralski could see the ghastly, blood stained faces in the uncertain light. He made his way to what was left of his own home. The fountain he had mended the night before still gurgled pleasantly in the yard; but the cottage had been razed to the ground. He searched among the ruins, with a sickening fear of what he might find, but there were no bodies there. He breathed again. Vasilka might have fled to the mountains. She might still be safe.

A figure came gliding up the street. It was an old hag. She howled as she saw the solitary man leaning on his staff amidst the embers.

"Did not I see the vision? Did not—"

Vatralski rushed at her and grasped her fiercely.

"Baba Stoyanka, where is my wife?"

The insane woman led him to one side and pointed to the mangled body of a woman on the ground. Then she laughed.

"They would not kill me!" she cried exultingly.

The man shuddered and knelt over the body. He mechanically wiped the blood from the face with the end of his girdle. For a moment his hand rested on the forehead; then he sprang to his feet. The hag watched him curiously.

"The boy! Where is the boy?" he demanded.

She shook her head mysteriously and was silent.

"He is dead, too! Which way did they go—the Bashibazouks?"

The woman pointed down the mountain. The shepherd drew a long breath and started off on a slow, steady run in the direction she had indicated. The hag wandered back and forth, alone with the dead among the ruins.

The Bashibazouks were encamped on the plain for the night. Suddenly a man in sheepskin costume sprang in among the sleepers. He used his heavy staff with such effect that before the camp was awakened half a dozen men lay dead. The others sprang upon the peasant with their swords. When they had finished with him they rolled the body outside the camp, and set a better guard. In the morning, when they left, the body was still lying there, apparently dead.

1896.

"A CURSE ON ENGLAND!" muttered the leader of the insurgent band. "A curse on England! Why did she stop the treaty of San Stefano and condemn Macedonia to be plundered these twenty years longer? And she claims to be a Christian nation! Truly her religion is sick!"

His followers seated around the camp fire on the mountain side shook their heads in approval. They had not been to the University of Odessa, like their leader, but it takes little knowledge to hate the Turks.

"But we are brave and strong," continued the speaker, who was a young man of apparently not more than twenty two. "There are no gray heads here; we can endure. Remember the brave George Castriota. What he did for Albania we can do for Macedonia!"

"Ah, but they say Scanderbeg's sword needs Scanderbeg's arm!" interrupted a strange voice.

The insurgents started to their feet, but lay down again on the ground as an old man emerged from the bushes and stood out in the light of the camp fire. His hair and bristling mustache were white, his broad shoulders stooped, his bronzed face was seamed with livid scars.

"Who art thou, grandfather, and what dost thou wish?" inquired the leader courteously.

"I am a volunteer from the north," re-

plied the stranger quietly. "I come to join the band. Thy name is Zashoff?"

"So," replied the leader in surprise, "wouldst thou fight the Turks with us? Consider, grandfather, thou art no longer young. We make a swift dash on Jendeni Pasha's forces at night, and in the morning we are far away. There are no old men here."

The stranger smiled as he seated himself cross legged on the ground, and rolled up a cigarette.

"I may not be so old as I look, Gospodene Zashoff," he said.

Zashoff looked at him doubtfully.

"How am I to know that thou art a true patriot and not some Turkish spy?" he said. "Thou art from the north, truly. Thy speech, like my own, is that of the dwellers in the northern Balkans. One mountaineer should not distrust another."

"Thou sayest truly, son," returned the old man. Then he laid a finger on his face. "Seest thou these marks? They prove my right to fight the followers of Abdul Hamid."

"Are those Turkish scars?" said Zashoff. "Thou shalt stay with us."

So was the volunteer from the north adopted into the ranks of the insurgent band. He was a man of few words. He never talked about his past; he did not indulge, with the insurgents, in dreams of a glorious future for all the Slavic peoples. The building up of a great Balkan State was their one aim, and they thought it strange that the old man took no interest in it.

"Listen, grandfather," said Zashoff, one evening; "we shall first free Macedonia. Next, we shall unite her with Bulgaria, and then we can form a confederation with the other Balkan States that will count among the powers of Europe. Why dost thou take no interest?"

"Because I have no interest in that, boy," replied the other sternly. "I shall never live to see it. I only want one more chance to meet the Turks. Then will I pay them in full for the death of my wife and child."

"Did they kill thy wife and child?" said the younger man. "Here is my hand. I, too, have a debt to pay. My

father and mother, they murdered. Saint Cyril guard us till our work is done!"

The little band of insurgents became bold. Jendem Pasha had orders from Stamboul to proceed against it at once, and utterly destroy it. This would not be a hard task. The rebels numbered about fifty. Jendem Pasha made his attack with five times that number of picked troops. Just after midnight he moved his force silently across the plain to the mountain side where Zashoff's men were encamped. Then he formed the line into the Turkish crescent, and advanced slowly up the wooded slope. As he had hoped, the tired sentries were dozing; but before his plan was completed one of them was aroused and gave the alarm.

The insurgents knew that resistance was hopeless. Zashoff ordered a retreat to the left. But the horn of the crescent had advanced too far, and a volley from the other side showed that escape in either direction was impossible. To their back were almost perpendicular cliffs. The path toward the summit was too narrow and exposed to admit of retreat.

Zashoff and the old man lay side by side behind the rocks, their rifles in their hands. The supply of ammunition was almost exhausted. The leader groaned as he saw his men picked off one by one.

"It is death to fly; it is certain death to stay," he muttered.

Then he passed the word among the survivors, and at a signal they suddenly rose and dashed for the path. The Turks opened on them. There was a patter of balls on the cliffs. Just before reaching the top Zashoff fell. The old man who was behind him caught him in his arms and carried him to the summit. They two were the only ones who reached it.

On the crest stood an old Roman stone fort, in ruins. Its crumbling walls were still high enough to give protection. Thither the old man bore the wounded leader. Zashoff revived as he was laid on the cold stone floor.

"Are we all who are left, father?" he asked.

"We alone, my son. And we shall not be left long."

"Thou art not hurt? Then why dost thou stay? It can do no good. Thou wilt throw away thy life for nothing."

"Why should I live, my son? I am alone in the world, and if before my death I can kill a few more Turks I am content."

The younger man looked up and his eyes flashed. "My leg is broken," he said, "but if thou wilt help me to that window that commands the path, I have still my revolver with six cartridges in it."

The other silently lifted him and placed him in the desired position. He no longer seemed an old man.

"Thou hast six bullets left also?" inquired Zashoff. "Wilt thou promise me one thing? Save one of them for me. Thou canst fight with a sword, and so wilt not be taken. I am wounded. They might capture me."

"I promise, boy."

"But save thyself," urged the young man again. "They will be over the cliff in a moment. There is still time to fly."

The other frowned. "Thou hadst a mother and a father massacred by Turks," he said. "I had a wife and child slain by them. If the boy had lived he would be thy age. I used to think how he would be tall and strong and handsome as thou art. We die together."

A Turkish fez appeared above the cliff. There was a sharp report from a revolver, and it disappeared. In a moment two others had come into view and as quickly disappeared.

"One, two, three, four, five," counted the young man. "Save thy last for me, remember—six!"

The other's face was damp with sweat. He put his arm around the boy's neck and kissed him passionately. The young man returned the embrace.

"With God, my father!"

"With God, my son!"

Half a dozen men were over the cliff now, making for the ruined fort. The old man kissed the young leader again. A revolver shot rang out. The fort was full of smoke. The Turks were met at the entrance by a gray haired man fighting furiously with his sword. They overpowered him and struck him down.

"They look enough alike to be father and son," observed a Turkish soldier, as he glanced at the bodies of Vatralski and his boy, lying side by side on the rocky floor.

AN OPEN AIR PERFORMANCE.

BY J. FREDERIC THORNE.

An episode of theatrical life in the wild West—Why the leading woman of the Cumberland Opera Company treasures a souvenir of an exciting adventure.

CONTRARY to all the precepts of the stage, the heroine was in love with the villain. Before the curtain had been up ten minutes, Bill Dutton was in love with the heroine.

Bill, of course, knew no more of the heroine's love for that striding, black mustached, cigarette smoking disciple of Machiavelli, than the heroine knew of the feeling she had inspired in the breast of the slouch hatted, blue shirted, booted, and armed gold digger who sat on the second row of benches in the Rocky City Opera House.

Bill would have denied the soft impeachment indignantly, as is the masculine custom, had he been accused. With men of his nature, the stronger the love, the more strenuous the denials, and the more biting the sneers at anything sentimental. Nevertheless, from the sole of his heavy boots to the crown of his slouch hat, Bill was in love. He loved as he fought: quick and hard.

He did not either shoot or lasso the villain, as such men do in stories. This may have been owing to his ignorance of the heroine's attachment, or to the fact that before he became known as Bill Dutton he had answered to the name of—but this is a story about Bill Dutton, and since he saw fit to forget his former life and name, we should do likewise. They buried a man whose inquisitiveness led him to make inquiries in that direction.

As the driver of the stage coach gathered up the lines preparatory to starting, Bill suddenly remembered that he had urgent business in Bull Gap. This may or may not have had something to do with the Cumberland Opera Company, who were to make their next stand there, and were then in the coach. Bill climbed up alongside Charlie, the driver, remarking, as he

did so, "Going over to see that new strike," offered his plug to Charlie, and, looking ruefully at the "small half" that was returned to him, relapsed into meditation. It is possible that his thoughts were of the new strike in Bull Gap, but if so, that strike had long golden hair, blue eyes, and a most bewitching smile.

The whip curled out over the leaders' heads, snapped viciously, and in another moment the stage was hidden in a cloud of dust. The road ran in and out, avoiding a hill here, turning to escape a gully there, and then began the long, steep ascent over the mountain. Bill said little, and Charlie pursued his theory that "a man can't talk and drive half broke devils at the same time."

Inside the coach, the Cumberland Opera Company were expressing the hope that the "frost" from which they had been suffering had begun to thaw, and wondering how Bull Gap would receive "Othello," as produced by four people. Suddenly, as the coach reached the top of the incline and started down the opposite descent, they were startled by a hoarse shout, from without, of "Halt!" the crack of a rifle, and almost immediately by the quickening of their speed.

Charlie had sworn, with many an ingenious oath—he was an artist in that line—that never again would he allow himself to be "held up."

"They've done it twice now," he said, "and I'm tired of their"—several forcible adjectives—"foolishness."

So, when a man with a handkerchief tied over his face below the eyes suddenly stepped into the road and gave his command, Charlie merely took firmer hold of the lines, shouted to his leaders, lashed their flanks with the biting whip, and

braced himself for what he knew would come. It came; and for Charlie, death rode the singing pellet of lead. Another shot, and one of the leaders fell, dragging its mate with it; the wheelers reared, the coach slid a few more feet and stopped.

With the exasperating contrariness of inanimate things at critical moments, Bill's revolver, despite his furious tuggings, had obstinately refused to leave its holster. Now it came out with a jerk and spat back at the masked man, accenting its owner's angry exclamations. The rifle answered it, but neither spoke to effect. Then Bill, partly sheltered by the driver's seat, and the masked man, crouching behind a clump of mesquite, exchanged compliments, both verbal and leaden.

A rifle bullet, aimed a trifle low, crashed through the body of the coach. The heroine screamed, while the villain tried to get still farther under the seat, remarking that he did not care to be cast for the part of his own ghost. Another mask and rifle joined the first, and Bill shouted to the members of the Cumberland Opera Company: "Say, one of you fellows get out there and cut the traces of that dead horse! I can't leave here, or they'll rush us. I'll stand 'em off. You won't get hit. The stage 'll be between you and them. We must get out o' this, quick! My cartridges are 'bout gone."

The three men in the coach only crouched the lower, and Bill, seeing that no response was made to his speech, swore softly but earnestly at them, the dead horse, the road agents, and everything else; going back carefully over the list to make sure that he had neglected nothing.

Then he swore again, but this time in astonishment, for the door of the coach swung open, and as daintily and as calmly as if she were entering at "right center," the heroine stepped to the ground.

With a glance upward at the astonished Bill, which he rightly interpreted as meaning that she trusted him to protect her, she picked up the bowie he threw down, and, making her way to the dead animal, cut away the entangling harness and sprang back as the other leader struggled to his feet. It was an unfortunate movement, for a bullet—which,

let us hope, was not intended for her even by a highwayman—struck her in the shoulder, and with a cry of pain she fell forward in the dust.

Then Bill arose. Standing erect, heedless of the target his broad frame offered, he steadied the long barrel of his "forty five" over his left arm, and, taking careful aim, fired twice in quick succession. His last shot mingled with the crack of one of the rifles. He staggered, swayed a moment, and falling backward, struck the flank of the near wheeler and rolled off into the road. The half wild animal reared and plunged forward; his mates caught the infection, and in another moment the stage was rocking and swaying from side to side as the frightened brutes dashed down the road. The masculine specimens of humanity on the floor of the coach were free from death by bullet, but in imminent danger of getting their deserts at the bottom of the next gulch.

The citizens of Bull Gap, who were awaiting the arrival of the stage from Rocky City and wondering at its delay, had adjourned to the Tenderfoot Saloon—so called, probably, because its proprietor was less of a tenderfoot than any of his customers. Rough natures find humor in contradictions. The crowd of men in front of the bar had just put away their last injection of vitriol, and were looking around in expectant interest for some one to "set 'em up again," when they were startled by a yell from without.

They all dashed for the door and out into the street, eager for any break in the monotony of existence. That is, all except "Smooth Dan," who was most impolitely stopped half way to the door by the aforesaid proprietor who was not a tenderfoot.

"Excuse me, but I'm afeared you hev forgot somethin'. Of course it's jest a slip er yer mem'ry, but you hain't paid fer that last round. My fergettery is out o' order, but this yere hain't!"

"This yere" was an able bodied revolver placed uncomfortably near the delinquent's ear. Dan paid, and joined his companions in time to catch sight of the stage from Rocky City as it came down the slope of the hill that led into town.

The men spread across the road to stop the flying brutes. A second glance was

not needed for them to guess at what had happened. The missing leader and the empty seat told the story.

Before the bruised remnant of the Cumberland Opera Company had crawled from the coach, a dozen citizens of Bull Gap had mounted and were spurring back toward Rocky City.

That was a busy afternoon in Bull Gap. First, they lynched the wounded road agent and hung his dead companion alongside of him, "to prevent accidents" as the coroner said. After that little business had been properly attended to, they had a duty to perform of another, and yet kindred nature, one that was done with all the solemnity and respect of men who knew not at what moment they too might need the same offices. Familiarity with death may relieve it of its awfulness, but it can never be anything but a solemn mystery to men of heart.

Eight men, each quartet with a rough pine box on its shoulders, walked with slow steps to the outskirts of the little town. Behind them followed a crowd of men, silent, with bowed heads. When they reached the plot of barren ground that had almost as many denizens as the town, they gently lowered their burdens beside the two new made, shallow graves.

The proprietor of the Tenderfoot Saloon cleared his throat two or three times,

swallowed hard, hesitated, and then said solemnly :

"I ain't no parson, as y' know, but ther' bein' no gentleman of that perfession present, I want t' say a few words fer th' boys afore they're planted. They wouldn't hev liked it if they thought we'd bury 'em 'thout even a 'So long.' They was good men as men go, good friends, and goods shots. They knowed how t' take theirlicker, an' they always had an open hand fer a feller in hard luck. Many a time I've seed Bill here, and Charlie too, go without a drink ter give some poor feller a lift. They may have cussed some, but they died like men, with their boots on, and—and—may we all do the same and meet 'em th' other side of th' divide."

That evening the whole able bodied population of Bull Gap witnessed "Othello," as given by the Cumberland Opera Company, and wildly cheered the heroine at every word she uttered; even if *Desdemona* did wear her arm in a sling.

The woman in the top floor back room of a theatrical boarding house, in an Eastern city, has a bowie knife hung on the wall, with a piece of an old trace, with its dangling chain, tied to the handle.

The villain, for some reason, does not admire his wife's decoration—when he thinks about it at all.



IMPERFECTION.

FAIR blossom, do not look with scorn upon the blighted one ;
No flower ever turned its face, reluctant, from the sun.

Mayhap, by your full petals hid, no ray of light pierced through
To quicken its awaking life, and, wet with too much dew,

The canker settled on its heart, the stealthy footed mold
Crept on and warped the tender leaves that struggled to unfold.

Caressed and nursed in gentle air, untouched by cold or gloom,
You could not keep your beauty back, you could not help but bloom ;

And had it your bright garden lot, your meed of sun and shower,
Poor withered bud—who knows?—perhaps it had been twice the flower !

Catharine Young Glen.

MY FAVORITE NOVELIST AND HIS BEST BOOK.*

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

The author of "The Anglomaniacs" tells the story of her literary passions, from "Evelina" and "Quentin Durward" to the American, English, and foreign fiction of today—The books she ranks as the best novels of past and present.

OUT of the mist of memory arises a pleasant oblong room in an old Virginia country house. There were many windows hung with crimson woollen stuff, and many doors, generally flying open to admit boys with dogs at their heels—or else dogs alone, who stalked in, picked out the best places on the rug for siesta, and plumped down in them, deliberately. On either side of the fireplace stood two high backed chairs, occupied for years (so it seems to my retrospective mind) by two old maiden great aunts reading novels.

When, in the course of human events, these ladies came to the end of their novels owned, novels subscribed for, and novels borrowed, they would begin over again, and repeat the list. Although a few newspapers—such as the *Washington National Intelligencer*, the *Baltimore Sun*, the *Alexandria Gazette*, the *Southern Churchman*, the *Illustrated London News*, and some missionary sheets—were included in their literary pabulum, the novels were of first interest. The plots were followed out breathlessly, the people became real people, their crises of life and love and death were attended with intense conviction.

At twilight, before lamps were brought in, when the wind sighed in the branches of the oaks shadowing the roof, when the fire gleam danced over the crimson curtains and brought out the sheen of mahogany and brass—when the older dogs snored through excess of fat and comfort,

on the hearth—the two readers would talk together about their dream world of romance.

To a little person who occupied sometimes a chair, sometimes the rug between the dogs, the stage upon which strutted the characters of these dramatic scenes became of absorbing interest. It was here, first, that she made acquaintance with "Evelina"—"written by a young lady, my dear—a great surprise to her family—much admired by the great Dr. Johnson—securing for its author, Miss Fanny Burney, the reward of a place at court, as a bedchamber woman of her majesty, Queen Charlotte!"

The story of *Evelina*'s endless perplexities, and the happy issue out of all her afflictions at the hand of *Lord Orville*, was, for a time, my supreme favorite. Our copy was in little brown calf bound volumes with the long S—volumes out of which, when you opened them, issued small creatures without color or substance, traveling across the pages and away. As I recall this novel, I think vivacity was its charm, with a certain naturalness that must have been refreshing as a dew fall, in that stilted age when Burney dipped her quill in the parental inkpot. But poor Fanny lived to repent her cleverness, when immured for it in the strict and dreary service of Queen Charlotte's court!

Although my sponsors in romance talked a great deal about "Clarissa Harlowe"—at the same time informing me

* Under this title MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE will print a series of articles in which the leading literary men of the day will discuss a question interesting to all readers of novels. The first paper of the series, contributed by William D. Howells, appeared in April; the second, by Professor Brander Matthews, in May; and the third, by Frank R. Stockton, in June.

that when I should be older, I might read it, but "not now"—when the time came that I did read it, the charm I expected was not to be discovered. I wondered at the joy the great brained Macaulay took in this tedious story.

"Not read 'Clarissa'!" he said once to Thackeray. "If you have once thoroughly entered on 'Clarissa,' and are infected by it, you can't leave it. When I was in India, I passed one hot season in the hills, and there were the governor general, and the secretary of government, and the commander in chief, and their wives. I had 'Clarissa' with me; and as soon as they began to read, the whole station was in a passion of excitement about *Miss Harlowe* and her misfortunes, and her scoundrelly *Lovelace*! The governor's wife seized the book; the secretary waited for it; and the chief justice could not read it for tears."

At the earlier epoch, and in the same way, I conceived an attachment for "Rob Roy"—*Di Vernon* then so far affecting the family imagination that one of the young ladies in the house had named a riding horse for her. When I attempted "Waverley" on my own account, I dragged wearily through the first thirty or forty pages, yawning repeatedly, and only settling down to real work when, at the beginning of Chapter IX, *Waverley* "applied himself to the massive knocker of the hall door" of Tully-Veolan. Then "Ivanhoe" took me in its toils—afterwards "The Bride of Lammermoor"—the latter, chiefly on account of *Caleb Balderstone's* delicious efforts to get a meal that would keep up the credit of his master's family. "The Heart of Midlothian" had its turn; and all of them were in time superseded by "Quentin Durward," which, to this day, remains my favorite among the Wizard's galaxy. When one puts it down, to pick up Théodore de Banville's lovely "Gringoire," a softer light is cast upon the character of Louis XI, that Mephistopheles of the fifteenth century in France. The strong, sane influence of Scott's works in childhood is one to be grateful for in after life; and as twice, in recent years, it has been my good fortune to be a guest of a country house on the banks of rippled Tweed, near Abbotsford, and, with the children of Sir Walter's old

friends and neighbors, to visit, leisurely, the spots endeared to him—a thing very unlike tearing through Abbotsford House at the tail of a string of tourists—my lifelong reverence and affection for him and for his writings has been refreshed and deepened.

I have here to confess a divagation in the literary taste of early youth, which can be explained only upon the ground of the exotic nature of the favorite adopted.

We lived in the country, and went very little to a staid old town seven miles away. Once, in a little visited cupboard, I came upon a paper volume with a yellow cover; I think the title was "The Jilt"; and as, in those days, I never thought of looking for the name of a mere author, I am quite unaware who wrote it. What pleased me was dashing into the vortex of a London season, with fine ladies on every page, and lords and courtiers scattered throughout the paragraphs. I have an idea that, in it, a damsel leaned from a balcony, to speak to her lover caracoling on a splendid steed in the street below. There were no balconies in the town houses I knew, and the idea seemed to me exhilarating. Just at this point, authority walked into the empty room where "The Jilt" was being devoured, and, in cold blood, took it away from the reader, who was told on no account to open that book again. What were its principles, what its danger to youthful morals, I have never known. From that day to this, "The Jilt" has dwelt in memory as a bright, elusive vision of fashionable life, the loss of which was ill compensated by the distribution of a noon lunch, consisting of two cookies and a Bergamot pear, thrust into my hand as the censor disappeared with my cherished yellow covered novel!

Next, I recall "Pride and Prejudice," by Jane Austen, presented to me as a birthday gift by a distant relative, and extolled by home readers with an enthusiasm that had the immediate effect of making me loath to take it up. When, finally, I opened it, unobserved, it was to enjoy, without preamble, the droll and clever conversation of *Mr. Bennet* and his wife (the parents of five grown up daughters) over the letting of Netherfield Park, in their neighborhood, to a single

young man with four thousand pounds a year! From thence, to the end, this novel made an impression never since removed. It is inimitably fine, and pure, and witty. The author, an English gentlewoman born in 1775, and dying in 1817, is buried in Winchester Cathedral. Of her list of published works, now adopted among the classics of English literature, "Pride and Prejudice" remains my favorite.

Side by side with this gem among books of women writers who possess both imagination and humor, I should place "Cranford," by Mrs. Gaskell; a bit of exquisite miniature painting as far as workmanship goes, having the tenderness of womanly sympathy with her creations that lends such value to woman's literary compositions. But then, I believe "Cranford" is everybody's favorite.

While in this category of talent, I wonder who will recall with me the two charming and lively novels of Miss Sinclair (who has a fountain erected in her honor in a street of Edinburgh, and was a great aunt of Mrs. L. B. Walford, the English novelist of today)—"Modern Accomplishments," and "Modern Society." I tried to purchase these volumes (which, with her "Holiday House," were a delight of my youth) in Edinburgh, in 1894. But the chief booksellers of Prince's Street could not supply them, although making a special effort to do so in my behalf. Miss Ferrier, whom Sir Walter Scott and other authorities ranked high among the novelists of their time, held me captive for many years by "Marriage," and "The Inheritance." I think they would still do so, but that my volume containing the two stories is in double columns, and the most horrid little print! If we could only possess her in dainty modern guise!

There are two stories, not strictly novels, of which one can hardly think without an emotion of grateful tenderness toward the author—"Jackanapes," and "The Story of a Short Life," by the late Mrs. Ewing.

A quaint old time heroine with whom it was my fortune to become early acquainted (the story of her adventures was, in fact, intended to be a satire upon her predecessors in die away romance) was *Cherubina de Willoughby*. Of this

little book, the rare copies are still struggled for by collectors; it is long out of print. And what exceedingly good fun it is! *Cherubina's* vagaries, after her head had been turned by reading novels, are the theme of the tale; and better *hors d'oeuvres* for a reading club do not occur to me.

During many years, "The Scottish Chiefs," "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and "The Children of the New Forest," were varied in my favor by Miss Edgeworth's Irish novels, and the "Vicar of Wakefield." Then a red letter day arrived. Somebody, going away to the outer world after a visit to our secluded country home, having observed the rather antique pattern of the books upon our shelves, sent me, as a present, "The Mill on the Floss." That has continued to be my favorite of all of George Eliot's productions, although hard run for first place by the "Scenes from Clerical Life." The last named were her first ventures in fiction—following which she wrote to John Blackwood in 1857: "If George Eliot turns out a dull dog and ineffective writer—a mere flash in the pan—I, for one, am determined to cut him on the first intimation of that disagreeable fact."

The period of our war threw Virginians back upon the ancients in literature for entertainment. During the four years, spent by us chiefly in Richmond, few new publications came to us through the blockade, and the novels published in the South were not such as especially enchain my fancy. But the romances of Miss Augusta J. Evans, of Louise Mühlbach, of the author of "Guy Livingstone," and of Victor Hugo—notably a translation of "Les Misérables" (a title to which the army of Northern Virginia gave a local rendering, calling it "Lee's Miserables"—some of the soldiers expecting to find it a story of their own hard life in the service)—effected their good work of solace to the beleaguered, and fighting, and waiting people of the Confederacy. These books, printed on a poor, thin, yellow paper, were bound in wall paper, and lay around in people's drawing rooms cheek by jowl with the publications of "before the war."

As the nature of this paper calls for autobiographical candor, I may mention

that, in the last days of the war, my favorite novel was one absorbing much time and reflection, a tale deemed by one person, at least, a chronicle of lasting value. It was finished, copied, tied with, I dare say, one of the last remnants of blue ribbon to be found in the Confederate States, and was consigned to the publishers, Messrs. West & Johnson, of Main Street, Richmond, in whose establishment it was consumed by the envious ravages of the fire that destroyed the lower quarter of the town on the day of Federal occupation. Messrs. West & Johnson have since assured me, with apparent sincerity of statement, that they had intended to bring it out; and I have been reminded by the gifted Bishop of Kentucky that in a consultation with the author, it was he who suggested the name adopted for it—"Skirmishing." But a painful doubt has gained ground in the author's mind that this novel was destined to illumine the world only in the primitive fashion allotted to it by what seemed to be chance.

The librarian of the Virginia State Library in the Capitol was, in those days, the poet John R. Thompson, of whom Mr. R. H. Stoddard has written with charming sympathy in recent days. Mr. Thompson had been editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and a confrère and lifelong friend of Poe. During his visits to England, he became a warm friend and ever welcome visitor of Thackeray and the Carlys. It was in Mr. Thompson's office in the State Library that Thackeray, dropping in one day to find the owner absent, and a volume of the "Sorrows of Werther" open upon his desk, sat down and playfully penned the lines:

Werther had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And for all the wealth of Indies
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more by it was troubled.

Charlotte—having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter—
Like a well conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter.

Thackeray was at this time occupied in overhauling the library for material for "The Virginians"; and to Thompson he owed many suggestions of value for that delightful book, which, without the stimulus of an exciting plot, has charmed thousands of readers who think it a perfect and impartial picture of its times.

Thompson was a man of gentlest nature, high accomplishment, a master of pure English; he was possessed of the nicest literary acumen. To his selections of books, lent to me in relays during the formative period of my taste in literature, I owe thanks, gratefully recorded here. Of the novels so acquired, I hailed Thackeray's, some of Dickens', Hawthorne's, some of Trollope's, "The Caxtons" of Lord Bulwer, and "Quits," by Baroness Tautpheus, with peculiar satisfaction. Thackeray's were, however, always first and best. "Vanity Fair," "The Newcomes," "The Virginians," held me successively; but in time all the others have yielded place to my admiration for "Henry Esmond." If there is in dramatic fiction any picture to surpass the scene where *Esmond* and *Frank Castlewood* hold the false yet princely young Pretender to account for the wrong he intended to do their house, I am not aware of it. Only to think of the rescue of *Beatrix*, the burning of *Esmond's* patent of nobility in the old brazier, the grand ring of *Esmond's* speech to the prince, stirs the blood now, as always!

The war between the States ended, many Southern families were scattered into foreign parts; ours went to France, where we lived for some time. Our quarters in Paris were in a quaint old domicile called "La Ville au Bois" on the outskirts of the Bois de Boulogne, at the Porte Maillot. No trace of it remains, the cannon of the Franco Prussian war having obliterated the place completely—the second house I have lived in that has fallen a victim to war's rude touch. There I chanced to meet Mme. Letellier, a sister of Alexandre Dumas, *père*, who, taking an interest in the American birds of passage, lent us books, and especially those of her "big brother," as she indulgently styled the famous novelist. Under the ivy shrouded walls of the Ville

au Bois, where sparrows twittered in the sunshine, I made first acquaintance with *Monte Cristo*, and his dashing fraternity. "Oh, Dumas! Oh, thou brave, kind, gallant old Alexandre!" says the creator of my beloved *Esmond*, "I hereby offer thee homage and give thee thanks for many pleasant hours. I have read thee (being sick in bed) for thirteen hours of a happy day, and had the ladies of the house fighting for the volumes!"

I have also to thank the shade of good Mme. Letellier for introducing me to Dumas' "La Tulipe Noire"—an exquisite tale that, no doubt, everybody reads when about to visit the Gevangenpoort—the prison at the Hague where I stood, last summer, and dreamed about the unhappy hero of this pathetic story. Georges Sand's "Mare au Diable" was one of my French loves in the days of the Ville au Bois, also her "Lavinia," from which Owen Meredith took the idea of his "Lucile." And then the real "Notre Dame" was forever peopled with *Quasimodo* and *Esmeralda*, and the rest of the characters in Hugo's novel, which readers now call "artificial." In later days, I have transferred my allegiance, in French of the imagination, to Daudet and Pierre Loti.

As far as my knowledge of Spanish fiction goes, some of Valdés' books have interested me greatly. But I take my stand by "Don Quixote," and am thankful to have known him (in a very battered old copy) ever since I knew anything. But when one comes to be in the Alhambra, the very heart of Moorish Spain, it is not of Spanish romancers one thinks, at all, but of the witching stories of our own Washington Irving, that are like the echo to the music of former days.

A German novel I like exceedingly is "Debit and Credit," of Gustav Freytag, which has been well translated. Russia, with her people, her history, her romancers, has long held me in the thrall of interest. The works of Tourguénieff, Poushkin, and Gogol seem so tremendously human. Then, too, life in the country among Russian families of position and cultivation appears to have been like the life of our South as it used to be. But "Anna Karénina," with its intense message to modernity, had no such asso-

ciation. To know Tolstoy's writings is simply to feel one's self passing under the bright lined cloud of genius. A Russian author I had the pleasure of meeting last year in St. Petersburg was spoken of, to me, by Russians, as a great popular favorite with them, "second to Tolstoy," said an admirer of this Mr. Vladimir Korolenko. The story he himself modestly recommended to me was the "Blind Musician," which "has been translated into English by a lady of Boston." I remembered at once having read and admired this charming and poetic tale.

The heroic novels of Henryk Sienkiewicz, the Pole, must interest any one trained to war's alarms. "With Fire and Sword" has had the advantage of a capital translation by Jeremiah Curtin; and, apart from the light it throws upon Slav history, is a book of absorbing interest to the last page.

When we come to the English novelists of today, I rejoice in Stevenson; though the "Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes" pleases me, perhaps, more than "Kidnapped." I love Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," and Barrie's "Little Minister." Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree" gives me the pleasure of some of Shakspere's outdoor scenes. Mr. Hardy said to me, by the way, that he thought the American novelist of the present time had, in his own country, the richest possible field for fiction, and that he himself could not imagine the said novelist stepping out of his home land for a scene or a character. Which plainly shows that Mr. Hardy has never lived in the confusion of electrified New York, so close to innumerable scenes and characters and nationalities, as not to know what to pick out of them. The sweet repose of an embowered English village, where an English novelist may (if he will) retire to write, must have a good influence upon his work; and even an attic in London is better for that purpose than a similar perch in New York.

A separate paragraph must be given to, but cannot be made to contain, this writer's estimate of Rudyard Kipling's part in the English literature of our end of the century. His successive achievements are a continual surprise, as if an airship were

safely cutting the blue of ether, overhead, and the rest of the world stood looking on agape. And yet, as a novelist—?

I purchased, the other day, in a large emporium, on a book counter adjoining one devoted to a sale of tablecloths and napkins, "Diana of the Crossways" for the sum of fifteen cents. This investment was attended by a sense of shame on the buyer's part. But even in that guise Mr. Meredith's *Diana* was her own buoyant, enchanting, and disappointing self!

At home, I must own to more loves than a few in our modern literary garden. I delight in "The Portrait of a Lady," and "A Tragic Muse," by Henry James, and in Mr. Howells' "Indian Summer." Miss Jewett's stories are, apart from their literary merit, a pride to American womanhood. Miss Wilkins' novels do not seem to me to equal her inimitable short stories. Mr. Stimson's "King Noanett" has revived my old liking for that author's lovely "Mrs. Knollys." Dr. Weir Mit-

chell's colonial novel, "Hugh Wynne," is, so far as we have read it in serial form, of admirable flavor. Mr. Crawford's "Cigarette Maker's Romance" I still like best of that writer's popular productions. Mr. Cable's exquisite "Old Creole Days" is, or ought to be, an American classic—though it, to be sure, is a collection of short stories!

When one begins to wander from the point, it is a sign that one should stop!

I am conscious that I have left out of this imperfect summing up many favorites that will come back to haunt me reproachfully. I suddenly recall "Leatherstocking," "The Tale of Two Cities," the superb *Amyas Leigh*, "Christie Johnstone," "Peg Woffington," and that almost flawless story of its kind, "The Cloister and the Hearth."

But I am inclined to think I would give them all, today, to sit where I once did, poring and thrilling over the forbidden and confiscated pages of "The Jilt"!

Constance Cary Harrison.



A WOODLAND SERENADE.

WITHIN a laurel grove, at eventide,
I hear a pleading voice, now faint, now strong ;
The tender light of stars my only guide,
The starlight and the throbbing of the song.

I roam through mazy greenwoods, fragrant flowered,
And suddenly, from shade of friendly tree,
I gaze upon two figures, leaf embowered,
And listen to a lover's minstrelsy !

It is a faun who sings of passion blest ;
A nymph upon a low bough swings and sways ;
At one full note she floats upon his breast ;
Moonrise—the vision melts in silver haze !

The moon has set, thy curtains close are drawn ;
And yet I still recall that trembling bough,
And fancy thee the nymph and me the faun—
My song floats to thy casement, hearest thou ?

Clarence Urvy.

FAMOUS PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

IV—LELY AND KNELLER.

The Dutch and German artists who became the most famous English court painters of the latter half of the seventeenth century—Lely's "wanton and magnificent nymphs," and Kneller's gallery of the great men and beautiful women of four reigns.

THE seventeenth century in England was not particularly rich in artists, and the two men who were conspicuous as court painters, and who have left names that send the price of their canvases to great figures, were both Teutons.

Sir Peter Lely, who was, as Horace Walpole tells us, "the most capital painter" of the reign of Charles II, was born in Westphalia. His father was a captain, whose family name was originally Van der Vaas; but because he was born in a perfumer's shop at the Hague, and because the shop had a lily for its sign, he carried the name of Captain du Lys, or Lely, and his son never knew any other.

There appears to have been some difficulty about the son's choice of a profession, and he was finally turned over to a painter named De Grebber, who gave him some instruction in drawing and painting stiff, wooden Dutch landscapes. When he went to England, in 1641, and saw the work of Vandyke, he made up his mind that portrait painting was easy and profitable. With a clever understanding of human nature, he began to imitate the Flemish master, with a difference. Where Vandyke was natural, Lely idealized, or, we might say, sentimentalized. Vandyke showed likenesses, and painted his sitters in the dress they wore. Walpole says that Lely's nymphs trail their fringes through meadows and streams, and that their costumes remind one of "fantastic night gowns fastened by a single pin."

But without any doubt, Lely caught the spirit of the age in which he lived. His women were the women of that age and time, and when he painted them, it was as they wished to look. His portraits never were uncharacteristic. He gave a peculiar, half sleepy expression to the eyes of his court ladies which Pope said "spoke the melting soul," but which

makes the latter part of the nineteenth century a little impatient.

Lely painted Charles I and also Oliver Cromwell. It is told that Cromwell said, while sitting to him: "Mr. Lely, I desire you would use all your skill to paint my picture truly like me, and not flatter me at all; but remark all these roughnesses, pimples, warts, and everything as you see me; otherwise I will not pay a farthing for it."

But Lely never reached the height of his fame until after the Restoration, when the gay court of Charles II came to make England merry. The cavaliers and belles of Charles' reign were of the sort he loved to paint—the sort who could look out of his canvases with sleepy eyes, and hold daintily their pointed fingers. The men and women of the Commonwealth did not appeal to him.

The first Duchess of York, Anne Hyde, was not a pretty woman, but she was a most generous one. She knew the taste of her king and his brother, her husband, and in forming her court she surrounded herself with the prettiest women in the country, and began the collection known as "The Beauties of Windsor" by commanding Sir Peter Lely to paint portraits of the loveliest of her maids of honor. Every woman in England was immediately insatiate to be painted by Lely.

It has been wondered, sometimes, if Lely caught his mannerisms from these women, or whether he assisted history in estimating their characters by what he painted. Walpole says that "Lely's nymphs are far too wanton and magnificent to be taken for anything but maids of honor." It is likely that he painted what he saw in the matter of dress oftener than Walpole will allow. As modesty went out in the reign of Charles II, loose dressing became more prevalent.



MARY, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.
From an engraving by J. Faber after the painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Lely was knighted for the way in which he had portrayed the court, and became one of the fashionable men of his day. Like Vandyke, he was noted for the mag-

ler, who had just become a formidable rival.

There were three Duchesses of Somerset in the time of Charles II, but there



THE COUNTESS OF RUTLAND.

From an engraving by J. Smith after the painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

nificence of his establishment. It was a shock to his friends when he died very suddenly in 1680, while painting the portrait of the Duchess of Somerset. It was said, at the time, that the cause of his death was his violent jealousy of Knel-

ler, who had just become a formidable rival. There were three Duchesses of Somerset in the time of Charles II, but there was only one beautiful one. This was Lady Elizabeth Percy, who was famed not only as one of the most beautiful women of her time, but as the richest heiress. Her father died when she was only four years old, and left her with the great es-



ANNE, COUNTESS OF SUNDERLAND.

From an engraving by T. Wright after the painting by Sir Peter Lely.

tates of the family, and holding in her own right six of the oldest English baronies. Her grandmother, the old Countess of Northumberland, announced her intention of keeping the child in retirement, to repel fortune hunters. She succeeded so well that the Lady Elizabeth was three times a wife and twice a widow before her sixteenth birthday.

Her first husband was the heir of the Earl of Cavendish. The young bride and groom were the same age, thirteen years, at the time of the marriage. The latter died in a few months; and he was hardly dead before suitors besieged the child widow. She took a romantic fancy to the celebrated Swedish adventurer, Count Königsmark, but her family hastily mar-



ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF SOMERSET.

From an engraving by E. Cooper after the painting by Sir Peter Lely.

ried her to a Mr. Thynne, whom Königs-
mark murdered immediately. Elizabeth
seems to have been easily consoled, for
within three months she found a third
husband in Charles Seymour, who was
known as the "Proud Duke of Somerset."
He was so "proud" that his own chil-
dren (he had thirteen) were not allowed
to sit in his presence. But his wife ap-
pears to have loved him, for she gave up

her own name of Percy to take his, which
she had refused to do in the other cases,
and which her marriage articles forbade.
She became one of the ornaments of the
courts of William III and Queen Anne,
and when the Duchess of Marlborough
was finally disgraced, she took the famous
Sarah Jennings' place. After her death
her husband married a young bride, who
one day playfully tapped him on the



THE COUNTESS OF CLARENDON.

From an engraving by T. Faber after the painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller.



THE DUCHESS OF GRAFTON.

From an engraving by Goldar after the painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

shoulder with her fan. "Madam," he said, "my first wife was a Percy, and she never took such a liberty."

Anne, Countess of Sunderland, who was another of the Windsor beauties, was the daughter in law of Waller's celebrated *Saccharissa*. The fame of the second countess is hardly so happy as that of the first. She was a beautiful and blameless woman, but was unfortunate in being the wife of a husband who was always in trouble. She is the common

ancestress of the present Duke of Marlborough and of the present Earl Spencer. Lely also painted Nell Gwyn, Mrs. Middleton, the Duchess of Cleveland, and almost all the other famous women of that day.

Kneller, who succeeded him, was from Lübeck, the German seaport on the Baltic. His coming to settle in England was determined by an accident. He went to London in 1674, without any intention of residing there, having an idea of going



MRS. YARBOROUGH.

From an engraving by J. Smith after the painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

on to Venice. Not long after his arrival, he painted the Duke of Monmouth, who was so charmed by the portrait that he engaged the artist to paint the king, his father.

It happened that Charles had promised to give a portrait of himself, which was to be painted by Lely, to his brother, the Duke of York. Wishing to please everybody, he said that Kneller could come to his sittings to Lely, and if he could catch a likeness in that way he was welcome to

try. Sir Peter, however, was to arrange the lighting, posing, and accessories. Kneller delighted the king by finishing his head while Lely was doing his sketching, and by making an excellent likeness.

After Lely's death, Kneller was the court painter for more than forty years. Walpole says that where Kneller offered one picture to fame, he sacrificed twenty to lucre, and that he would gladly have erased his name from most of his portraits after he had received the money for them.



LADY COPEY.

From an engraving by J. Smith after the painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

But he painted ten reigning sovereigns, and all the men of genius who made the time of Queen Anne notable, and his work always possesses a charm. Dryden, Pope, Newton, Addison, Congreve, all of these sat for him. The well known "beauties" of Hampton Court were painted by him for William III, but while they are lovely enough they cannot compare with the gay ladies of the Windsor collection. They are models of propriety

by the side of Lely's nymphs, but they are not half so interesting.

Kneller was knighted by William III, and one of his best portraits is that of Mary, William's queen. This royal lady, who was sister to Queen Anne, was not much above her in mental attainments, and the two were always quarreling in the good old fashion of reigning houses. She was particularly fond of Kneller because he made her laugh, Sir Godfrey

being almost as much of a wit as an artist. He not only made portraits, but made friends of the great men of his time, yet he was said to be inordinately conceited. Pope was one of his later intimates. It is related that one day, when Pope was sitting to him, he said :

" I can't do so well as I should do unless you flatter me a little. Pray flatter me, Mr. Pope; you know I love to be flattered."

" Sir Godfrey," Pope replied, " they say that the Creator made man in His own image, but I believe that, had you been there, it would have been a more perfect likeness."

" I also believe so," Kneller returned, delighted.

Pope gave Sir Godfrey enough flattery in his verse. There were those who were unkind enough to say that the poet paid for paintings by verses extolling the painter.

What god, what genius did the pencil move,
When Kneller painted these ?

Pope used to talk about his friend. After Kneller's death, he told somebody that only a day or two before he died, he found him sitting up in bed looking at a drawing of his own monument, and he asked Pope to write an epitaph for it. Pope simply translated that of Rafael.

With all his real sense of humor, Kneller probably delighted in the pretense of vanity, as Whistler delights in it today, and found amusement in bewildering his friend Pope. It is told of him that he once heard a profane fellow cursing himself.

" God damn you ? " he said. " He may damn the Duke of Marlborough, or Sir Godfrey Kneller, but He would never take

the trouble to damn such a scoundrel as you for the asking."

When there were doubts expressed as to the parentage of the infant son which was born to James II, Sir Godfrey waxed eloquent. " His father and mother have sat to me about thirty six times apiece, and I know every line and bit of their faces. I could paint King James now, by memory. I say the child is so like both, that there is not a feature in his face but what belongs either to his father or his mother. This I am sure of, and cannot be mistaken—nay, the nails of his fingers are the queen's. Doctor ! You may be out in your letters, but I cannot be in my lines ! "

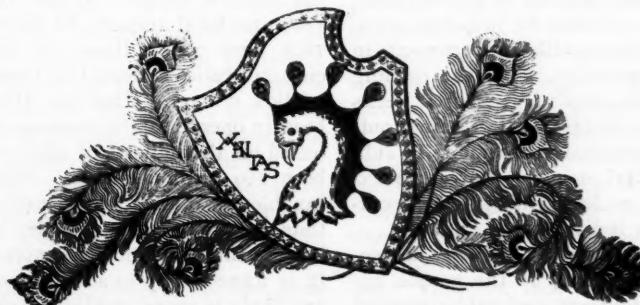
Sir Godfrey married Susannah Cawley, a minister's daughter, and had several handsome homes. Although he spent money lavishly, and lost more than twenty thousand pounds in the South Sea Bubble, he left a large fortune at his death.

While he lived in Whitton, he acted as a justice of the peace, and his rulings were the joke of his friends. Pope wrote :

I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit,
Who sent the thief (that stole the coat) away
And punished him who put it in his way.

It was not only Pope who celebrated the artist in verse. Dryden, Addison, Steele, Prior, Tickell, all praised him until who can wonder that he was vain ?

It has been said that Sir Godfrey painted only the heads and hands of his portraits, and left the rest to be filled in by his assistants, of whom he had a dozen. It would have been almost impossible for one man to have done such an immense quantity of work. When he died, in 1722, he had five hundred unfinished canvases in his studio.



THE BATTLE OF TARIFFS.

BY WILLIAM L. WILSON.

Ex Postmaster General Wilson, author of the existing tariff law, reviews the sweeping changes made or contemplated by the present Congress in the rates of duties upon imports, and gives a strong statement of his views upon the fiscal problems of the day.

THE first act of the new administration has been to convene Congress in special session. The first act of the House of Representatives, which must originate revenue measures, has been to pass a general tariff bill. All this was done within four weeks after the President took the oath of office.

The reasons alleged for this headlong action are two: that revenues are falling behind expenditures, and the industries of the country are in distress from the present "free trade" tariff; and that a tariff to increase revenue and encourage industry is the only needed foundation for the return of that prosperity for which we are all longing, and whose advance agent is already in the White House.

When the Treasury statement shows, over and above the lawful gold reserve, a cash balance of more than \$130,000,000 available for meeting any temporary deficiency of income, and ample for that purpose for three years longer, even if the present depression continues, and likewise the present scale of expenditure, it is clear that there was no call for precipitate increase of taxes on the people. A prudent man, in times of halting business, reduces expenses by judicious economies. A statesmanlike government, in periods of depression, when the earning capacity of the people is impaired, seeks to balance its budget by decreasing outgoes, not by increasing income. To substitute watchful economy for lavish expenditure is no less a duty for government than for individual.

Had Congress, instead of madly hastening to levy new taxes on the people, appointed an intelligent and public spirited

committee on retrenchment of expenditures, it could have devised legislation which would balance treasury accounts and increase the efficiency of the public service. In the post office department alone a saving of many millions is not only feasible, but needful for a better service of all the people.

It is not enlightened public policy, but the pressure of great private interests, that makes insufficient revenue and the sluggishness of trade an excuse for piling new taxes on the individual, and for placing new shackles on trade. A mere examination of the proposed Dingley Bill shows that it is framed in the interest of this combination, not in the interest of the public treasury. A few figures taken from the report, which ushered it into the House, will make good this assertion and show at a glance how far, in the burdens which it will place on consumers and on trade, it transcends the exactions of any previous tariff bill.

Under the McKinley Bill our total imports for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1893, were 866 millions in value. The customs duties collected on them were 198 million dollars. Under the law of 1894, our total imports for the fiscal year 1896 were 779 millions in value. The customs duties collected on them were 155 million dollars. Had the Dingley Bill been in operation, the customs duties collected on the imports of 1896 would have been 269 million dollars. Thus, with a taxable basis less by 87 million dollars than that of 1893, the Dingley Bill would have gathered 71 millions more of duties. It is unnecessary to add that such rates are likely to prove prohibitory and largely

disappoint the calculations of those who devise them.

It has been taken for granted, in most of the discussions in Congress and in the press, that the deficiency of revenue began with and was due to the act of 1894, the existing law, and that if the McKinley bill had been left on the statute books, we should have had ample revenue. When it is pointed out that the deficiency for the fiscal year 1894, during all of which that bill was in operation, was, according to the latest revised statement of the Treasury, \$72,325,448, the answer is made that 1894 was a year of depression, and also of lessened imports in view of expected reduction of duties. This is, to some extent, true. But the year ended June 30, 1893, is taken by Mr. Dingley himself as a normal year, when neither of these influences were operative. This year likewise showed a deficiency of receipts compared with expenditures of \$1,766,994, and for the last nineteen months of the operation of the McKinley bill—from January 1, 1893, to July 31, 1894—there were only four months in which government receipts, from all sources, did not fall behind government expenditures.*

Now the Dingley Bill is, in its main outlines, a reproduction of the McKinley Bill, transferring sugar and a few minor articles from the free to the dutiable list, as compared with the latter bill; and where its rates are absolutely higher, or, present conditions considered, relatively higher, it tends still more to accomplish the avowed purpose of the McKinley Bill, "to check imports." Its capacity to produce revenue must be gauged by the operations of that bill, many essential conditions being changed. A high protective tariff, verging toward prohibition in many duties, may not quickly operate a deficiency where, as in 1890, there was a surplus revenue of \$85,000,000, and it was possible to shut out a large amount of dutiable imports, without reducing income below the reasonable demands of the Treasury. But where there is deficiency of revenue to be supplied, the

taxable basis must be widened rather than diminished, and every duty that goes beyond the maximum revenue producing point, where incidental protection ends and protection *per se* begins, narrows that basis.

Indeed, it is becoming certain, with the colossal expenditures of the government, now on the way to six hundred millions a year, that without the addition of more internal taxes, a protective tariff cannot supply our needs, and that of necessity, regardless of economic policy, customs duties must be levied more and more with reference to the revenue they will produce. This will compel a reduction of duties on many articles, and the imposition of new duties on such imports as tea and coffee, which would yield purely revenue duties.

It is clear to any one who studies the tables of our exports and imports that some of the tariff schedules are drying up as sources of revenue; and that we are getting to be exporters of many articles, especially of manufactures, of which in years past we were liberal importers. Several years ago, Mr. Carnegie was clear sighted enough to foresee this, when, speaking of a trip through California, he said:

With such grapes and climate it must surely be a question of only a few years before the true American wine makes its appearance, and then what shall we have to import? Silks and linens are going, watches and jewelry have already gone, and in this connection I think I may venture to say good by to foreign iron and steel.

This last prophecy is already realized, when ships are leaving New York weekly with cargoes of steel rails for Mexico and other countries, and we have a large and growing export of manufactures of iron and steel.

Nothing, therefore, is more certain than that, while the Dingley bill heaps more taxes upon the American people, and that at a time when their burdens ought to be lightened rather than increased, those taxes will go to increase the wealth of a small part of our people, in the main of those banded in corporations and trusts, and not to the relief of the public treasury. This last fact, unaccompanied by inequality of public burdens, would not involve any evil consequences, for the gov-

*These figures are from the December Summary of Finance and Commerce, corrected to February 1, 1897, and where they differ from previous figures must be taken as the latest Treasury revision.

ernment today has a revenue ample for its support on a basis of improved efficiency and of fair liberality. Nothing but the fact that for some years Congress legislated in the presence of a very considerable surplus income, which it was more anxious to get rid of by squandering than by reducing taxes, has raised our national expenditures to the present pitch of prodigality.

The patent weakness in our congressional system, as compared with the parliamentary systems of other countries, is that we have no organization and no individual, in either house, whose official duty it is to protect the treasury. Elsewhere "the government"—a committee representing the executive—prepares the budget and carefully balances income and outgo. No individual member can make a raid on the treasury, and no combination of individuals can upset that balance, except by overthrowing the government. In our House of Representatives there is one committee to raise revenue, and eight standing committees, without joint or several responsibility, to expend that revenue in regular appropriation bills; while still other committees, and individuals without number, are eager to get their hands into the public purse. The result is that our appropriation bills are loaded down with extravagance and jobbery, and that any retrenchment or reform that arouses the hostility of powerful private interests is becoming more and more impossible.

It remains but to summarize the antagonistic ideas on which the present law and the proposed law are framed; and this antagonism applies as well to the Senate substitute for the House bill as to the latter bill itself, for out of some compromise between these two will emerge any tariff law we are likely to have.

Generally speaking they are, first, the fundamental distinction between a revenue and a protective tariff; between duties levied on imported goods to produce income to the government, and duties levied on imported goods to keep them out of our markets, or to increase greatly the price at which they can enter and compete with like home products. Revenue duties carry some protection to home products, protective duties bring

some revenue into the Treasury; but in each case this is an incident, not the prime object. Of course it is conceded that the law of 1894 contained many protective rates, especially in the amendments and changes inserted by the Senate, and that some of the duties in the new bill are revenue taxes.

From these antagonistic principles there necessarily flow two main differences in methods and subjects of taxation. Taxes for revenue are generally according to value, rising in amount with the value of the article taxed. Taxes for protection are, by preference and general practice, at least in this country, according to weight, quantity, number, and the like.

It seems too plain for argument that taxation according to value, which is the system prevailing in all the States, is the only just and equal system, and no less so when we are taxing the clothing and food of the people under a tariff than when we are taxing their houses, lands, goods, and chattels under State laws. A tax of five dollars an acre on all the land in New York State would confiscate the property of some and relieve others of their just share of taxation; would crush the poor farmer and practically exempt the city lot holder. Yet it is just this kind of specific taxation that is carefully adopted in our protective tariff, and has deliberately been pushed to an extreme in the Dingley Bill, never heretofore reached.

This not only operates to deprive the poorer classes of the use of many of the cheap and common necessities of life, but, always, to tax those which they do consume immensely higher than the better articles, which the well to do are able to purchase. Thus the House or the Senate bill will operate not only to put genuine all wool clothing and underwear beyond the reach of the very poor, but to lay a far higher tax on a dollar's worth of ordinary woolen cloth, and still higher on a dollar's worth of cotton warp cloth, than on a dollar's worth of broadcloth.

But still worse is the cunning commingling of ad valorem and specific duties, especially in the woolen schedule, under the pretext of first paying back to the manufacturer the duties he has been

obliged to pay on his wool (which in most cases is more or less cotton) and then of protecting him against outside competition. Let me illustrate. A working man in New York wishes to buy ten pounds of women's and children's dress goods for his family. He selects goods weighing more than four ounces to the square yard, which enter the custom house at the appraised value of forty one cents a pound. Ten pounds of this material would be appraised at \$4.10; duty under the present law forty per cent, or \$1.64, making total cost, duty paid, \$5.74. Under the Dingley Bill he will pay first, per pound, four times the duty imposed by that bill on a pound of unwashed wool of the first class, 44 cents, or in all \$4.40; second, 15 cents per pound, or in all \$1.50; and still additional, twenty per cent ad valorem, or 82 cents, making the entire duty \$6.72, or the total cost of the ten pounds, duty paid, \$10.82, as against \$5.74 under the existing law. Under the Senate substitute he would pay first, per pound, 36 cents, or in all \$3.60, and then 50 per cent ad valorem, \$2.05, making the entire duty \$5.65, which is within nine cents of the combined cost of goods and duty as the law now stands.

In the one case there is a plain, single, easily understood, and by no means light duty of 40 per cent; in the other a crafty cumulation of duties, now ad valorem and now specific, aggregating, when finally ciphered out, 163 per cent for the Dingley Bill, and 138 per cent for the Senate's schedule. And yet it is believed that the people of this country will placidly accept this merciless taxation on a necessary of life.

The second difference, which is even more important, can be merely outlined in the space at my command. Protection, conceding the right of all producers—at least of all who are politically or financially strong enough to make themselves felt in a campaign—taxes indiscriminately the materials of industry and the processes of production, gathering a cumulative weight of taxation, as just shown in the illustration of dress goods, on the finished product. This handicaps manufacturers from competing in neutral markets and confines them to the home market, which cannot give employment for our great

textile and metal industries for more than half of their real productive capacity. Shielded by the tariff from foreign competitors, they combine among themselves to avoid home competition, and to limit their output to what our own people are able to consume, at the high prices they maintain by combination and the aid of the tariff. This is a war against laborer and consumer.

The law of 1894 was framed in the belief that with free access to the materials of industry, and moderate taxation, our manufacturers and working men could soon command their share of the world's markets; that no greater boon could be secured for the working man than a steady and growing market for his products, and that from every point of view, for all the country, trade was better than trusts. That belief has been splendidly and quickly justified. We have today a great and growing export of manufactures, which holds out unlimited promise for the future, unless it be throttled by the proposed legislation.

Let a few figures show. Exports of manufactures for the four years during which the McKinley Bill was in force averaged \$167,000,000 a year; for the two years of the present law \$206,000,000 a year, reaching for the year 1896 the unprecedented sum of \$228,000,000, or 26.47 per cent of all our exports, or compared with \$158,000,000, or 15.61 per cent, for the fiscal year 1892, the second year of the McKinley Bill.

The remark of a great American statesman that "the greatest want of civilized society is a market for the sale and exchange of the surplus of the produce of the labor of its members," was never as true of any people as it is true of the people of the United States today. We have a better promise than ever before of such a market. Our total exports for the calendar year 1896 reached the unprecedented sum of \$1,005,000,000, as against \$876,000,000 in the calendar year 1893. This is the dawn of that emancipation of American labor and American consumers from the corporate and trust domination prophesied by the framers of the law of 1894; a dawn whose brightness is already clouded by the threatened return to mad protection.

A WHITE SHIELD.

BY MYRTLE REED.

A crisis in the career of Joe Hayward—His search for the inspiration which his art had lacked, and the sudden revelation of the missing element in his life.

PEOPLE said that Joe Hayward's pictures "lacked something." No one was sure what it was. Even the critics, who know everything, were at a loss. Hayward himself worked hard; studying the masters, patiently correcting faults in color and perspective, and succeeding after a fashion. But he felt that art, in its highest and best sense, was utterly beyond him; there was a haunting, elusive something which was continually out of his reach.

Occasionally, when he sold a picture, he would give "a time" to a dozen artist chums from studios near by, as they did whenever fortune favored them; after which he would paint again, on and on, with a really tremendous perseverance.

At length he obtained permission to make an exhibition of his work in a single room at the Art Gallery. The pictures were only ten in number, and some of them were small, but they represented a hard year's work. When he superintended the hanging, on Saturday morning, he was more nearly happy than he had ever been in his life. The placard on the door, "The Hayward Exhibition Will Open Monday," filled him with pleasure. It was not a conceited feeling of importance, but rather a happy consciousness that he had done his best.

At last he was suited with the arrangement. The men went out with the ladders and wire, and he stood in the center of the room, contemplating the result. The landscape in the corner might be a little out of drawing, he thought, but the general public would not notice that. And the woman in white beside it, which he had christened "Purity," certainly showed to very good advantage. He remembered very well the day he had put the finishing touches upon it, after the

night of revelry in which he had helped Jennings and a dozen other fellows from neighboring studios to celebrate the sale of Jennings' "Study of a Head," and how he had thought at the time that he, who spent such nights, had no business to paint a figure like this of "Purity."

As he turned to leave the room, he saw a gray gowned young woman, who evidently did not know that the pictures were not as yet upon public view. She passed him as she came in, with a rustle of silken skirts and a cooling odor of violets. Seeing the key of the room in his hand, she turned to him and said:

"Pardon me, but can you tell me whose pictures these are?"

"These are Hayward's," he replied.

"Hayward," she repeated after him, as if the name were wholly new to her.

"Hayward is a young artist and of purely local reputation," he explained. "This is his first public exhibition."

She surveyed the collection without any strong show of pleasure, until he remarked, "You don't seem to think much of his beginning."

She was prompt in her answer. "No, I do not. They seem to lack something."

He sighed inwardly. That old, old "something"! Hayward's pictures all "lacked something," as was commonly said of them; but what that something was, his intimates, his fellow artists, were not the kind to know.

"What is it, do you think?" he asked.

"I don't know," she replied slowly. "If one knew the man, one might be able to tell."

For the first time she looked him full in the face. He saw nothing but her eyes, clear and honest, reading him through and through.

"Yes," he answered, "if you knew the man, I think you could tell."

"I'm not at all sure," she laughed. "It's only a fancy of mine."

Drawing a watch from her belt, she looked surprised and turned away. He listened until the silken rustle had completely ceased. Then he too went out. On the stair he found a handkerchief. It was edged with lace, delicately scented with violet, and minutely marked in the corner: "Constance Grey."

On Sunday night the studio building where Hayward and others painted glowed with light. The morrow's opening of "The Hayward Exhibition" was being celebrated with "a time" at the expense of the artist. Glasses clinked and the air was heavy with smoke. Two women from a vaudeville theater near by made merry upon an impromptu stage. Everybody was happy, except Hayward. The owner of the handkerchief was in his mind. He felt that those eyes of hers, gray, deep, and tender, though they were, might blaze with anger at a scene like this. The handkerchief had no place in such an atmosphere. He went over to his bookcase and put it between the leaves of his Tennyson, smiling as he caught the words on the opposite page:

A man had given all other bliss
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips.

Her handkerchief would feel more at home there, though, as he closed the book, he wondered what she would say.

A quick eye had followed him, and soon afterward its owner, Jennings, took occasion to examine the volume. He waved the handkerchief aloft triumphantly. "Heigho, fellows! Hayward's got a new mark for his clothes! Look here—'Constance Grey'!"

Hayward was shaken with a mingled shame and anger that he could not explain, even to himself. The words and tone with which he bade his friend put the little thing back where he had found it were as hot as they were foolish. For a moment the two friends faced each other; then Jennings apologized and then Hayward. In sparkling champagne they drank to good fellowship again. But the incident was not without a certain subtle

effect upon the celebration, and at one o'clock Hayward sat alone by his easel, his head buried in his hands, a dainty handkerchief upon his lap, and before him the rapidly sketched outline of a face.

He knew now why Jennings had angered him. The shaft of light from a woman's eyes, which once strikes deep into the soul of every man, had at last come home to him.

The "opening" was auspicious. Wealth and art alike were well represented. One of the most important pictures was marked "Sold" before the evening was over, and everybody congratulated the artist upon his good fortune. In praise of his art very little was said that did not somehow carry in it, however silently, the old drawback, the implication of something lacking; still, exultation ran rife in his veins. There were throngs of beautiful women there, and he was the center of it all.

Toward the end of the evening, a lady who had once sat for a portrait came up to him.

"Mr. Hayward," she said, "I want you to know my niece."

He followed her into the next room, where a young lady sat on a divan. Her gray eyes were lifted to his face, and then suddenly lowered in confusion.

"Mr. Hayward," she said, "I am so much ashamed!" And when he tried to reassure her, she answered, "Let's not talk about it; it's too humiliating."

So they spoke of other things. He learned that she had come from a distant city to visit relatives, and the aunt invited him to call upon them. Friday afternoon came at last, and Miss Grey and her aunt were at home. Other Fridays followed, and other days which served as well as Fridays. It was seldom that the girl looked him in the face; but when she did so, he felt himself confessed before her—a man with no right to touch even the hem of her garment, yet honoring her with every fiber of his being.

They were much together, and Constance took a frank enjoyment in his friendship. He made every effort to please her, and one day they went into the country. Constance was almost childishly happy, but the seeming perfection of her happiness distressed him

when he learned that in a very few days she was to sail for Europe, pass the summer and autumn in travel, and spend the winter in Paris.

At length they sat down under a gnarled oak tree and watched the light upon the river and in the sky. After some moments of silence Hayward spoke.

"I think you know the man now. Will you tell me what his pictures lack?"

She hesitated. "I do not know the man well enough to say, but I will give you my art creed and let you judge for yourself. I believe that a man's art is neither more nor less than the expression of himself, and that, in order to obtain an exalted expression, his first business is with himself. Wrong living blunts, and eventually destroys, the fundamental sense of right and wrong without which a noble art is impossible. When a man's art is true, it is because he himself is true. The true artist must be a man first and an artist afterward."

Hayward took her admonition with a worshiper's meekness. Their conversation ended with his declaration that he would not paint again until he had something in himself worthy to put into the picture.

"You'll help me, won't you?" he asked.

Her eyes filled. "Indeed I will, if I only can."

He went home with love's fever in his veins. She had promised to help him, and surely there was only one way. He wrote her a hasty note, and an hour later his messenger brought her reply:

Believe me, I never dreamed of this, and you know what my answer must be; but I do not need to tell you that whatever honest friendship can offer is already yours.

With deep regret, I am as ever,
CONSTANCE GREY.

The grim humor of the thing stunned him momentarily and he laughed harshly. Then he flung himself down in a passion of grief. In the morning he took pen and paper again, after a night of sleepless distress.

You cannot mean what you say. That white, womanly soul of yours must wake to love me some day. You have stood between me and the depths, and there has been no shame in the life that I offer you since you came into it. Oh, you perfect thing, you perfect thing, you don't know what you are to me! Constance, let me come!

The answer was promptly forthcoming: I cannot promise what you ask, but you may come and see me if you wish.

Pale with expectancy, Hayward was only the ghost of himself when the servant admitted him. He had waited but a moment when Constance entered the room in the gown in which he had seen her first. He rose to meet her, but she came and sat down beside him.

"Listen," she said, "and I will tell you how I feel. I am twenty five, and I have never 'cared.' I do not believe that I ever shall care, for the love that we read of is almost incomprehensible to me. You cannot marry such a woman."

His answer was fervent; his words crowded one upon another in a vehement flood, and his voice was low and hoarse with pent up passion as he implored her to believe in him, trust him, be his wife—kneeling at her feet and kissing her hands in abject humility.

It was very hard to say what she must. With an effort she rose and drew away from him. "I must be true to myself and to you," she said, "and I can say nothing but the old, bitter no."

White and wretched, he went away; leaving her, white and wretched, behind him.

For days and weeks thereafter, Hayward painted busily. Jennings went to see him one afternoon.

"Look here, old fellow," he said, "what's the matter? I know I was ungentlemanly about the handkerchief, but that is no reason why you should cut us all this way. Can't you forget about it?"

"Why, Jennings, old boy, I haven't cut anybody."

"No, but you've tired of us, and you can't hide it. Come down the river with us tonight. The fellows have got a yacht, and we'll have supper on board with plenty of champagne. Won't you come?"

Hayward was seriously tempted. He knew what the "time" would mean—the ecstasy of it and the dull penalties which would follow. But that day by the river came into his memory; a sweet, sunlit face, and a woman's voice saying to him, "When a man's art is true, it is because he himself is true."

"Jennings," he said, "do I look like a

man who would make good company at a champagne supper? You know what's the matter with me. Why don't you just sensibly drop me?"

Jennings begged and mocked and bullied, all in a good natured way, but his friend was firm. When he went out, Hayward locked the studio door and drew his half finished picture from behind a curtain.

"She was right," he said to himself.

Constance sailed. He dreamed of his picture as being hung in the Salon, and of her seeing it there. By and by it was finished, but the artist's strength was gone, and his physician ordered him away from his work.

When he returned, restored to health, the picture was placed on exhibition. Crowds thronged to the gallery, columns and pages were written in its praise, and astonishing prices were offered for it, but the picture was not for sale. It, too, crossed the water, and the dream he had dreamed came true.

When Constance looked upon Hayward's painting, her heart leaped as though it would leave her breast. White, radiant, and glorified, it was she herself who stood in the center of the picture. That self reliant, fearless pose seemed to radiate an infinite calm. Behind her raged the powers of darkness, utterly helpless to pass the line on which she stood. Her face seemed to illumine the shadows around her; her figure was instinct with grace and strength. Below the picture was the name: "A White Shield."

The beauty of the conception dawned upon her slowly. Pale and trembling she stood there, forgetful of place and the throngs around her. At length she knew

what she meant to him; that his art at last rang true because he had loved her enough to be a man for her sake.

She dared not linger before it then, but she came again when the place was empty, and stood before her lover's work like one in a dream. The fiends in the shadow showed her the might of the temptations he had fought down. She gazed at her own glorified face until her eyes filled with tears. With a great throb which was almost pain, Constance awoke to the knowledge that she loved him, even as he loved her; well enough to stand between him and danger till she herself should fall.

The old gray guard, passing through the room, saw her upturned face in that moment of exaltation. It was the same that he saw in the picture above, and he quietly went away to wait until Constance came out, her face flushed and her eyes shining like stars, before he locked the door.

That night the cable trembled with a message to America. It reached Hayward the next morning as he sat reading the morning paper. The envelope fluttered unheeded to the floor, and his face grew tender as he read the few words which told him that his picture had rewarded his love.

"Wait," he said to the messenger boy. Hurriedly he wrote the answer: "Sail next steamer"—then, utterly oblivious of the additional expense, he added another word, which must have been very expressive, for Constance turned crimson when it reached her—perhaps because the discerning genius who copies cablegrams in typewriting had put the last word in capitals, thinking that the message came from a Mr. Darling.

FIELD FLOWERS.

THE simple, little wayside rose
To me is sweeter far,
And more begirt with grace, than those
From sheltered gardens are.
And vagrant shreds of homeless song
May keener pleasures hold
Than to the grander bards belong,
Though bound in silk and gold.

Nixon Waterman.

THE PRACTICAL VALUE OF ART.

BY CARROLL D. WRIGHT.

The United States Commissioner of Labor points out that the influence of art is not confined to its own world, but is supremely important and beneficent in every sphere of human industry—How art has inspired and guided the progress of civilization.

"A TALENT for any art is rare ; but it is given to nearly every one to cultivate a taste for art ; only it must be cultivated with earnestness. The more things thou learnest to know and to enjoy, the more complete and full will be for thee the delight of living."

The last sentence in this quotation from the German artist poet Platen, with which Lübke opens his "History of Art," gives the gist of the whole discussion of the relation of art to social well being. Well being may be defined as a state of life which secures, or tends toward, happiness ; it comprehends physical as well as moral welfare. Social well being, therefore, means a state of life which best fits one for society, for companionship with our fellows. Friendly relations must be regarded, and all the fine instincts of men subserved, as also their capacity, not merely to enjoy themselves in high and pure ways, but to bring the highest and purest enjoyment to those with whom they mingle. In other words, social well being means social morality, and this can be secured only by the practice of the purest ethics, the laws of right living.

So the relation of art to social well being resolves itself at once into certain simple questions. Does art, in any of its forms, stimulate ethical conduct ? Does it induce the moral state that is essential to happy relations in society ? Does it awaken slumbering possibilities ? Does it induce intellectual activity ? Does it bring members of society to realize that deep, true religious life, which after all concerns happiness more than any other one element, by teaching love to our neighbors, by making sacrifice easy, by stirring the soul to the loftiest contem-

plation of creative power ? In short, does art help to make the true man and the true woman ?

These questions must be considered from a sociological standpoint, comprehending the whole range of art as it enters into the industries and the amenities of life. We must keep in view the idea that it is in man's spiritual nature, as it is now expressing itself in his social activities, that the true relation of art to social well being is to be found ; for we must conclude that art has its positive influence not only in developing character, but in making life sweeter, better, and more useful.

This influence is shown, too, in the application of art to industry. It is there that we recognize the power of the industrial arts in fitting men for social relationship. The average life is influenced quite as much by the industrial arts as by any of the creations of purely artistic genius ; in fact, I sometimes feel that in the ordinary, every day powers which enter into the great manufacturing, mechanical, and engineering pursuits, there is an embodiment of the highest genius which has a moral influence, and at times something even beyond this—an influence that may be called religious in its bearing.

One need not discuss the distinctions between creative or imaginative art, for all things in art, whether creative or imaginative, which in any sense stimulate innocent emotion, are good in themselves and beneficial in their influences. There is nothing progressive that does not come from some form of art, or from some expression of the creative power.

Every work of creative art is a revelation of divine beauty ; hence it is of the

deepest significance to religion, and to every element of social well being. Even the lowest forms of artistic expression, so long as they embody art ideas at all, are beneficial. Especially among the common people is this true. The cheap prints that adorn the humblest homes have an uplifting influence, and must be considered as positive evidence of the existence of an aspiration to something better.

The line of march from savage existence to civilized life is marked all along the way with progressive developments of art ideas. When the savage adorns himself with crude ornaments, no matter how crude, even to the tattooed painting of the most barbarous man, he is giving evidence of an aspiration after the beautiful. No matter how crude or ugly his work may appear to the cultivated taste, to the savage it is art and beauty, and he fancies that he is making himself more presentable, more attractive in the eyes of his fellows. It is the infantile expression of the inherent love of art, and as the savage gets away from his primitive notions, whether expressed in the adornment of his person, in the colors of his coarse blanket, in the pictures on the bark walls of his hut, or in the ornamentation upon the head of his weapon—no matter what form this inherent element of his being takes for its expression, there it is that we find the foundation of all art.

These expressions of the savage take the form of industrial art as well as of creative art. Advancing along the line of dawning civilization, we find crude images of the individual, made, perhaps, to serve as reminders of friends, or to perpetuate the conceited barbarian's idea of his own physical perfection. Music, too, the purest of all fine arts, has its beginning in the same natural instinct.

Cheap reproductions of art works help to educate and beautify the lives of the masses of the people. A few weeks ago, in riding up town in New York on the elevated road, I happened to sit beside a shop girl; at least, her coarse clothing and rough hands indicated that she came from the shops. Her whole attention, however, was engaged in studying a popular magazine, and my curiosity was excited to the extent of watching her face and learning the subject which was at-

tracting her. I found that she was reading an article relative to some of the great works of our best artists, and in studying the engravings which accompanied it. At the cost of a dime, she was bringing into her life, at the close of her day's labor, the company of the world's greatest artistic geniuses. She was forgetting her hard lot, and drinking in some of the inspiration which enables the artist to bring forth his highest creation; she was ennobling her own mind by the ennobling influences of the work of others; she was fitting herself to insist that in her own home surroundings there should be something to cheer, something to attract, something to inspire; and I believe that could she have been followed to that home, there would have been found some evidences of art production, cheap it may be, possibly common, but nevertheless a sure indication of the existence, in her own soul, of an aspiration after something higher than the drudgery which she was compelled to follow.

I was once telling a little boy of some of the fine buildings in foreign cities, and I attempted to describe them, when he met me with the remark, "Oh, I know just how they look. Tell me about the folks." He knew the beauty of the architecture of Parliament House; he knew the shape and form of St. Paul's; he was familiar with the outlines of the Hotel de Ville; Venice was no stranger to him. This knowledge of the architecture of the world had come to him through cheap reproductions, the results of an inventive art which brings to the commonest understanding the beauties of the world.

A few years ago, in talking with a stove manufacturer, I learned that he had just paid a well known sculptor five thousand dollars to design a kitchen stove. The manufacturer was obliged to meet the popular demand in the production of his goods, and he found that his stoves must be of a pattern that would not offend the eye of the day laborer. It was a striking evidence of the growth of artistic taste among the masses of our people.

The nation, the States, and municipal governments, in this and other lands, are constantly erecting things of beauty—statues of celebrated men, public build-

ings decorated with costly designs. All this shapes public taste; it may not always be in the most purely artistic direction, but it shapes public taste for something beyond the carpenter's architecture which we find in rural sections, or the plain painting of the ordinary building. It teaches us to demand that our libraries, capitols, public halls, and churches shall be works of art. The result is seen in such structures as the Boston Public Library, with its splendid ornamentation; the Corcoran Art Gallery, which in itself is a poem; and that most magnificent of all buildings in this or any land, the new Congressional Library at Washington. It is this that makes the common man insist that if he is to purchase a kitchen stove, it shall be artistic.

During the World's Fair at Chicago, four years ago, a friend of mine, who was visiting a relative in the southern portion of Illinois, advised his host to see the exposition, but the answer was: "No, we have had cattle fairs in Shelby County that can beat anything they can put up in Chicago; I do not propose to spend my money on any ordinary affairs." However, the worthy farmer was finally prevailed upon to visit Chicago, and my friend had the shrewdness to take him to the exposition by the water route from the city. Coming up from the pier, he was first introduced to the artistic magnificence of the White City. As he entered the Court of Honor, with the sunlight bringing out all its beauty, he suddenly stopped, and, raising his hands, said with an oath; "I don't believe it!"

It dawned on that man, for the first time in his experience, that things could be created out of the minds of men; that there was something that did not grow; that nature was not all; that God had endowed his children with creative souls, as well as with souls for worship, and with hands for work. There was an expansion in the man's mind the effects of which would never cease to influence him. It is this creative faculty which, as I have said, appeals to the soul always.

I used to feel that it was mere idolatry, or absence of refined mentality, that led the Spanish or Italian peasant to kneel before the image of the Virgin Mother.

A deeper appreciation of the aspirations of the human soul has removed that feeling from my mind. When I see an ignorant worshiper kneeling in prayerful attitude before an image, however crude, I come to the conclusion that there is the evidence of a divine aspiration; and more, that the Virgin Mary embodies the creative source of existence, and thus comes nearer to the common appreciation as an object of worship than can the purely abstract idea of a Supreme Being. The peasant can realize and bring into his own heart the whole idea of the Mother, when he could not, even with the estheticism of religious devotion, reach the God of the theologians. It has been through the innumerable representations of the Madonna, as brought out in the most common forms, as well as in the masterpieces of creative art, that religion has received in many lands its most stimulating influence.

I speak of the common man so frequently because the social unrest of the present time hinges upon this very development of the masses through the presence of educational forces, among which we must reckon art in every form, whether the fine arts, including music, or the industrial arts. The demands of the wage earner of today are not for subsistence, as formerly. Under the old rule of the iron law of wages, which gave to the working man simply enough in the way of food and raiment and shelter to preserve the working machine from impairment, the contest was for this sufficiency, and no more; but through the influence of civilization, as represented by education, as stimulated by invention, as fostered by art, the demand is for spiritualizing influences beyond and above the mere necessities of existence.

It is this demand, more than any other cause, which brings the social unrest—or the discontent, if you please—of the present time. We are none of us content with our condition, and it is a wise Providence that makes us so. It is only through the knowledge that we are going forward, that we are progressing, that we possess higher aspirations, that safety is to be found. Discontent means the desire for higher things, it means the growing demands of labor, it means the mov-

ing spirit of progress everywhere. Without it the world would stand still; with it the world moves on, and humanity is ever securing higher and nobler standards of living.

The girl studying her copy of MUNSEY's and by it stimulating the desire for something better than her shop life; the Shelby County farmer visiting the Court of Honor, and thus having awakened in him the desire for a better life than he had lived on his prairie farm; the boys and girls in the cottages of the country people learning of the triumphs of architecture, of the world of art—all become restless and, in a sense, discontented. So some pessimist, who sees no utility in art beyond its commercial value, who loves not music and the beautiful, may ask, "Do not these aspirations result in unhappiness, in the reverse of social well being, in dangerous discontent?"

To this question I must answer no, most emphatically. It is a divine discontent, broadening all the attributes of man, fitting him for better and greater achievements, and bringing him out of a contentment which simply means inaction, inertness.

Were man contented with his lot forever,
He had not sought strange seas with sails unfurled;
And the vast wonder of our shores had never
Dawned on the gaze of an admiring world.

Prize what is yours, but be not quite contented;
There is a healthful restlessness of soul
By which a mighty purpose is augmented,
In urging men to reach a higher goal.

Life is better with these things, even from the utilitarian point of view, for they stimulate industry, and industry and poverty are seldom yokefellows. They stimulate employment of the mind, which is an essential to good morals. They foster the very best elements of a moral community, by awakening the desire for the highest kind of employment—that requiring the most application, the best intellectual effort. If it were not so, continued employment at crude, muscular labor would be the very best for mankind—a theory which no one will defend. Something spiritual must enter into our every day life, or we are savages.

When Mr. Pullman built the town named after him, now a part of Chicago,

he beautified the place with parks and artistic surroundings. I asked him if he proposed to help his tenants in the adornment of their dwellings. He said, "No; if a family moves in with old, tumble down furniture, they soon see the incongruity of their house arrangements in comparison with the adornments around them; and," he went on, "I have noticed that soon they begin to arrange their affairs in harmony with the place itself." By this means his employees and their families were trained to an appreciation of artistic things, and were enabled to live cleaner and more wholesome lives.

Invention, and the development of the industrial arts, have raised those coming under their influence to a higher intellectual level, to a more comprehensive understanding of all that makes for the best culture. Every new machine marks some progress in useful art, and it usually embodies something more than mere utility. There is a beauty in the movement of great powers that has a reflex action upon the beholder; for there is nothing more impressive than the sight of mighty mechanical constructions. To me, as a layman, the highest creative art enters into such construction—not the art, it may be, that paints a grand picture or decorates a cathedral; but an art that bespeaks no less clearly the divine attributes of the mind that conceived it.

A ten thousand ton steamship, a tenth of a mile in length, moving over and through the waters, is an example of what I mean. When we behold it, we are taught something of omnipotent power, of the all pervading intelligence which swings the planets through their orbits; we have a better realization of the supreme mechanism of the universe, for we witness the working of laws that have been comprehended and applied. You who have stood in the presence of the triple expansion engines that move the ocean steamship, can realize this poetic conception of working powers.

A few years ago, after Walter Smith had been applying his principles in this country, I noticed in the shop windows of some of our Eastern cities a display of novel designs in carpets, and curiosity led me to ask the proprietor from whence

they came. He informed me that they came from some of the American schools of design. Here, again, artistic development had accomplished something toward beautifying the homes of the common people. The rich can always secure the very best and most beautiful coverings for their floors. The poor desire to imitate the rich, but for them there must be designs worked out in such a way that they can be obtained at a reasonable price. And this is not the only benefit of such an industrial departure. People are employed in occupations of a higher grade; their wages are increased; their standard of living is raised proportionately, and their social well being is enhanced.

Statistics show that the number of people employed in the lower grades of work—common, unskilled labor—is constantly narrowing in proportion to the whole population, while the number employed in labor which involves more trained skill, artistic taste, and the higher mental qualities, is constantly expanding. This is emphatic evidence of the utility of intellectual development; and so far as industry is concerned, intellectual development must proceed along the lines of artistic construction. Thus it is through the influence of the arts that the condition of the masses improves, and that wages are increased as time goes by. In this increase there are, of course, temporary derangements; but in the long sweep of years the rewards of labor are constantly growing, and are bringing into common, every day life things that make for comfort, for happiness, and for the cultivation of a love of the beautiful—giving the people the opportunity to learn, to know, to enjoy, and, as Platen says, to make their lives more complete and full with the delight of living.

If industry today had nothing more to do than the furnishing of the simple necessities of human life, it would have little field for expansion, and would offer meager opportunities for employment. Life would be a burden, so dull and monotonous would it be. Trade, as we understand it, would cease, and commerce become a thing practically unknown. But industry flourishes because it is not limited to the production of

things that are needed for food, raiment, and shelter. It is because art has come in to increase the wants of the race that trade and commerce flourish. Art carries industry beyond our actual wants, and calls upon it to supply those things which make for social progress. The future expansion of industry and of commerce, the future elevation in the character of the employment of all classes, the increase of their earning capacity, the opportunity of increasing the standard of their environment—all depend upon the cultivation of the industrial arts.

Looking beyond this, industrial art is a source of wealth. Fine art itself is a wealth producer. The payment of ten or fifty thousand dollars for a painting enriches the community in which the artist lives. There has been something added in the way of treasure to a country's assets by the productions of its artistic genius. The very presence of great pictures is a local benefit. Take the Sistine Madonna from Dresden, rob Paris of the Louvre, despoil London of its National Gallery or Antwerp of its Rubens collection, take the Art Museum out of Boston, destroy the galleries which are growing up so richly in our Western cities, and you have depreciated the commercial value of all these places.

Industrial art and a thorough appreciation of the fine arts enable the community that cultivates them to compete successfully with the community that neglects them. All these things—the expansion of industry, the commercial importance of art, the knowledge of its real value—certainly contribute, and largely, too, to the well being of the individual. The rich, by their generous contributions in establishing art galleries, are doing something more than building monuments to themselves. They are offering to the poor man the means of improving the leisure earned by his hard labor, and giving him an opportunity to find cultured occupation.

But leaving the influence of art, whether we think of the fine arts or of industrial art and its tendency to raise the standard of living, are there not grander themes to be considered, phases of the subject which fit all conditions, high or low, influences that uplift everywhere,

under all conditions? We might consider the influence of architecture itself as a phase of art. In its highest forms, architecture has echoed religious enthusiasm, has stood for the devotion of men, has represented their aspirations and their desire to dedicate them to a Supreme Being.

Another phase of the subject attracts me, and that is what might be called humanity in art. Painting, to be the means of bringing truth home to the people, must be made for them. It must come from their midst, must be the fruit of their own labor, and must have elements in it that appeal, not to the head, but to the heart. It must leave an impression of something sublime, but always human. However much classicism may have impressed the cultured few, the masses have not been in sympathy with it. So, too, there has been at times, and perhaps everywhere—I am not artist enough to speak with authority—a breaking away from romanticism. New ideas have sprung up, and the people have been finding that they, too, are human beings possessing souls and noble thoughts; and to this, the highest realm of the productions of art, the painters who have found the warmest place in the hearts of men have contributed their work.

Inspiration, ideality of form, were not sufficient; there must be sentiment, emotion, imagination; and hence nature, with the men who come nearest the hearts and souls of their fellows, becomes the source of inspiration. The love of man, with all his joys and sorrows, must be found in art, and so it is the personality which some have painted into their works that constitutes their charm; for who does not enjoy coming face to face with the man through the medium of his art? When standing before a Millet, one feels his own heart being drawn irresistibly out to meet the artist, and has a sensation as of some unseen presence watching and communing with him.

When we consider this question of humanity in art, we find that men of the stamp of Millet are the strongest moral teachers, men to whom the hardships of life appealed most, and who saw beauty of the truest type in the humblest peasant. They painted the life of the poor because they lived with the poor,

and bore their burdens. There is something divine in their creations. Millet's father and mother were peasants. It was in the very air he breathed that he should have a deep reverence for them, and because he knew them so well he could see about them a grandeur which others never saw. Those who study his works can see that he was possessed with a love for what he drew that is almost beyond one's power of comprehending, save as he, by his mysterious influence, brings one to see as he sees and reverence as he reverences. Stranahan says, in speaking of the marks of earnest, dutiful lives in Millet's peasants, "that it seems meet that He who bore the mission of the Merciful Father to earth, should have had His origin in that class." He painted a religion—not a religion of creeds and dogmas only, but the religion of a true hearted man meeting with his God in nature, in the lowly people, in everything; and as Grace Duncan Dwight says, in "Humanity in Art," one looking at the "Angelus" must feel a thrill of heavenly reverence that makes him half divine.

So such creations stimulate religious life, for where in all art are uplifting influences depicted so powerfully as in the creations of the masters? One might ask, then, does art make religion, or has religion created art? What matters it? Without art religion would be a slow growth, although it is acknowledged the mother of arts; for religion reared the temples that make Egypt venerable, and shaped the marbles that made Greece renowned. Religion, as Dr. Hedge says in "Ways of the Spirit," lighted the eyes of the Sistine Virgin, unrolled the "Divina Commedia," and inspired the strains of Handel and Bach, but it found in the souls of men the power to receive the inspiration and to transfer it to the beholders.

Art in all its forms, as expressed to the eye, to the heart, and to the soul of divine inspiration, has contributed more to social well being than any other force that can be named. It has made the plain beautiful; it has made nature something more than nature itself. To quote from a well known sketch of Mr. Hopkinson Smith's:

"There is a quality which one never

sees in nature until she has been rough handled by man and has outlived the usage. It is the picturesque. In the deep recesses of the primeval forest, along the mountain slope, and away up the tumbling brook, nature may be majestic, beautiful, and even sublime ; but she is never picturesque. This quality comes only after the axe and the saw have let the sunlight into the dense tangle and scattered the falling timber, or the round of the water wheel has divided the rush of the brook."

In fact, the picturesque does not come until art has shaped the surroundings. The implements named by Mr. Smith may be crude as the tools of art, but they are the implements which have made the way for art to assert itself. Nature is not art, and the painter who simply contents himself with imitating it is not the genius that influences the world. This is left to

the creative genius who, taking his thought, perhaps, from nature itself, from spiritual things, from religious ideas, from forms, creeds, and ceremonies, embodies the creation of his own soul in such a way as to carry its inspiration to another.

It is in gazing upon the works of the creative artists of the world that our mind takes on something of divinity. This thought has been well expressed in verse by Byron, in his description of a church in "Childe Harold." The influence which he speaks of comes to us when we stand in the presence of some mighty work of human genius. Let us approach ; let us enter the church, and we shall find that our hearts are expanded, our sentiments elevated, our intellects brightened.

Enter ; its grandeur overwhelms thee not ;
And why ? It is not lessened, but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal.

CELIA'S RETURN.

THERE'S a winier taste to the air of the morn,
And the flush on the apple has grown ;
There's a cheerier toss to the tassels of corn,
And the brook has a merrier tone ;
There's a livelier lilt in the breeze as it blows,
The bird has a gladsomer glee,
And the marigold glows like a Marshal Niel rose,
Now Celia's come back from the sea !

How her garden expands at the touch of her hands !
The marigold bourgeons anew ;
The zinnia, dreaming of orient lands,
Grows prouder in height and of hue.
The aster opes wider the fluff of its ring,
Pent petals fly suddenly free ;
Each blossoming thing feels a freshness like spring
Now Celia's come back from the sea !

The sweet heliotrope, like a presage of hope,
Exhales a more precious perfume ;
And the great primrose stalks by the box bordered walks
Are hung with small moons in the gloom ;
And once more the retreat where we two used to meet
Is paradise arbor to me ;
At the old trysting hour blooms her face like a flower
Now Celia's come back from the sea !

Clinton Scollard.

WHERE CHARLES LAMB STILL LIVES.

The scenes in and around London forever associated with the writings and the personality of the famous essayist and his sister, and with the pathetic story of their clouded lives.

THE Temple, about whose walls and gardens hang so many memories, was the birthplace of one of the sweetest spirits in all the history of English literature; one who not only was the ablest critic, the gentlest humorist, and the most finished essayist of his own and many succeeding "times," but possessed a combination of lovable and honorable characteristics that made him notable both as a man and as a factor in the annals of letters.

For many years, Charles and Mary Lamb, the brother and sister who were so much together in their lives that they can scarcely be disassociated, lived in the Inner Temple, with the shades of Fielding, Goldsmith, Johnson, Congreve, and perhaps with some premonition of the men who were to come there after them. They were born in the Temple, and the

love of it stayed with them both as long as they lived.

It was in Crown Office Row, looking out on Inner Temple Lane, that Charles Lamb was born, in February, 1775. His father, John Lamb, was a clerk to Samuel Salt, a kindly gentleman who was always fond of the Lamb children, and let them roam through his rooms as if they were their own. Here the boy and girl, hardly more than babies, "tumbled into a spacious closet of good old English reading, and browsed at will on that fair and wholesome pasturage."

The two were always together, although Mary was several years the elder, and from his very birth took care of "the weakly, pretty babe," as she described him in later years. Their first real separation, and Charles' first bitter parting from the sweet old Temple Gardens, came



CROWN OFFICE PLACE, TEMPLE—THE BIRTHPLACE OF CHARLES LAMB.

Drawn by William Thomson.

when he went away to school at Christ's Hospital, to which Mr. Salt had secured his admission. But here Lamb was to form friendships that lasted him his lifetime, for Coleridge and Leigh Hunt were among his fellow pupils.

Lamb was then a little more than seven, and he seems to have been such a winning child, notwithstanding his weakness and his little stammer, that he was petted by

Prize"—a medal with the profile of Lamb on one side, and on the other the arms of the hospital surrounded by a laurel wreath. Very fittingly, it is given to the best English essayist among the boys.

Lamb left school at fifteen, ignorant of almost everything but the English classics, which were always his delight—his "midnight darlings," as he called them. His holidays were passed with his grand-



THE MANSE, CHARLES LAMB'S HOUSE AT ENFIELD.

Drawn by William Thomson.

every master and boy in the school. All his life long he was hampered by the fact that he was so magnetic to other people that he never had any time to himself. To Coleridge, in particular, "the inspired charity boy," he appears to have always been a most soothing influence, although he was three years younger. He gave to the morbid, lonely boy, who grew into the morbid, lonely man, an affection, a respect, and a reverence which were like balm to the other's torn spirit.

At the Christ's Hospital of today they have a group in silver, composed of the figures of Coleridge, Lamb, and Middleton, who became Bishop of Calcutta. This memorial passes from ward to ward each year, according to merit. Each year, too, there is given a "Charles Lamb

mother Field, who was the housekeeper of the Plumer family, at Blakeware, in Hertfordshire. Theirs was a beautiful old mansion, with turrets and gables and great iron gates. Lamb wrote of it long afterward, and said: "Every plank and panel of it had magic for me." He used to go to church in Widford, through the churchyard where his grandmother's gravestone may still be seen under the spreading elms.

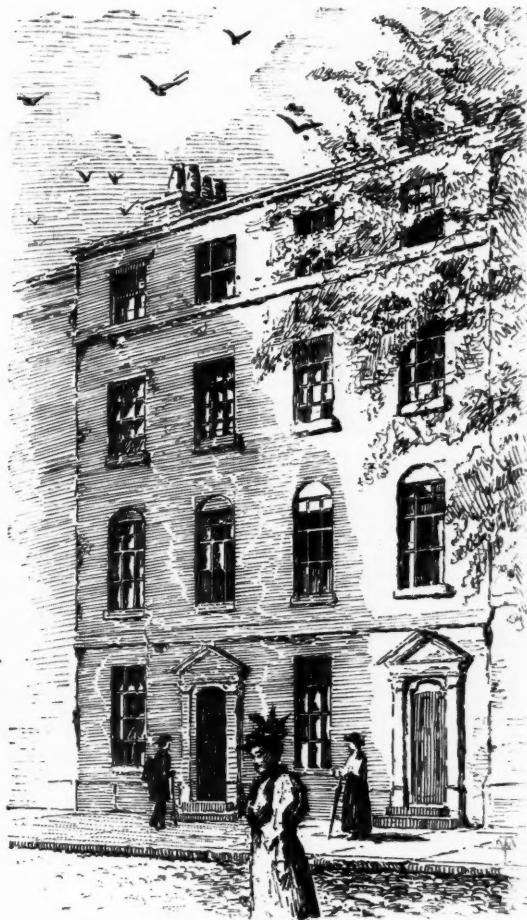
But Widford is chiefly notable as the place where *Rosamund Gray* lived. Her name was Ann Simmons, and he used to meet her during his holiday visits to his grandmother. Her cottage is still shown to strangers. It is of her, too, that he must have been thinking in his sonnets when he speaks of his "fancied wander-

ings with a fair haired maid." But this was only the faint shadow of a boyish romance.

At sixteen Charles was at work in the East India House, placed again by the kindness of Samuel Salt. His father had succumbed to that fatal brain malady which was the black shadow over the lives of his children, and was helpless and imbecile. Charles was compelled to be the chief bread winner of the family. Perhaps it was this, combined with the sweetness of his nature, which kept him from the Bohemian tendencies of other men of genius of his time. And upon this mere boy there was soon to come one of the greatest cares that could be laid upon a human soul.

After the death of Mr. Salt, in 1792, the Lambs moved to Number 7 Little Queen Street, Holborn. The site of the house is now occupied by Trinity Church, Lincoln's Inn Fields. It was here that they lived in 1796, when the shocking tragedy occurred. The family was very poor, and early in that year Charles had fallen for a brief time into the disease which was killing his father, and had been confined for six weeks in a madhouse. This was a terrible blow to his sister, who had always suffered more or less from melancholia. During his absence she was obliged to support the family with her needle. The strain was too great, and her mind gave way. One evening, when the Lamb family were preparing for dinner, Mary, in a sudden frenzy, took up a knife and wounded her mother fatally.

As she had always been a most affectionate daughter, there was only one possible verdict—insanity. It meant practical separation for the brother and sister, for life. But Charles could not accept such a calamity, and after tremendous effort, this boy of twenty two, with an income of five hundred dollars a year, suc-



NO. 7 LITTLE QUEEN STREET, WHERE LAMB LODGED AS A YOUNG MAN.

Drawn by William Thomson.

ceeded in obtaining from the authorities permission to keep his sister with him, offering and pledging his lifelong guardianship.

Many times, as the years went by, they were compelled by signs of approaching mania to knock once more at the door of the Hoxton asylum, and leave Mary there until she was once more able to return to the world. Their father died, and an old aunt who lived with them, followed him; and Charles was often left alone in the little house, with a desolation which might have wrecked many a sounder brain.

They went from Little Queen Street to

Pentonville, but here Lamb wrote to Coleridge that they were "in a manner marked." They were so cruelly marked that they were obliged to make many changes. But Charles was blessed in his love for books, and his sister shared his tastes, with the exception that she was fond of story books, for which he cared not at all. He was wont to say that "narrative teased him."

friends. They used to meet, these young men who were to take their places presently as the very pillars of English literature, in a dingy, smoky little tavern called "The Salutation and the Cat," just opposite Christ's Hospital. They say that the landlord was so enchanted by Coleridge's talk that he offered him free lodging for life if he would only show himself in company.



THE OLD BELL INN AT EDMONTON, AS IT APPEARED IN CHARLES LAMB'S TIME.

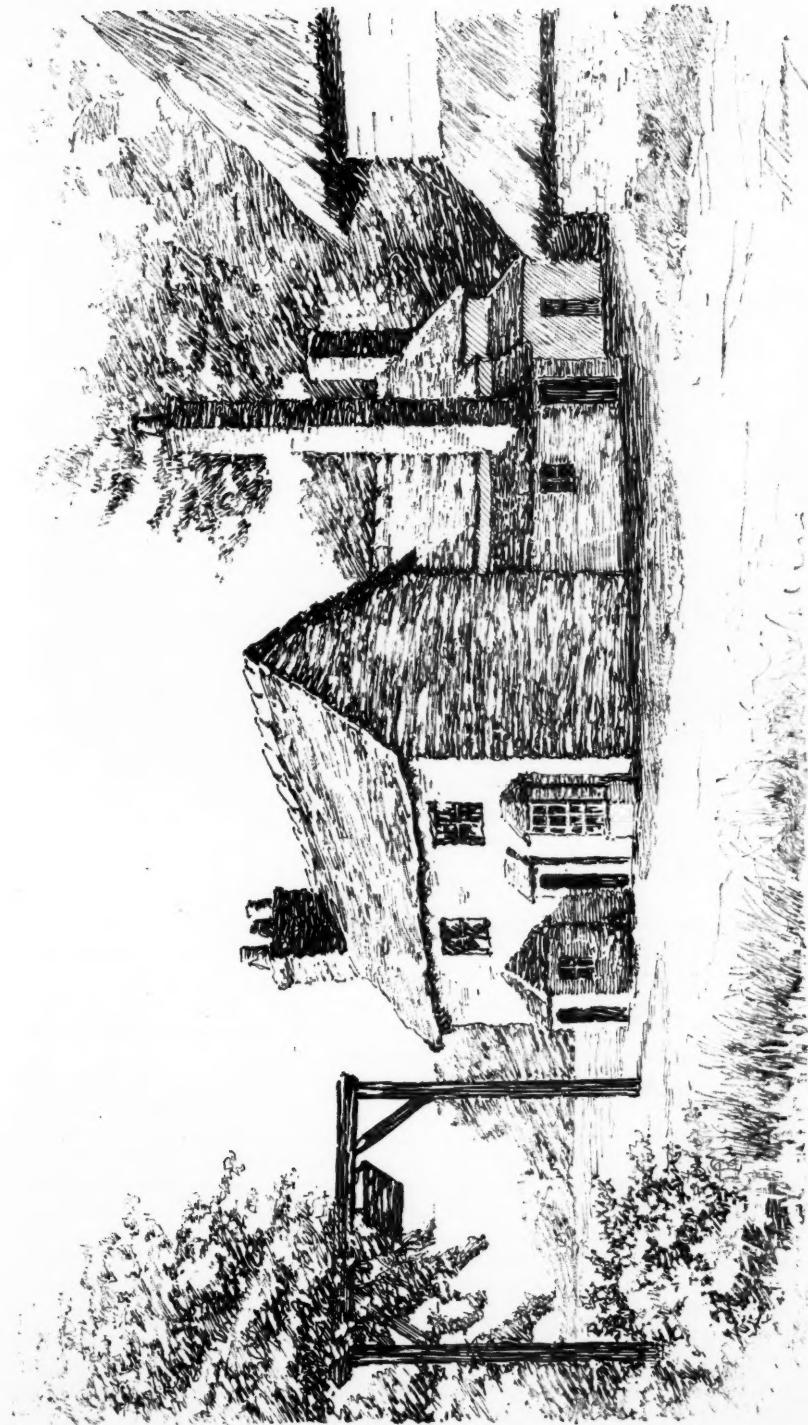
Drawn by William Thomson.

It was about this time that he began to write. His earliest published work was a sonnet addressed to Mrs. Siddons, whom he had just seen for the first time. This and two others were slipped into a book of poems by Coleridge, who says in his preface: "The effusions signed 'C. L.' were written by Mr. Charles Lamb of the India House. Independently of his signature, their superior merit would have sufficiently distinguished them." In 1798 appeared "Rosamund Gray and Old Blind Margaret," as the original title ran. Today we can only echo Shelley's words concerning it: "What a lovely thing is 'Rosamund Gray'! How much knowledge of the sweetest and deepest part of our nature is in it!"

Lamb never, all his life long, lacked

The Temple drew these children who had been born within its walls, and in 1801 they took up their residence there, where they were to stay for seventeen years. Lamb said that he meant to "live and die there." To their rooms came all the friends whom the quaint, sweet genius of the brother and sister gathered about them.

Charles was small of stature, thin, frail looking, and invariably clothed in black. Leigh Hunt tells us that his eyes were full of dumb eloquence, "such as may only be seen in the finer portraits of Titian." Somebody else has quoted, as a description of him, his own words concerning the singer Braham: "A rare combination of the Jew, the gentleman, and the angel."



WIDFORD, THE VILLAGE WHERE CHARLES LAMB MET ANN SIMMONS, THE "ANNA" OF HIS "ROSAMUND·GRAY."

Drawn by William Thomson.

Mary Lamb, Barry Cornwall tells us, had a pale face with intelligent gray eyes. De Quincey spoke of her as "that Madonna-like lady," and Hazlitt said that she was the "wisest of all women." She was always gentle and tactful, and made their simple rooms, wherever they happened to be, into a charming home, whose great blight was her absences

of the rush of life and the city sounds which Lamb loved so dearly. They remained here for six years, and it was here that Lamb realized that he was famous. England had opened her eyes to the fact that he was one of her few geniuses. Inspired by the success of his first two volumes, he set to work on the famous "Elia" papers, by which he is most fondly re-



EDMONTON CHURCH, WHERE CHARLES LAMB IS BURIED.

Drawn by William Thomson.

when the dark shadow of her mental affliction fell upon her.

What a motley collection it was! Coleridge, Hazlitt, Wordsworth, Godwin, Leigh Hunt, Tom Hood, Edward Irving, the soulful young preacher who was Mrs. Jane Carlyle's first love; Barry Cornwall, De Quincey, and dozens of others, some of notoriety, as well as those reserved for fame. They used to drive Lamb fairly out of his house. He had no time for his work, and used to snatch minutes for it during his office hours. His play was written here—the play that he himself helped to kiss off the stage on the first night of its production.

Finally the chambers in the Temple became uninhabitable, and they went to live over a brazier's shop at 20 Russell Street, Covent Garden, in the very midst

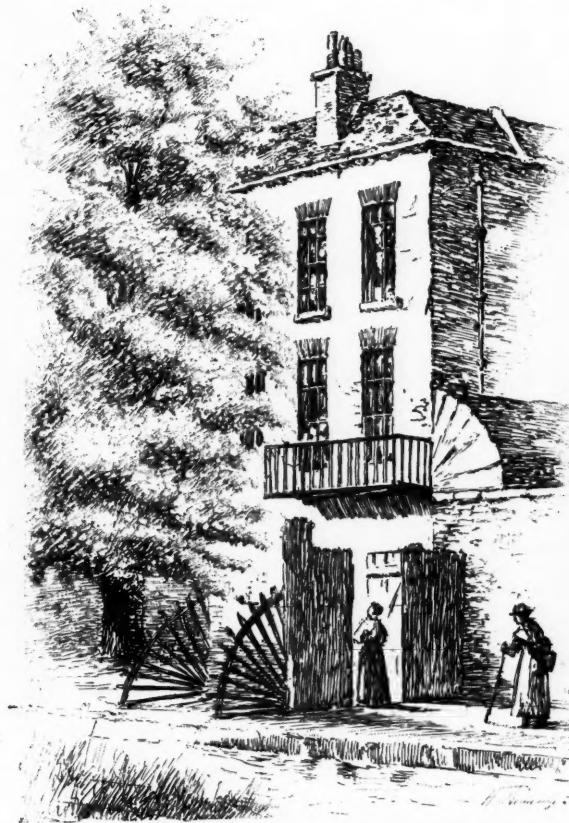
remembered. They were begun in the *London Magazine* in 1820. He and Mary had long ago published their "Stories from Shakspere," which began by being Mary's work, and ended with Charles doing fully half of it.

The brother and sister used to go off on pleasure trips, now and then, to see their friends who had places in the country. Mary Lamb's dearest friend, after her brother, was Dorothy Wordsworth, the poet's sister. It is heart breaking to know that when they started upon one of these journeys a straitjacket was always packed in the luggage, for any excitement brought a recurrence of Mary's malady. Once, on a diligence journey to Paris, she had a seizure on the road, and the brother and sister were assisted in their distress by our own John Howard Payne.

In 1823 they left Covent Garden, and went to Islington, to live in Colebrook Cottage. The house still stands by the side of what is almost a country road, with the New River, where Lamb fished, just below. Its present owner appreciates

itable construction of doubtful actions, for regal munificence, you might have thrown yourself with so absolute a reliance as upon this comparatively poor Charles Lamb."

In 1825 the East India Company paid



COLEBROOK COTTAGE, CHARLES LAMB'S HOUSE IN ISLINGTON.

Drawn by William Thomson.

the associations surrounding it, and has christened it "Elia." It was to this house that they brought their adopted daughter, Emma Isola, the granddaughter of an old Italian exile who had taught his own tongue at Cambridge. They found the young girl a ray of sunshine in their lives, especially as poor Mary's health grew worse.

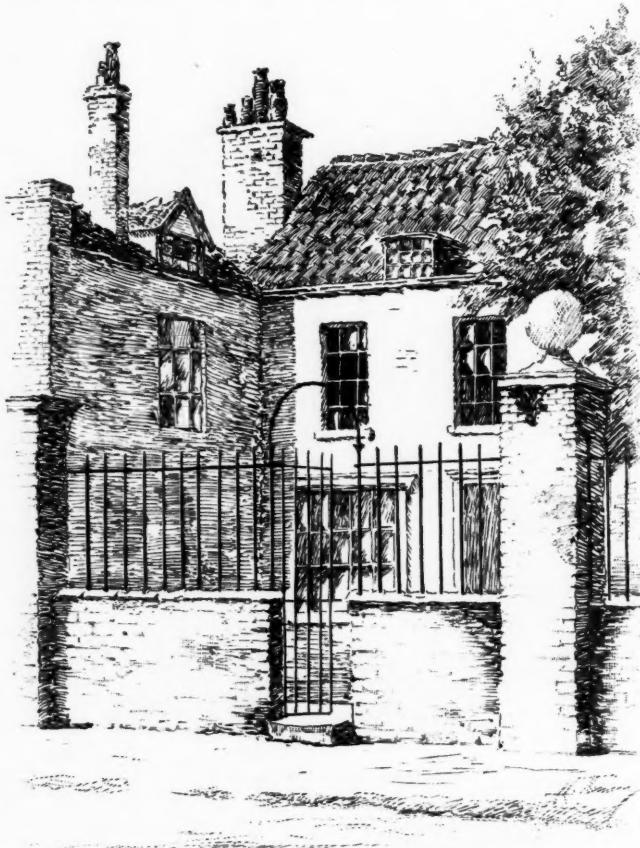
De Quincey said of Lamb: "Many liberal people I have known in this world, but never any one upon whom, for bounty, for indulgence and forgiveness, for char-

him the tremendous compliment of pensioning him for life, at two thirds of his salary, and giving him liberty to spend the rest of his days adding to his country's literature. Two years later he left Colebrook Cottage, and went to Enfield. He wrote to Tom Hood that "some of our flesh is sticking to the doorposts at Colebrook," but the Manse, as the new home was called, did much to reconcile him to the change. After a time, however, they found the house too large; the care of it was too much for Mary, and they did not

like the country. Lamb wrote: "Let not the lying poets be believed, who entice men from cheerful streets. Nothing can make the country anything but altogether odious and detestable."

But when they went back to town they

wander about, a wistful little old man, loving the old streets, but terribly missing his old friends. The death of Hazlitt and Coleridge, the last of his intimates, coupled with Mary's increasing infirmity, made his last days sorrowful. He died



THE HOUSE AT EDMONTON IN WHICH CHARLES LAMB DIED.

Drawn by William Thomson.

found their friends scattered or dead, and the brother and sister faced the fact that they were growing old. In 1833 appeared the last of the "Essays of Elia," closing Lamb's literary life. They decided to make another move, to Edmonton, about the time when their adopted daughter left them to marry Edward Moxon. Lamb gave her to her husband willingly, but with the pathetic words: "I am losing the youth of my house."

He used to go back to London and

after a short illness in December, 1834. His sister lived on to be eighty three, dying in 1847.

The Lambs' house at Edmonton is still shown, but it is much changed. The old Bell Inn, where *John Gilpin's* wife watched his mad ride, has been torn down long ago, and in the churchyard where Lamb is buried it is all desolation, with no reminder, except one's own thoughts, of "this sweet, diffusive, bountiful soul" that was Charles Lamb.

Anna Leach.

THE CHRISTIAN.*

BY HALL CAINE.

Mr. Caine is one of the strongest writers of the day, and "The Christian" is the strongest story he has ever written—stronger than "The Manxman," stronger than "The Deemster." It is designed by its author to be a dramatic picture of what he regards as the great intellectual movement of our time in England and in America—the movement toward Christian socialism.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

JOHN STORM is the only son of Lord Storm, and nephew of the Earl of Erin, prime minister of England. The two noblemen are estranged through jealousy, both having loved John's mother. Lord Storm settles in a lonely house in the Isle of Man, where he brings up his son for public life, and is bitterly disappointed when the young man decides to enter the church, and obtains a curacy in London. Glory Quayle, an orphan, the granddaughter of old Parson Quayle of Glenfaba, travels to London in John Storm's charge, to become a hospital nurse. Her associations at the hospital cause much anxiety to the young clergyman, who has known her since her childhood. Polly Love, a fellow nurse, comes to grief through Lord Robert Ure, whose friend Drake proves to have been Glory's playmate years ago. The directors dismiss Polly, but ignore Lord Robert's complicity, in spite of John Storm's emphatic protest. Distressed at his apparent inability to accomplish any good in the environment in which he finds himself, Storm resigns and enters a brotherhood known as the Society of the Gethsemane.

On learning of John Storm's withdrawal from the world, Glory breaks the hospital rules in a fruitless attempt to see him, and is dismissed. Determined to earn her own living, she remains in London, and endeavors to get a footing on the stage. She finds the struggle a hard one, and encounters many rebuffs and humiliations. Finally Carl Koenig, an organist, recognizes her talent, takes her to his home, and with the assistance of Drake arranges for her appearance, under the name of "Gloria," at a prominent music hall.

Meanwhile John Storm has failed to find peace of mind in his retreat, and leaves the brotherhood. Finding a temporary home with Mrs. Callender, a rich and charitable Scotchwoman who knew him as a curate, almost his first thought is for Glory Quayle. Learning that she has left the hospital, he seeks out Drake, to inquire for her. He finds Lord Robert Ure—who is about to be married to Mercy Mackray, an American heiress, with Drake, in the latter's rooms.

XLIII (*Continued*).

JOHN STORM'S anger had cooled. As he crossed the park the heat of his soul had turned to fear, and while he stood in the hall below, with an atmosphere of perfume about him, and even a delicate sense of a feminine presence, his fear had turned to terror. On that account he had refused to send up his name, and on going up the staircase lined with prints he had been tempted to turn about and fly lest he should come upon Glory face to face. But finding only the two men in the room above, his courage came

back, and he hated himself for his treacherous thought of her.

"You will forgive me for this unceremonious visit, sir," he said, addressing himself to Drake.

Drake motioned to him to be seated. He bowed but continued to stand.

"Your friend will remember that I have been here before."

Lord Robert bent his head and went on trifling with the spray.

"It was a painful errand, relating to a girl who had been nurse at the hospital. The girl was nothing to me, but she had a companion who was very much."

*Copyright, 1897, by Hall Caine.—This story began in the November, 1896, number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

Drake nodded, and his lips stiffened, but he did not speak.

"You are aware that since then I have been away from the hospital. I wrote to you on the subject; you will remember that."

"Well?" said Drake.

"I have only just returned, and have come direct from the hospital now."

"Well?"

"I see you know what I mean, sir. My young friend has gone. Can you tell me where to find her?"

"Sorry I cannot," said Drake coldly, and he saw that a look of boundless relief crossed the grave face in front of him.

"Then you don't know——"

"I didn't say that," said Drake, and then the lines of pain came back.

"At the request of her people I brought her up to London, sir. Naturally they will look to me for news of her, and I feel responsible for her welfare."

"If that is so, you must pardon me for saying you've taken your duty lightly," said Drake.

John Storm gripped the rail of the chair in front of him, and there was silence for a moment.

"Whatever I may have to blame myself with in the past, it would relieve me to find her well and happy and safe from all harm."

"She is well and happy, and safe too—I can tell you that much."

There was another moment of silence, and then John Storm said, in broken sentences, and in a voice that was struggling to control itself: "I've known her since she was a child. You cannot think how many tender memories—It is nearly a year since I saw her, and one likes to see old friends after an absence."

Drake did not speak, but he dropped his head, for John's eyes had begun to fill.

"We were good friends, too. Boy and girl comrades almost. Brother and sister, I should say, for that was how I liked to think of myself—her elder brother bound to take care of her."

There was a little trill of derisive laughter from the other side of the room, where Lord Robert had put the spray down noisily and turned to look out into the street. Then John Storm drew himself up and said in a firm voice:

"Gentlemen, why should I mince matters? I will not do so. The girl we speak of is more to me than anybody else in the world besides. Perhaps she was one of the reasons why I went into that monastery. Certainly she is the reason I have come out of it. I have come to find her. I shall find her. If she is in difficulty or danger I intend to save her. Will you tell me where she is?"

"Mr. Storm," said Drake, "I am sorry, very sorry, but what you say compels me to speak plainly. The lady is well, and safe, and happy. If her friends are anxious about her she can reassure them for herself, and no doubt has already done so. But in the position she occupies at present you are a dangerous man. It might not be her wish, and it would not be to her advantage, to meet with you, and I cannot allow her to run the risk."

"Has it come to that? Have you a right to speak for her, sir?"

"Perhaps I have——" Drake hesitated, and then said with a rush, "the right to protect her against a fanatic."

John Storm curbed himself; he had been through a long schooling. "Man, be honest," he said. "Either your interest is good or bad, selfish or unselfish. Which is it?"

Drake made no answer.

"But it would be useless to bandy words, sir. I didn't come here to do that. Will you tell me where she is?"

"No."

"Then it is to be a duel between us—is that so? You for the girl's body and me for her soul? Very well, I take your challenge."

There was silence once more, and John Storm's eyes wandered about the room. They fixed themselves at length on the sketch by the pier glass.

"On my former visit I met with the same reception, sir. The girl could take care of herself. It was no business of mine. How that relation has ended I do not ask. But this one——"

"This one is an entirely different matter, sir," said Drake, "and I will thank you not to——"

But John Storm was making the sign of the cross on his breast, and saying, as one who was uttering a prayer, "God grant it is and always may be!"

At the next moment he was gone from the room. The two men stood where he had left them until his footsteps had ceased on the stairs and the door had closed behind him. Then Drake cried, "Benson—a telegraph form! I must telegraph to Koenig at once."

"Yes, he'll follow her up on the double quick," said Lord Robert. "But what matter? His face will be enough to frighten the girl. Ugh! It was the face of a death's head."

"Shut up, you fool! It was the face of a god," said Drake.

At dinner that night John Storm was more than usually silent, and to break in upon his gravity Mrs. Callender asked him what he intended to do next.

"To take priest's orders without delay," he said.

"And what then?"

"Then," he said, lifting a twitching and suffering face, "to make an attack on the one mighty stronghold of the devil's kingdom whereof woman is the direct and immediate victim; to tell society over again that it is an organized hypocrisy for the pursuit and demoralization of woman, and the church that bachelorhood is not celibacy, and polygamy is against the laws of God; to look and search for the beaten and broken who lie scattered and astray in our bewildered cities, and to protect them and shelter them, whatever they are, however low they have fallen, because they are my sisters, and I love them."

"God bless ye, laddie! That's spoken like a man," said the old woman, rising from her seat.

But John Storm's pale face had already flushed up to the eyes, and he dropped his head as one who was ashamed.

XLIV.

At eight o'clock that night John Storm was walking through the streets of Soho. The bell of a jam factory had just been rung, and a stream of young girls in big hats with gorgeous flowers and sweeping feathers were pouring out of an archway, and going arm in arm down the pavement in front of him. Men standing in groups at street ends shouted to them as they passed, and they shouted back in shrill

voices and laughed with wild joy. In an alley round one corner an organ man was playing "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," and some of the girls began to dance and sing about him. At another corner a funeral coach was returning home from a distant cemetery, and they called to the occupants, whose red and bloated faces told of stopping places by the way. Coming to the main artery of traffic, they were almost run down by a splendid equipage which was cutting across two thoroughfares into a square, and they screamed with mock terror as the fat coachman in tippet and cockade bellowed to them to get out of the way.

The square was a center of gaiety. Theaters and music halls lined two of its sides, and the gas on their façades and the beacons on their roofs were beginning to burn brightly in the fading daylight. With skips and leaps the girls passed over to the doors of these palaces, and peered with greedy eyes, through lines of policemen and doorkeepers in livery, at gentlemen in shields of shirt front and ladies in light cloaks and long white gloves stepping in satin slippers and patent leather shoes out of gorgeous carriages into gorgeous halls.

John Storm was looking on at this masquerade when suddenly he became aware that the flare of lights on the front of the building before him formed the letters of a word. The word was "Gloria." Seeing it again as he had seen it in the morning, but now identified and explained, he grew hot and cold by turns, and his brain, which refused to think, felt like a sail that is flapping idly on the edge of the wind.

There was a garden in the middle of the square, and he walked round and round it. The keeper was turning out the people who had been lounging on the garden seats, and he watched the man closing the gate for the night and locking it with a padlock. He gazed vacantly at the statue in the middle of the garden and then walked round the rails again. The darkness was gathering fast, the gas was beginning to blaze, and he was like a creature in the coil of a horrible fascination. That word, that name over the music hall, fizzing and crackling in its hundred lights, seemed to hold him as by

an eye of fire. And remembering what had happened since he left the monastery—the sandwich men, the boards on the omnibuses, the hoardings and the walls—it seemed like a fiery finger which had led him to that spot. Fearfully, shamefully, miserably, rebuking himself for his doubts, yet conquered and compelled by them, he crossed the street and entered the music hall.

He was in the pit, and it was crowded, not a seat vacant anywhere, and many persons standing packed in the crush room at the back. His first sensation was of being looked at. First the man at the pay box and then the check taker had looked at him, and now he was being looked at by the people about him. They were both men and girls. Some of the men wore light frock coats and talked in the slang of the race course, some of the girls wore noticeable hats and showy flowers in their bosoms, and were laughing in loud voices. They made a way for him of themselves and he passed through to a wooden barrier that ran round the last of the pit seats.

The music hall was large, and to John Storm's eyes, straight from the poverty of his cell, it seemed gorgeous and garish in the red and gold of its eastern decorations. Men in the pit seats were smoking pipes and cigarettes, and waiters with trays were hurrying up and down the aisles serving ale and porter, which they set down on ledges like the book rests in church. In the stalls in front, which were not so full, gentlemen in evening dress were smoking cigars, and there was an arc of the tier above in which people in fashionable costumes were talking audibly. Higher yet, and unseen from that position, there was a larger audience still, whose voices rumbled like a distant sea. A cloud of smoke filled the atmosphere, and from time to time there was the sound of popping corks and breaking glasses and rolling bottles.

The curtain was down, but the orchestra was beginning to play. Two men in livery came from the sides of the curtain and fixed up large figures in picture frames that were attached to the wings of the proscenium. Then the curtain rose and the entertainment was resumed. It was in sections, and after each perfor-

mance the curtain was dropped and the waiters went round with their trays again.

John Storm had seen it all before, in the days when, under his father's guidance, he had seen everything—the juggler, the acrobat, the step dancer, the comic singer, the tableaux, and the living picture. He felt tired and ashamed, yet he could not bring himself to go away. As the evening advanced he thought, "How foolish! What madness it was to think of such a thing!" He was easier after that and began to listen to the talk of the people about him. It was free but not offensive. In the frequent intervals some of the men played with the girls, pushing and nudging and joking with them, and the girls laughed and answered back. Occasionally one of them would turn her head aside and look into John's face with a saucy smile. "God forbid that I should grudge them their pleasure," he thought. "It's all they have, poor creatures."

But the audience grew noisier as the evening went on. They called to the singers, made inarticulate squeals, and then laughed at their own humor. A woman sang a comic song. It described her attempt to climb to the top of an omnibus on a windy day. John turned to look at the faces behind him, and every face was red and hot, and grinning and grimacing. He was still half buried in the monastery he had left that morning, and he thought, "Such are the nightly pleasures of our people. Tonight, tomorrow night, the night after! Oh, my country, my country! What is to become of her?"

He was awakened from these thoughts by an outburst of applause. The curtain was down and nothing was going on except the putting up of a new figure in the figure frames. The figure was 8. Some one behind him said,

"That's her number!"

"The new artiste?" said another voice.

"Gloria," said the first.

John Storm's head began to swim. He looked back—he was in a solid block of people. "After all, what reasons have I?" he thought, and he determined to stand his ground.

More applause. Another leader of the orchestra had appeared. Bâton in hand he was bowing from his place before the footlights. It was Koenig, the organist, and John Storm shuddered in the darkest corner of his soul.

The stalls had filled up unawares to him, and a party was now coming into a private box which had all night been empty. The late comers were Drake and Lord Robert Ure and a lady with short hair brushed back from her forehead.

John Storm felt the place going round him, yet he steadied and braced himself. "But this is the natural atmosphere of such people," he thought. He tried to find satisfaction in the thought that Glory was not with them. Perhaps they had exaggerated their intimacy with her.

The band began to play. It was music for the entrance of a new performer. The audience became quiet, there was a keen, eager, expectant air, and then the curtain went up. John Storm felt dizzy. If he could have escaped he would have turned and fled. He gripped with both hands the rail in front of him.

Then a woman came gliding on to the stage. She was a tall girl in a dark dress and long black gloves, with red hair and a head like a rose. It was Glory! A cloud came over John Storm's eyes and for a few moments he saw no more.

There was some applause from the pit and the regions overhead. The people in the stalls were waving their handkerchiefs, and the lady in the box was kissing her hand. Glory was smiling, quite at her ease, apparently not at all nervous, only a little shy and with her hands interlaced in front of her. Then there was silence again and she began to sing.

It is the moment when prayers go up from the heart not used to pray. Strange contradiction! John Storm found himself praying that Glory might do well, that she might succeed and eclipse everything! But he had turned his eyes away, and the sound of her voice was even more afflicting than the sight of her face. It was nearly a year since he had heard it, and now he was hearing it under these conditions, in a place like this!

"Hush! hush!" said the people about him, and somebody tapped him on the shoulder.

After a moment he regained control of himself, and he lifted his head and listened. Glory's voice, which had been quavering at first, had gathered strength. She was singing "Mylecharaine," and the wild, weird, plaintive harmony of the old Manx ballad was floating in the air like the sound of the sea. After her first lines a murmur of approval went round, the people sat up and leaned forward and then there was silence again, dead silence, and then loud applause.

But it was only with the second verse that the humor of her song began, and John Storm waited for it with a trembling heart. He had heard her sing it a hundred times in the old days, and she was singing it now as she had sung it before. There were the same tricks of voice, the same tricks of gesture, the same expressions, the same grimaces. Everything was the same, and yet everything was changed. He knew it. He was sure it must be so. So artless and innocent then, now so subtle and significant. Where was the difference? The difference was in the place, in the people. John Storm could have found it in his heart to turn on the audience and insult them. Foul minded creatures, laughing, screaming, squealing, punctuating their own base interpretations and making evil of what was harmless. How he hated the grinning faces round about him.

When the song was finished Glory swept a gay courtesy, lifted her skirts and tripped off the stage. Then there were shouting, whistling, stamping, and deafening applause. The whole house was unanimous for an encore, and she came back smiling and bowing with a certain look of elation and pride. John Storm was becoming terrified by his own anger.

"Be quite there," said some one behind him.

"Who's the josser?" said somebody else, and then he heard Glory's voice again.

It was another Manx ditty. A crew of young fishermen are going ashore on Saturday night after their week on the sea fishing the herring. They go up to the inn; their sweethearts meet them there; they drink and sing. At length they are so overcome by liquor and love

that they have to be put to bed in their big sea boots. Then the girls kiss them and leave them. The singer imitated the kissing, and the delighted audience repeated the sound. Sounds of kissing came from all parts of the hall mingled with loud acclamations of laughter. The singer smiled and kissed back. Somehow she conveyed the sense of a confidential feeling as if she were doing it for each separate person in the audience, and each person had an impulse to respond. It was irresistible, it was maddening, it swept over the whole house.

John Storm felt sick in his very soul. Glory knew well what she was doing. She knew what these people wanted. His Glory! Glory of the old, innocent, happy days! O God! O God! If he could only get out! But that was impossible. Behind him the dense mass was denser than ever now, and he was tightly wedged in by a wall of faces, hot, eager, with open mouths, teeth showing, and glittering and dancing eyes. He tried not to listen to what the people about were saying, yet he could not help but hear.

"Tasty, ain't she?" "Cerulean, eh?" "Bit 'ot, certinly!" "Well, if I was a Johnny, and had got the oof, she'd have a brougham and a sealskin tomorrow." "Tonight, you mean," and then there were significant squeaks and trills of laughter.

They called her back again, and yet again, and she returned with unaffected cheerfulness and a certain look of triumph. At one moment she was doing the gaiety of youth, and at the next the crabbedness of age; now the undeveloped femininity of the young girl, then the volubility of the old woman. But John Storm was trying to hear none of it. With his head in his breast and his eyes down he was struggling to think of the monastery, and to imagine that he was still buried in his cell. It was only this morning that he left it, yet it seemed to be a hundred years ago. Last night the brotherhood, the singing of evensong, compline, the pure air, silence, solitude, and the atmosphere of prayer; tonight the crowds, the clouds of smoke, the odor of drink, the meaning laughter, and Glory in the midst and as the center of it all!

For a moment everything was blotted out and then there was loud hand clapping and cries of "Brava!" He lifted his head. Glory had finished and was bowing herself off. The lady in the private box flung her a bouquet of damask roses. She picked it up and kissed it, and bowed to the box, and then the acclamations of applause were renewed.

The crush behind relaxed a little, and he began to elbow his way out. People were rising or stirring everywhere, and the house was emptying fast. As the audience surged down the corridors to the doors they talked and laughed and made inarticulate sounds. "A tricky bit o' muslin, eh?" "Yus, she's thick," "She's my dart, anyhow." Then the whistling of a tune. It was the chorus of "My-lecharaine."

John Storm felt the cool air of the street on his hot face at last. The policemen were keeping a way for the people coming from the stalls, the doorkeepers were whistling or shouting for cabs, and their cries were being caught up by the match boys, who were running in and out like dogs among the carriage wheels and the horses' feet. "En-sim!" "Four-wheel-er!"

In a narrow street at the back, dimly lit and not much frequented, there was a small open door under a lamp suspended from a high blank wall. This was the stage door of the music hall, and a group of young men, looking like hairdressers' assistants, blocked the pavement at either side of it.

"Wonder what she's like off."

"Like a lady, you bet."

"Yus, but none o' yer bloomin' hamatoors."

"Gawd, here's the josser again!"

John Storm pushed his way through to where a porter in the livery of a commissaire sat behind a glass partition in a little room walled with pigeon holes.

"Can I see Miss Quayle?" he asked.

The porter looked blank.

"Gloria, then," said John Storm with an effort.

The porter looked at him suspiciously. Had he an appointment? No; but could he send in his name? The porter looked doubtful. Would she come out soon? The porter did not know. Would she come

this way? The porter could not tell. Could he have her address?

"If ye want to write to the laidy, write here," said the porter, with a motion of his hand to the pigeonholes.

John Storm was ashamed. The hair-dressers' assistants were grinning at him. He went out feeling that Glory was farther than ever from him now, and if he met her they might not speak. But he could not drag himself away. In the darkness, under a lamp at the other side of the street, he stood and waited. Men, women, and young children came from the stage door, buttoned up their jackets and coats, bade each other good night, and went their ways. At length the commissionnaire appeared at the door and whistled, and a hansom cab rattled up the street. Then a lady muffled in a cape, and carrying a bouquet of roses, came leaning on the arm of a gentleman. She stood a moment by his side, and spoke to him and laughed. John heard her laughter. At the next moment she had stepped into the hansom, the door had fallen to, the driver had turned, the gentleman had raised his hat, the light had fallen on the lady's face, and she was leaning forward and smiling. John saw her smiles.

At the next moment the hansom had passed into the illuminated thoroughfares, and the group of people had dispersed. John Storm was alone in the little dark street, and somewhere in the dark alleys behind him the organ man was still grinding out "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay."

"Weel, what luck?" said Mrs. Cullen-der at breakfast in the morning. "Found any of the poor lost things yet?"

"One," said John, with a rueful face. "Lost enough, though she doesn't know it yet, God help her!"

"They never do at first, laddie. Write to her friends if she has any."

"Her friends?"

"Nothing like home influences, ye ken."

"I will—I must! It's all I can do now," said John.

XLV.

The Priory, Friday morning.

Oh, my dear aunts, don't be terrified, but Glory has had a kind of a wee big triumph! Nothing very awful, you know, but on Monday night, before a rather larger company than

usual, she sang and recited and play acted a little, and as a result all the earth—the London earth—is talking about her, and nobody is taking any notice of the rest of the world. Every post is bringing me flowers with ribbons and cards attached, or illustrated weeklies with my picture and my life in little, and I find it's wonderful what a lot of things you may learn about yourself if you'll only read the papers. My room at this moment is like a florist's window at nine o'clock on Saturday morning, and I have reason to suspect that mine host and teacher, Carl Koenig, F. R. C. O., exhibits them to admiring neighbors when I am out. The voice of that dear old turtle has ever since Monday been heard in the land, and besides telling me about Poland day and night from all the subterranean passages of the house, he has taken to waiting on me like a nigger and ordering soups and jellies for me as if I had suddenly become an invalid. Of course I am an able bodied woman just the same as ever, but my nerves have been on the rack all the week, and I feel exactly as I did long ago at Peel when I was a little naughty minx and got up into the tower of the old church and began pulling at the bell rope, you remember. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! My frantic terror at the noise of the big bells and the vibration of the shaky old walls! Once I had begun I couldn't leave off for my life, but went on tugging and tugging and quaking and quaking until—have you forgotten it?—all the people came running helter skelter under the impression that the town was afire. And then, behold, it was only little me, trembling like a leaf and crying like a ninny! I remember I was scolded and smacked and dismissed into outer darkness (it was the chip vault, I believe) for that first outbreak of fame, and now, lest you should want to mete out the same punishment to me again—

Aunt Anna, I'm knitting the sweetest little shawl for you, dear—blue and white to suit your complexion—being engaged in the evening only, and most of the day sole mistress of my own will and pleasure. How charming of me, isn't it? But I'm afraid it isn't, because you'll see through me like a colander, for I want to tell you something which I have kept back too long, and when I think of it I grow old and wrinkled like a Christmas apple. So you must be a pair of absolute old angels, auntsies, and break the news to grandfather.

You know I told you, Aunt Rachel, to say something for me at nine o'clock on the queen's birthday. And you remember that Mr. Drake used to think pearls and diamonds of Glory and predict wonderful things for her. Then you don't forget that Mr. Drake had a friend named Lord Robert Ure, commonly called Lord Bob. Well, you see, by Mr. Drake's advice and Lord Bobbie's influence and agency, and I don't know what, I have made one more change—it's to be the last, dears, the very last—in my Wandering Jew existence, and now I am no longer a society entertainer, because I am a music hall art—

Glory had written so far when she dropped the pen, and rose from the table, wiping her eyes.

"My poor child, you can't tell them, it's impossible; they would never forgive you!"

Then a carriage stopped before the house, the garden bell was rung, and the maid came into the room with a lady's card. It was inscribed "Miss Polly Love," with many splashes and flourishes.

"Ask her up," said Glory. And then Polly came rustling up the stairs in a silver gray silk dress and a noticeable hat, and with a pug dog tucked under her arm. She looked older and less beautiful. The pink and ivory of her cheeks were coated with powder, and her light gray eyes were penciled. There was the same blemished appearance as before, and the crack in the vase was now plainly visible.

Glory had met the girl only once since they parted after the hospital, but Polly kissed her effusively. Then she sat down and began to cry.

"Perhaps you wouldn't think it, my dear, but I'm the most miserable girl in London. Haven't you heard about it? I thought everybody knew. Robert is going to be married. Yes, indeed, tomorrow morning to that American heiress, and I hadn't an idea of it until Monday afternoon. That was the day of your luncheon, dear, and I felt sure something was going to happen, because I broke my looking glass dressing to go out. Robert took me home and he began to play the piano, and I could see he was going to say something. 'Do you know, little woman, I'm to be married on Saturday?' I wonder I didn't drop, but I didn't, and he went on playing. But it was no use trying, and I burst out and ran into my room. After a minute I heard him coming in, but he didn't lift me up as he used to do. Only talked to me over my back, telling me to control myself, and what he was going to do for me, and so on. He used to say a few tears made me nicer looking, but it was no good crying—and then he went away."

She began to cry again, and the dog in her lap began to howl.

"I don't know what I've done to be so unfortunate. I've not been flash at all, and I never went to cafés at night, or to Sally's or Kate's, as so many girls do,

and he can't say I ever took notice of anybody else. When I love anybody I think of him last thing at night and first thing in the morning, and now to be left alone—I'm sure I shall never live through it!"

Glory tried to comfort the poor broken creature. It was her duty to live. There was her child—had she never even seen it since she parted with it to Mrs. Jupe? It must be such a darling by this time, creeping about and talking a little, wherever it was. She ought to have the child to live with her, it would be such company.

Polly kissed the pug to stop its whining, and said, "I don't want company. Life isn't the same thing to me now. He thinks because he is marrying that woman—What better is she than me, I would like to know? She's only snapping at him for what he is, and he is only taking her for what she's got, and I've a great mind to go to All Saints' and shame them. You wouldn't? Well, it's hard to hide one's feelings, but it would serve them right if—if I did it."

Polly had risen with a wild look and was pressing the pug so hard that it was howling again, but from other causes.

"Did what?" said Glory.

"Nothing—that is to say—"

"You mustn't dream of going to the church. The police—"

"Oh, it isn't the police I'm afraid of," said Polly, tossing her head.

"What then?"

"Never mind, my dear," said Polly.

On the way down stairs she reproached herself for not seeing what was coming. "But girls like us never do, now do we?"

Glory colored up to her hair, but made no protest. At the gate Polly wiped her eyes and drew down her veil and said, "I'm sorry to say it to your face, my dear, but it's all been that Mr. Drake's doings, and a girl ought to know he'd do as much himself, and worse. But you're a great woman now, and in everybody's mouth, so you needn't care. Only—"

Glory's face was scarlet and her under lip was bleeding, yet she kissed the poor shallow thing at parting, because she was down, and did not understand, and lived in another world entirely. But going back to where her letter lay unfinished

she thought, "Impossible! If this girl, living in an atmosphere so different, thinks that—" Then she sat at the table and forced herself to tell all.

She had got through the red riot of her confession and was writing :

I don't know what he would think of it, but do you know, I thought I saw his face on Wednesday night. It was in the dark, and I was in a cab driving away from the stage door. But so changed, oh, so changed! It must have been a dream, and it was the same as if his ghost had passed me.

Then she became aware of voices in dispute down stairs. First, a man's voice, then the voices of two men, one of them Koenig's, the other with a haunting ring in it. She got up from the table and went to the door of her room, going on tiptoe, yet hardly knowing why. Koenig was saying, "No, sair, de lady does not lif here." Then a deep, strong, breast voice answered, "Mr. Koenig, surely you remember me?" and Glory's heart seemed to beat like a watch. "No-o, sair. Are you—oh, yes; what am I tinking of? But de lady—"

"Mr. Koenig," Glory called, cried, gasped over the stair rail, "ask the gentleman to come up, please."

She hardly knew what happened next, only that Koenig seemed to be muttering confused explanations below, and that she was back in her sitting room giving a glance into the lookingglass and doing something with her hair. Then there was a step on the stairs, on the landing, at the threshold, and she fell back a few paces from the door that she might see him as he came in. He knocked. Her heart was beating so violently that she had to keep her hand over it.

"Who's there?"

"It is I."

"Who's I?"

Then she saw him coming down on her, and the very sunlight seemed to wave like the shadows on a ship. He was paler and thinner, his great eyes looked weary though they smiled, his hand felt bony though firm, and his head was closely cropped.

She looked at him for a moment without speaking, and with a sensation of fulness at her heart that was almost choking her.

"Is it you? I didn't know it was you. I was just thinking—" She was talking at random and was out of breath as if she had been running.

"Glory, I have frightened you," he said, and she noticed that his voice was lower than it used to be.

"Frightened? Oh, no! Why should you think so? Perhaps I am crying, but then I'm always doing that nowadays. And besides you are so—"

"Yes, I am altered," he said in the pause that followed.

"And I?"

"You are altered too."

He was looking at her with an earnest and passionate gaze. It was she—herself—Glory—not merely a vision or a dream. Again he recognized the glorious eyes with their brilliant lashes and the flashing spot of one of them that had so often set his heart beating. She looked back at him and thought, "How ill he must have been!" and then a lump came into her throat and she began to laugh that she might not begin to cry, and broke out into broad Manx lest he should hear the tremor in her voice.

"But you're coming too, aren't ye? And you've left that theer—aw, it's gladder I am, as our people say, and it's longin' mortal you'd be for all, boy." Another trill of nervous laughter and then a burst of earnest English. "But tell me, you've come for good—you are not going back to—"

"No, I am not going back to the brotherhood, Glory." How friendly his low voice sounded!

"And you?"

"Well, I've left the hospital, you see."

"Yes, I see," he said. His weary eyes were wandering about the room, and for the first time she felt ashamed of its luxuries and its flowers.

"But how did you find me?"

"I went to the hospital first—"

"So you hadn't forgotten me? Do you know I thought you had quite? But tell me at once, where did you go then?"

He was silent for a moment, and she said, "Well?"

"Then I went to Mr. Drake's chambers."

"I don't know why everybody should think that Mr. Drake—"

His great eyes were fixed on her face, and his mouth was quivering, and to prevent him from speaking she put on a look of forced gaiety and said, "But how did you light on me at last?"

"I meant to find you, Glory," he said, "if I tramped all London over and everybody denied you to me"—the lump in her throat was hurting her dreadfully—"but I chanced to see the name over the music hall."

She saw it coming and broke into laughter, and talked rapidly, frivolously, at random. "The music hall! Only think! You looking at music halls!"

"I was there on Monday night," he answered.

"You? Monday? Then perhaps it was not my fancy that I saw you by the stage do—" Her nerves were getting more and more excited, and to calm them she crossed her arms above her head. "So they gave you my address at the stage door, did they?"

"No, I wrote for it to Peel."

"Peel?" She caught her breath and her arms came down. "Then perhaps you told them where—"

"I told them nothing, Glory."

She looked at him through her eyelashes, her head held down.

"Not that it matters, you know. I've just been writing to them and they'll soon—but oh, I've so much to say, and I can't say it here. Couldn't we go somewhere? Into the park, or farther—much farther—the room is so small, and I feel as if I've been suffocating for want of air."

"I've something to say, too, and if—"

"Then let it be tomorrow morning, and we'll start early, and you'll bring me back in time for the theater. Say Paddington station at eleven—will that do?"

"Yes."

She saw him to the gate, and when he was going she wanted him to kiss her hand, so she pretended to do the high handshake, but he only held it for a moment and looked steadily into her eyes. The sunshine was pouring into the garden and she was bareheaded. Her hair was coiled up and she was wearing a light morning blouse. He thought she

had never looked so beautiful. On getting into the omnibus at the end of the street he took a letter out of his breast pocket, and, being alone, he first carried it to his lips, then reopened and read it.

"See her at once, dear John, and keep in touch with her, and I shall be happy and relieved. As for your father, that old Chalse is going crazy and is sending Lord Storm crazy too. He has actually discovered that the dust the witch walks on who has cast the evil eye on you lies in front of Glenfaber gate, and he has been sweeping it up o' nights and scattering it in front of Knockaloe! What simplicity! There are only two women here. Does the silly old gawk mean Rachel? Or is it, perhaps, Aunt Anna?"

And while the omnibus joggled down the street, and the pale young clergyman with the great weary eyes was poring over his letter, Glory was sitting at her table and writing with flying fingers and a look of enthusiastic ecstasy:

I've had three bites at this cherry. But who do you think has just been here? John!—John Storm! But then you know that he is back, and it wasn't merely my fancy that I saw him by the stage door. It seems as if people have been denying me to him, and he has been waiting for me and watching over me (*blot*). His voice is so low, but I suppose that comes to people who are much alone, and he is so thin and so pale, and his eyes are so large and they have that deep look that cuts into the heart. He knew he was changed, and I think he was ashamed (*blot*) but of course I didn't let whit that I was taking notice, and I'm so happy for his sake, poor fellow, that he has escaped from his cage in that salvation zoo that I know I shall make them split their sides in the theater tonight (*blot, blot*). How tiresome! The ink must have got water in it somehow, and then my handwriting is such a hop, skip, and a jump any way. But hoots!

Why shouldn't I love Johnny?
And why shouldn't Johnny love me?

GLORY.

XLVI.

AFTER his visit to the Priory, John Storm was convinced that Glory was still uncontaminated by the life she was living, therefore he concluded that she ought to leave it. But then came a consciousness of her great success, and the pity of her position touched and troubled him. He lay awake to think of it, and to devise means to soften the harshness of the demand he intended to make of her, but he

never once doubted the wisdom or necessity of that demand. She must and she should give up everything.

It was a beautiful May morning, and standing by the Paddington station with the dog at his feet, he felt her approach instinctively as she came towards him with her free step in her white cambric dress under the light parasol fringed with lace. Her face was glowing with the fresh air and the walk, and she looked happy and bright. As they walked into the station she poured out a stream of questions about the dog, took possession of him straightway, and concluded to call him Cæsar.

They agreed to spend the day at Burnham Beeches, and while John went for the tickets she stepped on to the platform. It was Saturday, the bookstall was ablaze with the picture papers, and one of them was prominently displayed at a page containing her own portrait. She wanted John to see this, and she invented an excuse for bringing him face to face with it, and then she laughed and he bought the paper.

The clerk recognized her, as they could see by the smile which he kept in reserve, and a group of Guards, in flannels and straw hats, going down to their club at Maidenhead, looked at her and nudged each other, and seemed to know who she was. Her eyes danced, her lips smiled, and she was proud that John should see the first fruits of her fame. She was proud of him, too, with his bold walk and strong, almost majestic carriage, as they passed the Guards in their negligent dress, with their red and blue ties and their blazers. But his heart was aching, and he was only wondering how he was to begin.

From the moment they started she gave herself up to the delights of their holiday, and even the groaning and cranking and joggling of the train amused her. When the Guards had got into their first class carriage they had glanced at the open window where her brilliant eyes and rosy lips were gleaming behind a veil. John gazed at her with his slow and tender looks, and felt guilty and ashamed.

They left the train at Slough, and a wave of freshness, with an odor of verdure and sap, blew into their faces. The dog

leaped and barked, and Glory skipped along with it, breaking every moment into enthusiastic exclamations. There was hardly any wind, and the clouds, which were very far overhead, were scarcely moving. It was a glorious day, and Glory's face wore an expression of perfect happiness.

They lunched at the old hotel in the town, with the window open, and the swallows darting in the air outside, and Glory, who took milk "for remembrance," rose and said, "I looks towards Mr. Storm," and then drank his health and swept him the prettiest courtesy. All through lunch she kept feeding the dog from her own fingers, and at the end rebuked him for spreading his bones in a half circle across the carpet, a thing which was never done, she said, in the best society, this side the Cannibal Islands.

"By and bye," he thought, "time enough by and bye," for the charm of her joy was infectious.

The sun was high when they started on their walk, and her face looked flushed and warm. But through the park-like district to the wood she raced with Cæsar, and made him leap over her sunshade and roll over and over on the bright green grass. The larks were trilling overhead, everything was humming and singing.

"Let her have one happy day," he thought, and they began to call and shout to each other.

Then they came to the beeches, and being sheltered from the fiery rays of the sun, she put down her sunshade and John took off his hat. The silence and gloom, the great gnarled trees with their thews and sinews, their arms and thighs and loins, the gentle rustle of the breeze in the branches overhead, the deep accumulation of dead leaves underfoot, the fluttering of wings, the low cooing of pigeons, and all the mystery and wonder of the wood, brought a sense of awe as on entering a mighty minster in the dusk. But this wore away presently, and Glory began to sing. Her pure voice echoed in the fragrant air, and the happiness so long pent up and starved seemed to bubble in every word and note.

"Isn't this better than singing in music halls," he thought, and then he began to sing, too, just like any happy boy, with-

out thinking of yesterday or tomorrow, of before or after. She smiled at him. He smiled back. It was like a dream. After his long seclusion it was difficult to believe it could be true. The open air, the perfume of the leaves they were wading through, the silver bark of the beeches and the blue peeps of the sky between, and then Glory walking with her graceful motion, and laughing and singing by his side.

"But I'll wake up in a minute," he thought, "and it will all be gone."

They sang one song together. It was "Lasses and Lads," and to make themselves think it was the old time back again, they took each other's hands and swung them to the tune. He felt her clasp like milk coursing through his body, and a great wave of tenderness swept up his hard resolve as sea wrack is thrown up after a storm. "She is here; we are together; why trouble about anything more?" and the time flew by.

But their voices went wrong immediately, and they were soon in difficulties. Then she laughed, and they began again, but they could not keep together, and as often as they tried they failed. "Ah, it's not like the old happy days!" he thought, and a mood of sadness came over him. He had begun to observe in Glory the trace of the life she had passed through—words, phrases, ideas, snatches of slang, touches of moods and modes which had the note of a slight vulgarity. When the dog took a bone uninvited she cried, "It's a click; you've sneaked it"; when John broke down in the singing she told him to "chuck it off the chest," and when he stopped altogether she called him glum and said she would "do it on her own."

"Why does he look so sorrowful?" she thought, and telling herself that this came to people who were much alone, she rattled on more recklessly than before.

She talked of the life of the music hall, the life at "the back," glorifying it by a tone of apology. It was all hurry scurry, slap, dash and drive, no time to consider effects, so it was really harder to be a music hall woman than a regular actress. And the music hall woman was no worse than other women—considering. Had he seen their ballet? It was fetching. Such pages! Simply darlings! They were the

proud young birds of paradise whom toffs like those Guards came to see, and it was fun to see them pluming and preening themselves at the back, each for the eyes of her own particular lord in the stalls. Thus she flung out unfamiliar notes, hardly knowing their purport, but to John they were as slimy creatures out of the social mire she had struggled through. Oh, London! London! Its shadow was over them even there, and go where they would they could never escape from it.

His former thought began to hang about him again, and he asked her to tell him what had happened to her during his absence.

"Shall I?" she said. "Well, I brought three golden sovereigns out of the hospital to distribute among the people of London, but, bless you, they went nowhere."

"And what then?"

"Then—then hope was a good breakfast but a bad supper, you know. But shall I tell you all? Yes, yes, I will."

She told him of Mrs. Jupe's, and of the deception she had practised upon her people, and he turned his head that he might hide his tears. She told him of the "Three Graces," and of the stage manager—she called him the "stage damager"—and then she turned her head away that she might hide her shame. She told him of Josephs, the bogus agent, and his face grew hard and his golden brown eyes looked black.

"And where did you say his place was?" he asked in a voice that vibrated and broke.

"I didn't say," she answered with a laugh and a tear.

She told him of Aggie, and of the foreign clubs, and of Koenig, and of the dinner party at the home secretary's, and then she skipped a step and cried:

Ding, dong, dended,
My tale's ended.

"And was it there you met Mr. Drake again?"

She replied with a nod.

"Never having seen him in the mean time?"

She pursed her lips and shook her head. He was looking through the trees in the direction of London. His mouth was shut hard and his nostrils were breathing hard.

"That's all over now, and what matter?" she said. "'I likes to be jolly, and I allwiz is!'"

"But is it all over?" he said, and he looked at her again with the deep look that had cut into her heart.

"He's going to say something," she thought, and she began to laugh, but with a faint tremor, and giving the dog her parasol to carry in his mouth, she took off her hat, swung it in her hand by the brim, and set off to run.

There was the light shimmer of a pool at a level below, where the water had drained to a bottom and was inclosed by beeches. The trees seemed to hang over it with outstretched wings, like birds about to alight, and round its banks there were plots of violets which filled the air with their fragrance. It was a God blessed bit of ground, and when he came up with her she was standing at the edge of the marshy mere, panting and on the point of tears, and saying in a whisper, "Oh, how beautiful!"

"But how ever am I to get across?" she cried, looking with mock terror on the two inches of water that barely covered the grass, and at the pretty red shoes that peeped from under her dress.

Then something extraordinary occurred. She hardly knew what was happening until it was over. Without a word, without a smile, he took her, lifted her up in his arms, and carried her to the other side. She felt helpless like a child, or as if suddenly she belonged to herself no longer. Her head had fallen against his shoulder and her heart was beating against his breast. Or was it *his* heart that was beating? When he put her down she was afraid she was going to cry, so she began to laugh, and to say they mustn't lose that 7.30 to London, or the "rag" would be rolling up without her and the "stage damager" would be using "cuss words."

They had to pass the old church of Stoke Pogis on the way back to the town, and after looking at its timber belfry and steeple John suggested that they should see the inside. The sexton was found working in the garden at the side of his house, and he went indoors for the keys.

"Here they be, sir, and you being a pa'son I'll bide in the orchet. You and

your young missus can look at the church without me. 'A b'lieve 'a hev seed it afore," he said with a twinkle.

The church was dark and cool. There was a window representing an angel ascending to heaven against a deep blue sky, and a squire's pew furnished like a box at the theater, with carpet, chairs, and even a stove. The chairs in the front bore family crests, and behind them were inferior chairs, without crests, for servants. John had opened the little modern organ and begun to play. After a while he began to sing. He sang "Nazareth," and his voice filled the empty church and went up and into the gloom of the roof, and echoed and returned, and it was almost as if another voice were singing there.

Glory stood by his side and listened, and at first she felt as if a wonderful peace had come down on her. Then the emotion that vibrated in his deep voice and seemed to come out of his soul made something surge up to her throat.

"Life for evermore! Life for evermore!"

All at once she began to sob and to laugh, all in a breath, and he stopped.

"How ridiculous I am today. You'll think me a maniac," she said. But he only took her hand as if she had been a child and led her out of the church.

Insensibly the day had passed into evening, and the horizontal rays of the sun were dazzling their eyes as they returned to the hotel for tea. In giving orders for this meal they had left the illustrated paper behind, and it was now clear from the easy smiles that greeted them that the paper had been looked at and Glory identified. The room was ready, with the table laid, the window closed, and a fire of wood in the dog grate, for the chill of evening was beginning to be felt. And to make him forget what had happened at the church she put on a look of forced gaiety and talked rapidly, frivolously, and at random. The fresh air had given her such a color that they would fairly eat her tonight. How tired she was, though! But a cup of tea would exhilarate her like a Johnnie's first whisky and soda in bed.

He looked at her with his grave face; every word was cutting him like a knife.

"So you didn't tell the old folks at Glenfaba about the hospital until later?"

"No. Have a cup of 'the girl'? They call champagne 'the boy' at 'the back,' so I call tea 'the girl,' you know."

"And when did you tell them about the music hall?"

"Yesterday. Muffins?" and she held out the plate, waggled the wrist of her other hand, and mimicked the cry of the muffin man.

"Not until yesterday?"

She began to excuse herself. What was the use of taking people by surprise? And then good people were sometimes so easily shocked. Education and upbringing, and prejudices and even blood—

"Glory," he said, "if you are ashamed of this life, believe me, it is not a right one."

"Ashamed? Why should I be ashamed? Everybody is saying how proud I should be."

She spoke feverishly and plucked up the paper by a sudden impulse, but as suddenly let it drop again, for looking at his grave face her little fame had seemed to shrivel up. "But give a dog a bad name, you know— You were there on Monday night. Did you see anything now—anything in the performance—"

"I saw the audience, Glory; that was enough for me. It is impossible for a girl to live long in an atmosphere like that and be a good woman. Yes, my child, impossible! God forbid that I should sit in judgment on any man, still less any woman; but the women of the music hall, do they *remain* good women? Poor souls, they are placed in a position so false that it would require extraordinary virtue not to become false along with it! And the whiter the soul that is dragged through that—that mire, the more the defilement. The audiences at such places don't want the white soul, they want the woman who has tasted of the tree of good and evil. You can see it in their faces, and hear it in their laughter, and measure it in their applause. Oh, I'm only a priest, but I've seen these places all the world over, and I know what I'm saying, and I know it's true, and you know it's true, Glory—"

Glory leapt up from the table and her eyes seemed to emit fire. "I know it's hard and cruel and pitiless, and since you were there on Monday, and saw how kind the audience was to *me*, it's personal and untrue as well!"

But her voice broke, and she sat down again and said in another voice, "But, John, it's nearly a year, you know, since we saw each other last, and isn't it a pity? Tell me, where are you living now? Have you made your plans for the future? Oh, who do you think was with me just before you called yesterday? Polly!—Polly Love, you remember! She's grown stouter and plainer, poor thing, and was so sorry. Her brother was in your brotherhood, wasn't he? Is he as strangely fond of her as ever? Is he? Eh? Don't you understand? Polly's brother, I mean."

"He's dead, Glory. Yes, dead. He died a month ago. Poor boy, he died broken hearted. He had come to hear of his sister's trouble at the hospital. I was to blame for that. He never looked up again."

There was silence; both were gazing into the fire, and Glory's mouth was quivering. All at once she said, "John—John Storm, why can't you understand that it's not the same with me as with other women? There seem to be two women in me always. After I left the hospital I went through a good deal. Nobody will ever know how much I went through. But even at the worst, somehow I seemed to enjoy and rejoice in everything. Things happened that made me cry, but there was another *me* that was laughing. And that is how it is with the life I am living now. It is not I myself that go through this—this mire, as you call it, it's only my other self, my lower self, if you like, but I am not touched by it at all. Don't you see that? Don't you, now?"

"There are professions which are a source of temptation, and talents that are a snare, Glory—"

"I see, I see what you mean. There are not many ways a woman can live and succeed—that's the cruelty of things. But there are a few, and I've chosen the one I'm fit for. And now, now that I've escaped from all that misery, that mean-

ness, and have brought the eyes of London upon me, and the world is full of smiles for me, and sunshine, and I am happy, you come at last, you that I couldn't find when I wanted you so much, oh, so much!—because you had forgotten me—you come to me out of a darkness like the grave and tell me to give it all up. Yes, yes, yes, that's what you mean—give it all up! Oh, it's cruel!"

She covered her face with her hands and sobbed. He bent over her with a sorrowful face and said, "My child, if I have come out of a darkness as of the grave it is because I had *not* forgotten you there, but was thinking of you every day and hour."

Her sobbing ceased, but the tears still flowed through her fingers.

"Before the poor lad abandoned hope, he came out into the world too—stole out—thinking to find his lost one. I told him to look for you first, and he went to the hospital."

"I saw him."

"You?"

"It was on New Year's Eve. He passed me in the street."

"Ah! Well, he came back, and said you were gone, and all trace of you was lost. Did I forget you after that, Glory?" His husky voice broke off suddenly, and he rose with a look of wretchedness. "You are right, there are two selves in you, and the higher self is so pure, so strong, so unselfish, so noble—oh, I am sure of it, Glory! Only, there's no one to speak to it, no one. I try, but I can't."

She was still crying behind her hands.

"And meanwhile her lower self—there are only too many to speak to *that*—"

Her hands came down from her disordered face and she said, "I know whom you mean."

"I mean the world."

"No, indeed, you mean Mr. Drake. But you are mistaken. Mr. Drake has been a good friend to me, but he isn't anything else and doesn't want to be. Can't you see that when you think of me and talk of me as you would of some other woman you hurt me and degrade me, and I cannot bear it? You see I am crying again—goodness knows why. But I shan't give up my profession. The idea

of such a thing! It's ridiculous! Think of Glory in a convent! One of the poor Clares, perhaps!"

"Hush!"

"Or back in the island serving out sewing at a mothers' meeting! Give it up! Indeed I won't!"

"You shall and you must!"

"Who'll make me?"

"I will!" he answered.

Then she laughed out wildly, but stopped on the instant and looked up at him with glistening eyes. An intense blush came over her face, and her looks grew bright as his grew fierce. A moment afterwards the waiting maid with an inquisitive expression was clearing the table and keeping a smile in reserve for "the lovers' quarrel."

Some of the Guardsmen were in the train going back, and at the next station they changed to the carriage which Glory and John had got into. Apparently they had dined before leaving their club at Maidenhead, and they talked at Glory with covert smiles.

"Going to the Colosseum tonight?" said one.

"If there's time," said another.

"Oh, time enough. The attraction doesn't begin till nine, don't you know, and nobody goes before."

"Tell me she's good, deuced good."

Glory was sitting with her back to the engine, drumming lightly on the window and looking at the setting sun. At first she felt a certain shame at the obvious references, but piqued at John's silence she began to take pride in them, and shot glances at him from under half closed eyelids. John was sitting opposite with his arms folded. At the talk of the men he felt his hands contract and his lips grow cold with the feeling that Glory belonged to everybody now and was common property. Once or twice he looked at them, and became conscious of an impression that had floated about him since he left the brotherhood, that nearly every face he saw had the hideous stamp of self indulgence and sensuality.

But the noises of the train helped him not to hear, and he looked out for London. It lay before them under a canopy of smoke, and now and then a shaft from the setting sun lit up a glass roof and it glit-

tered like a sinister eye. Then there came from afar, over the creaking and groaning of the wheels and the whistle of the engine, the deep multitudinous murmur of that distant sea. The mighty tide was rising and coming up to meet them. Presently they were dashing into the midst of it, and everything was drowned in the splash and roar.

The Guardsmen, being on the platform side, alighted first, and on going off they bowed to Glory with rather more than easy manners. A dash of the devil prompted her to respond demonstratively, but John had risen and was taking off his hat to the men, and they were going away discomfited. Glory was proud of him—he was a man and a gentleman.

(*To be continued.*)

MY CATHEDRAL.

NATURE's evensong is ringing
Through the forest chancels high ;
And the flowers, their censers swinging,
Waft their incense to the sky.

Low the birds their heads have bended ;
Silent are the woodland throats ;
And each sylvan theme is ended,
Save the wind's reverberant notes ;

Now ascending in processional,
Swelling loud in chorus free ;
Now low murmuring in recessional,
Ending softly, reverently.

Ah, thou doubtst ; is there fervor
Where the head is bowed in prayer ?
Unto God or proud Minerva
Doth mankind its vows declare ?

Come with me, when day is ending,
Through the woodland's quiet ways,
I will show you nature sending
Forth her orisons of praise.

Speeds the sun his dying ember,
Earth and air in radiance glow ;
(In cathedral canst remember
Stainèd glass e'er tinted so ?)

Tenderly his beams are straying
Through the silent woodland deep,
And the bended stalks, in praying,
At his touch for rapture leap !

Forest pulses throb devotion ;
Forest voices breathe a prayer
Vibrant with supreme emotion,
For the very God is there !

John Carleton Sherman.

He put her into a hansom under the lamps outside the station, and her face was lit up, but she patted the dog and said, "You have vexed me and you needn't come to see me again. I shall not sing properly this evening, or sleep tonight at all, if that is any satisfaction to you, so you needn't trouble to inquire."

When he reached home Mrs. Callender told him of a shocking occurrence at the fashionable wedding at All Saints' that morning. A young woman had committed suicide during the ceremony. It turned out to be the poor girl who had been dismissed from the hospital.

John Storm remembered Brother Paul.
"I must bury her," he thought.

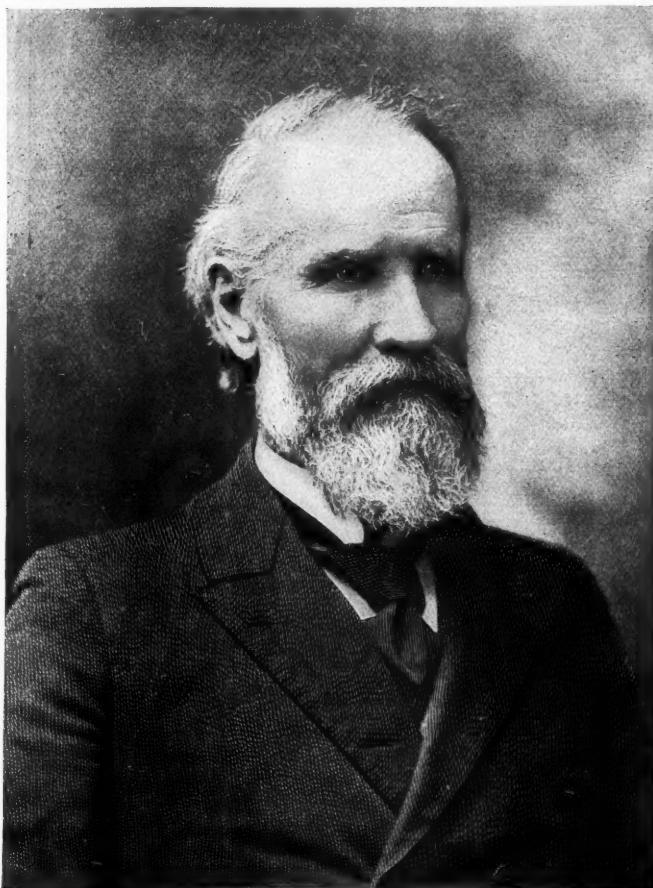
IN THE PUBLIC EYE

THE SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE.

Preëminent as agriculture is among American industries, those whose interests are not in the soil have sometimes questioned whether it should have a special representative in the cabinet. Urban journalists have been flippant enough to poke fun at the secretary of agriculture, or to speak of him as simply an agent for the free distribution of turnip seeds. But in the opinion of those whose judgment is best worth regarding, the office has abundantly justified its creation, and has an ample sphere of useful work.

The recognition of its importance has been

due, partly, to the character and ability of its incumbents—General Rusk, the first secretary, J. Sterling Morton, and the present tenant, James Wilson, of Iowa. Mr. Wilson has the air of a genuine Western farmer. He is a genuine Western farmer, but he is also a good deal more. He is a man of education, an authority upon the scientific side of agriculture, and by no means inexperienced in public life. Born in Scotland more than sixty years ago, he came to America as a boy, settled in Connecticut with his parents, and at twenty moved westward to Iowa to grow up with the country. His neighbors elected



JAMES WILSON, SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE.

From a photograph by Webster, Des Moines.

him to the Legislature, where he acted as speaker of the Assembly, and then sent him to Washington, where he served three terms in Congress. He has for several years been a lecturer at the Iowa Agricultural College, and

Bryan, to whom he bears a decided facial resemblance. Both the Nebraskan and the Texan are clever and even eloquent speakers, and each seems to have a political future before him. The prophets are already hazard-



JOSEPH W. BAILEY, CONGRESSMAN FROM TEXAS.

From a photograph by Taylor, Washington.

with all his other work he has always kept up his own farm. His administration of his present office is pretty sure to be a businesslike, intelligent, and successful one.

A NEW POLITICAL LEADER.

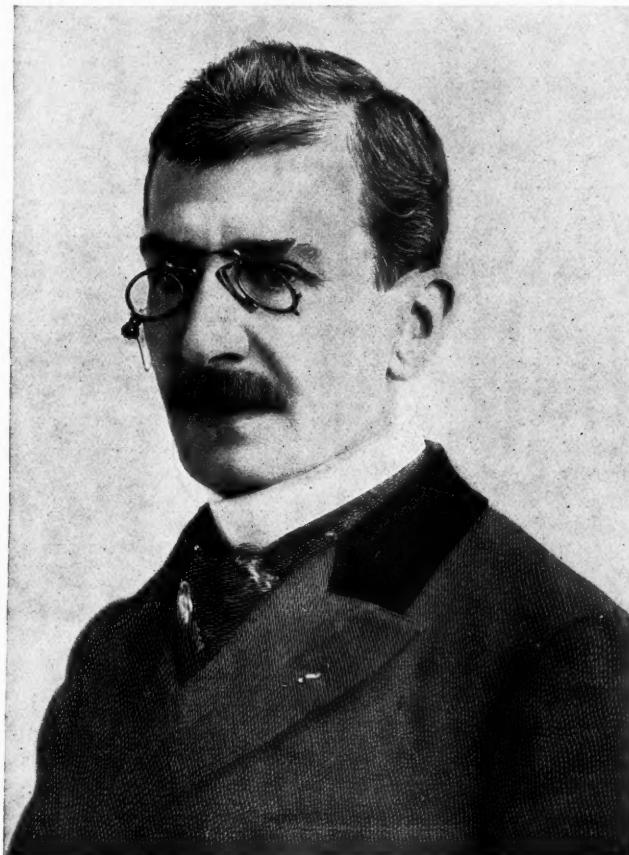
Joseph W. Bailey is probably the youngest man who ever held the leadership of his party in Congress. He is not quite thirty-four—more than three years younger than Mr.

ing the prediction that three years hence they will be rival Democratic candidates for the Presidential nomination.

The newspapers recently made Mr. Bailey's name conspicuous in connection with an incident of very trivial import—his refusal of an invitation to dine at the White House, on the ground that he could not wear a dress suit. Opposition to social convention is not, as a rule, a sign of good taste and sound

judgment, but Mr. Bailey's friends urge that his idiosyncrasy is a harmless one, and that it is not affected with any thought of currying favor with coatless constituents. They say that he has worn evening dress only once in his life—when he acted as best man at a friend's wedding.

In answer to the charge of extreme youth, Mr. Bailey has been heard to recall the fact that Thomas Jefferson was thirty three when he wrote the Declaration of Independence, and Alexander Hamilton thirty one when he formulated the financial policy of the United States—"although," Mr. Bailey modestly



FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE.
From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

Mr. Bailey is a Mississippian by birth, and was a lawyer of some local prominence before he moved to Gainesville, Texas, in 1885. He came to Washington as a Congressman four years ago. The correspondents were inclined, at first, to ridicule his old fashioned style of dress—the traditional "statesman's costume" of the days of Clay and Webster, a black broadcloth suit, with long frock coat and open vest, and a white tie beneath a wide rolling collar; but the stalwart Texan soon became a marked figure in the House, and one of its most popular members.

adds, "I do not wish to compare myself to either Jefferson or Hamilton."

A PROFESSOR OF CRITICISM.

That New York is becoming a center, like London, to which are drawn the best things of the world's art, literature, and science, is a fact suggested by the recent visit of Ferdinand Brunetière, who came from Paris to deliver a series of lectures for Columbia University.

M. Brunetière is one of the representative men of Paris. He is one of the "Forty Im-



NICHOLAS II, CZAR OF RUSSIA.
From his latest photograph by Steen, Copenhagen.

mortals." He is editor of the famous *Revue des Deux Mondes*, a journal that yields an influence in the world of French letters such as none of our literary periodicals can at all parallel. He is a professor at the Collège de France, and wears the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. In the art and science of criticism—more cultivated and more highly esteemed in France than with us—he is one of the foremost living authorities.

He represents the reaction of French thought against the modern triumphs of realism and materialism. Once an agnostic, he has become convinced that religion is a valuable, even an essential, factor in society; and his

most notable book, "The Bankruptcy of Science," is a strong statement of this theory. In his New York lectures he made a pointed attack upon Zola, whose so called realistic work he regards as untrue both to art and to nature, as well as a perversion of the mission of fiction. The *Revue des Deux Mondes*, it may be recalled, has stoutly opposed Zola's repeated attempts to force his way into the Academy.

M. Brunetière is a spare, dark man of medium height, a little less than fifty years old. His portrait shows a smooth chin, but when in New York he wore a closely cropped beard. His manner on the platform was



ALEXANDRA, CZARINA OF RUSSIA.

From her latest photograph by Steen, Copenhagen.

natural and easy, and his enunciation delightfully clear.

AN IMPERIAL YOUTH.

This is the age of the young man. Never before have the prerogatives of the man of years been usurped, as they are today, by youth. In the world of science this statement holds by the logic of events. Only within the last decade have our scientific schools reached the fullness of their power; their youngest alumni possess, consequently, a completeness of technical knowledge to which older men of wide experience but scanty opportunities give willing recognition.

As a result, we find the impelling forces of great commercial enterprises emanant in many instances from young men.

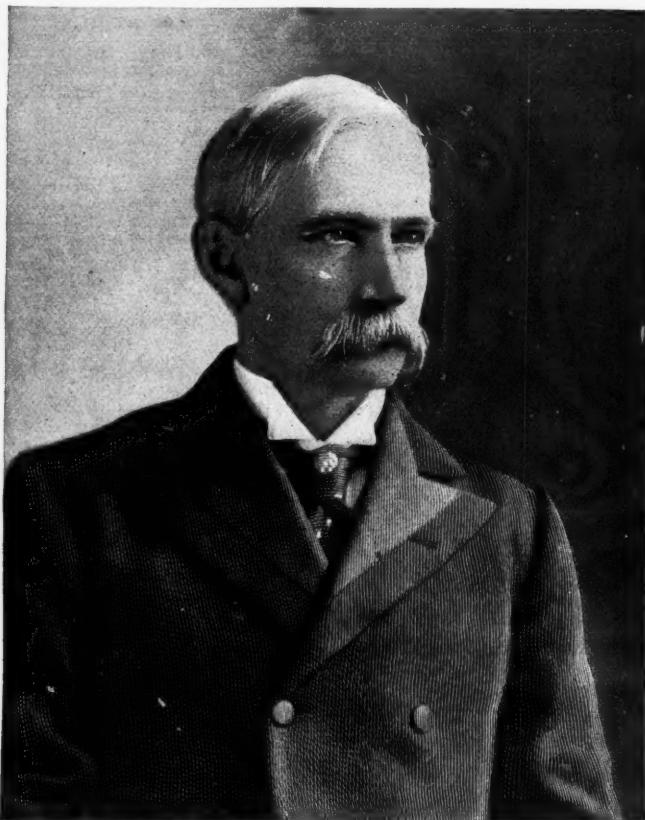
The statement holds, to a more limited degree, in the world of letters, for reasons which are less easy to trace; and it obtains with startling insistence in the affairs of empires by a manifestation of the mysterious working of human destiny which defies the impertinence of investigation. The Emperor of China is a mere boy. The scepter of united Germany is in the hand of a sovereign whose untamed and youthful ardor has kept Europe in a state of palpitating expectancy ever since his father died. The thrones of

Spain and Holland are occupied by children whose adolescence suggests problems of no mean import.

But our axiom finds its fittest illustration in the person of Nicholas II, the Czar of Russia. The impressive ceremonies of his coronation revealed to the cheering multi-

England, he is bound by the branchings of the much twisted family tree of European royalty, and he is not a man to forget it.

The Czarina is the child of that Princess Alice who was Queen Victoria's favorite daughter, and whom the English people adored with an ardor not vouchsafed to the



WILLIAM L. WILSON, LATE POSTMASTER GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

tudes a youth, tall and slender, of kingly carriage but kindly features, awed by the thought of his overwhelming obligations to his people and by the shadow of his own inscrutable future.

Statesmen may wait with breathless interest for the unfolding of the young Czar's imperial purposes, but we feel that there is not much to fear from this son and husband, who, at the supreme moment of his enthronement, turned with misty eyes to the embrace of his widowed mother and the tender endearments of his young wife. He is closely observant of the ties of kinship. To the thrones of Denmark, Greece, Germany, and

other children of the German consort Albert. This, too, is a family tie that augurs well for the peace of Europe. The Czar comes to the throne with the restraining influences of a broad and liberal education, widely different from the military tutelage of the German emperor, and his wife inherits the sweet and tender qualities of the Princess Alice.

With so many benign directing forces potent over these two lives, there cannot be much cause for political unrest in regard to the direction of their great personal influence. Indeed, we venture to predict that this "young despot," as Mr. Gladstone recently termed him, will be called, as his



MRS. BURTON HARRISON.
From a photograph by Falk, New York.

father was called before him, the keeper of the peace of Europe.

MR. WILSON AS A COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

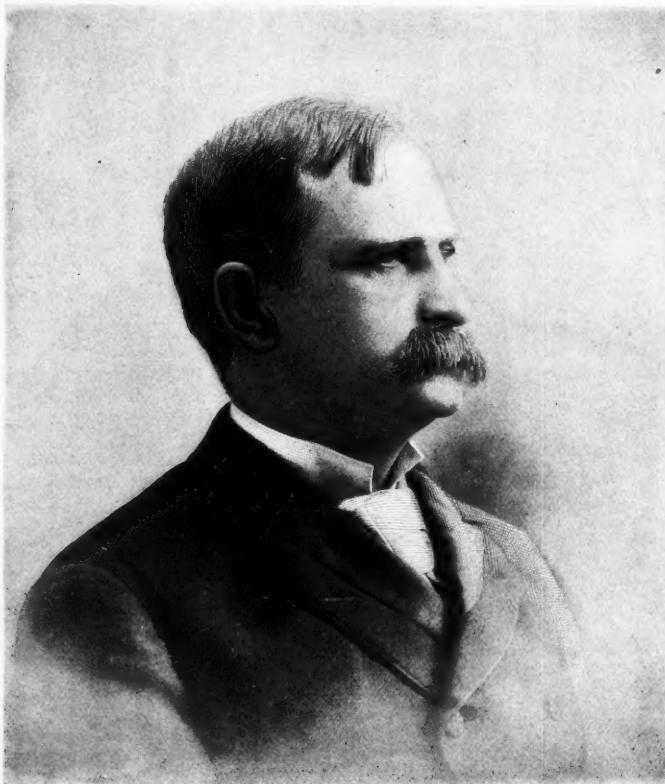
Though he is "out of politics," at least for the present, William L. Wilson will always be an interesting personality. While Mr. Dingley and his associates are trying to improve upon our present fiscal system, the principal author of the Wilson tariff is of especial contemporary interest. Whether he regards the proposed changes as judicious and just may readily be inferred from a perusal of the article he contributes to this month's *MUNSEY'S*, which will be read with attention

even by those who disagree with its author's conclusions.

Mr. Wilson was the scholar of the last cabinet. His career has been divided between politics, war, the law, and college life, and it is to this last that he has now returned as president of the Washington and Lee University. His predecessors in the headship of the famous old Virginia college were the two Lees, father and son—Robert E., the great soldier of the Confederacy, and General Custis Lee. Mr. Wilson also served in the Southern army, enlisting shortly after his graduation from the University of Virginia. After the war he was for several years pro-

fessor of Latin in the Columbian University, in Washington. He was president of another institution, the West Virginia University, when first elected to Congress in 1882. He was five times reëlected, and became one of the conspicuous figures of the House. In the

Macedon, father of Alexander the Great—which he wears as a scarf pin. It is almost a unique specimen, and two years ago, when Mr. Wilson was in London, the British Museum experts offered him a handsome price for it; but he declined to part with his



CARROLL D. WRIGHT, UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER OF LABOR.

From a photograph by Pierson, Elizabeth.

Fifty Third Congress, as chairman of the ways and means committee, he framed the tariff measure that bore his name, and carried through the bill for the repeal of the Sherman silver purchase law.

Mr. Wilson is small of stature and slender in figure. He has the pale, intellectual face of a student, with keen, gray eyes, and hair that has become very white in the last four years—which have been, with him, years of very hard work and great responsibility. He has four grown up sons, promising young fellows, and two daughters. He has amassed but little wealth, and his way of life in Washington was always quite unpretentious. One of his most cherished possessions is an ancient Greek coin—a gold stater of Philip of

treasured relic of “the glory that was Greece.”

A DELINEATOR OF AMERICAN SOCIETY.

This month's article in our series of “literary confessions” is from the clever pen of Mrs. Burton Harrison, who begins the story of her favoritisms in fiction from the days of her girlhood in an old Fairfax County home-stead. Mrs. Harrison has lived for more than twenty years in New York, where her husband—who as a young man was Jefferson Davis' private secretary—is a well known lawyer; but both of them are thorough Southerners. As a critic and delineator of metropolitan life—a rôle in which she has no equal—the fact that she was not a born and

bred Gothamite undoubtedly aided her. Her early years in the South, and her residence abroad, gave her a view point. No one who is a part of New York society, as she is, has watched and recorded its development during the present generation with the keen and humorous insight that stamps her work with individuality. Next month we shall print in *MUNSEY'S* a characteristic article in which she traces the evolution of that marked modern type, the "society woman" of the New York of today.

Mrs. Harrison is as familiar with the best life of England as with that of America. Her people, the Virginia Carys, are related to the English family of Cary, whose head is Viscount Falkland, the bearer of a title nearly three hundred years old. She has been a guest at Lord Falkland's town house, in Eaton Square, in many London seasons, and she has traveled in quite or nearly every country of Europe. She has been writing for twenty years, and always with the approval of the critics; but it was that clever study of contemporary social types, "*The Anglomaniacs*," published about eight years ago, that won her first rate rank among the novelists of the day.

THE COMMISSIONER OF LABOR.

The Federal labor bureau, like the secretaryship of agriculture, is a comparatively recent addition to the executive departments of our government. The present commissioner, Carroll D. Wright, is the first incumbent of the office, to which he was appointed upon its creation by Congress, a few years ago. His duty has nothing whatever to do with the settlement of strikes or with the procuring of employment for the idle. He is charged with the collection of facts and figures upon the condition of labor in all its phases, for the information of the government and the public, and to serve as a basis for intelligent legislation upon this all important subject.

Commissioner Wright is a man who has won distinction in several fields. He served with credit in the civil war, entering a New Hampshire regiment as a private soldier, and being mustered out as its colonel. He was a successful lawyer in Boston before he entered public life. After two terms in the Massachusetts Senate, he became chief of the bureau of labor statistics instituted by the Bay State, and his very able and useful work in this last capacity won him a national reputation as an authority in the field of scientific sociology. On an earlier page of the present magazine there is printed an article from his pen which reveals him as an earnest sympathizer with all that makes

for the uplifting of the mass of our population, and as a keen and appreciative analyst of the elements that contribute to social progress.

The story is told that when Mr. Edison visited Berlin, some time ago, the Kaiser summoned him to the palace and privately inspected the workings of his latest electrical devices, getting a full explanation from the inventor. Next day his majesty had the exhibition repeated in public, and astonished his courtiers by his familiarity with inventions that were new and mysterious to everybody else.

A French traveler reports that Menelek, of Abyssinia, has a more genuine talent for mechanics. The African monarch had sent for a sewing machine, and one arrived, in parts. No one—not even the French visitor—could put it together, till Menelek took it to his rooms one evening, and the next morning displayed it, in complete running order, to the queen and his guest.

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Secretary Sherman is rated as a millionaire, chiefly as the result of very successful investments in Washington real estate; but he laid the foundation for his fortune when he started life with the resolution that he would save five hundred dollars each year. Rich candidates for office are seldom popular with the great American public, and Mr. Sherman has been much annoyed by the circulation of stories about his wealth during political campaigns. A newspaper correspondent relates that when the secretary first determined to build the fine white stone residence in which he now lives at Washington, he was very indignant at the premature publication of his plans, and went so far as to deny the whole story, although the house was begun as soon as he was assured of another term in the Senate.

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Camille Flammarion, the famous French astronomer, is the owner of a small estate at Juvisy, near Paris, which was presented to him by a rich old gentleman who admired his work. Here is situated his private observatory, and here he spends the greater part of his time. The estate is called "Cour de France" because the French kings were accustomed to change horses there on their way to Fontainebleau. Napoleon spent the night before his abdication within the walls of the house. M. Flammarion's observatory occupies a hill, having an unimpeded view of the surrounding country, and here is kept the collection of astronomical and photographic instruments which the celebrated

scientist has been at such pains to bring together.

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Dr. Stubbs, Bishop of Oxford, is one of the leading figures of the Church of England, as well as a learned historical authority. He has also been suspected of being a humorist—a character seldom found on the episcopal bench. A country rector in the Oxford diocese once bored him with voluminous letters about a painting which the clergyman wished to hang in his parish church, but concerning which some unimportant question had arisen. After several fruitless efforts to end the correspondence, Dr. Stubbs sent the rector a postal card bearing the brief message: "Hang your picture!—W.Oxon." ("Oxon." is the official signature of the Bishop of Oxford.) The clergyman has never quite made up his mind what his ecclesiastical superior meant.

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No one knows, each night, just where the Sultan of Turkey spends the hours of darkness. He has a series of bed rooms—as many as fifty, it is said, in some of his palaces—and to these he retires alone, sleeping in whatever apartment may take his fancy. The doors are of iron, and have highly elaborate locks.

Rechad Effendi, who is regarded as Abdul Hamid's probable heir, is the owner of something that is exceedingly rare among Turks—a head of red hair. Should he succeed to the throne now occupied by his brother, it is said that he will be obliged to dye his sandy locks jet black. He is described as a genial, well educated, and thoroughly progressive man, and an excellent performer on the piano.

* * * *

Chulalongkorn, King of Siam, who is reported to be contemplating a visit to America, is described as an intelligent, dignified, and affable ruler, who appreciates Western ideas. He speaks and reads English well, having learned the language from Dr. Gowan, who was for years his physician and close friend. His two eldest sons were sent to England to finish their education. Basil Thomson, who has since attracted attention as a novelist, and who is a son of the late Archbishop of York, was their tutor. The king has five other sons, the children of his two queens.

* * * *

Sir Henry Yelverton Goring, an English baronet who succeeded to his title a few weeks ago, was born to poverty, in spite of his aristocratic connections. He enlisted in the army, rose to be a sergeant, and, after

seeing service in different parts of the world, retired ten years ago on a pension of about six dollars a week. To this scarcely magnificent income he added by opening a small tobacco shop in the country town of Tamworth. His recent succession to the baronetcy was the result of several deaths in an elder branch of the Goring family.

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The most famous orchid collection in the world, probably, is that of Joseph Chamberlain, the English colonial secretary, who constantly wears one of his costly favorite blossoms as a boutonnière. The orchid houses at his Birmingham home are worth, with their contents, somewhere from eighty to a hundred thousand dollars; but they are far surpassed by those of the Empress Frederick, whose collection of these wonderful flowers is valued at about twice as much.

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Premier Ralli, whom the failure of M Delyannis' military plans brought to the head of the Greek government, bears a name almost as well known in England as in his own country. Several members of the family to which he belongs are wealthy merchants in London and Liverpool, and their commercial interests spread all over the world. Five of the English Rallis are popularly rated as possessing fortunes of \$2,500,000 or more.

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Four or five years hence, probably, the greatest heiress in the world will appear before the society of Europe in the person of Mlle. Lucienne Hirsch, daughter of the late Baron Hirsch, the Jewish millionaire and philanthropist. She is now a girl of fourteen, and is being quietly educated in Brussels under the guardianship of Mme. Montefiore Levi, the baron's sister, who is also possessed of great wealth.

* * * *

There are five European kings, according to foreign correspondents, who cannot dance. The quintet of wallflowers consists of King Umberto, the Austrian emperor, the veteran rulers of Denmark and Saxony, and the King of the Belgians. On the other hand, as if to balance the failings of masculine royalty, it is said that there are six queens who smoke.

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According to a recent report from Russia, Count Tolstoy has lately taken up chess, and taken it up vigorously, like all his other hobbies. He makes his family play with him all day long, and has ruled off a chessboard on almost every table in his house at Moscow. Even his dogs and cats have been christened with the names of chess pieces.



STORIETTES

THE WINGS LOVE KEPT.

THE sunlight fell in great big patches, like a coat of many colors, upon Love, as he sat sorting out his specimens.

A girl with a color box and camp stool came along and settled herself not very far from Love, for he made an interesting figure in the landscape, and she wished to note him down. Love looked her way.

"Would you mind telling me who you are?" he asked. "I always like to know whom I am favoring."

"Willingly," answered the girl, selecting brushes from her box. "I am an impressionist."

"That's good," said Love in a reflective tone that made her glance at him. He looked straight in her eyes. "And what may your impression be of me?"

The girl's eyes faltered. She hesitated a moment, and then, consulting the colors she had chosen on her palette, she replied, "Purple—purple and yellow."

"I must be a beauty," mused Love. "Please don't feel hurt," he added as he saw her cringing. "Those are my colors—honor bright—but I've always considered them more as symbolism than complexion. They go with my coat of arms and my motto, *veni, vidi, vici.*"

The girl laughed. "You borrow from a well known man," she said.

"People are apt to forget my age when I am with them," Love said quietly. "If you will think a moment you will see that it is much more probable that the man you have reference to borrowed from me."

The girl looked at him. "Perhaps it is," she sighed. "But I thought blue was your symbolic color—for constancy."

"Blue is my color—for constancy," said Love, "but I have others for other things. I have as many colors as there are in this collection."

The girl laid down her palette and brushes and came over to where Love was sitting. "How strange," she said. "What do you have here? Butterflies' wings?"

"Souls' wings," responded Love. "I have the best collection in the world. Here are some purple ones if you would like to use them for a color note. They belonged to a princess—a princess in soul."

The girl drew a long, wondering breath. "How beautiful!" she said. "I thought souls had white wings."

"White wings?" repeated Love. "Well, that depends very much on the soul. Now, these green wings belonged to a soul so full of hope that it was a joy to be with him, and when I had to go away I took them for remembrance."

"And what became of the soul when you took off the wings?"

"I do not know," said Love. "You see," he went on, as he noticed the deepening trouble of her eyes, "I am studying the flight of souls, and it is very necessary that I should understand the structure of their wings. Those damaged ones belonged to such a 'flighty' soul." Love hoped to reassure her, but she only paled.

"You are cruel!" she cried, shrinking back. "I wish I had not heard it! Oh, how can I paint you now?" The tears brimmed in her eyes. She dashed them away and knelt to pick a flower, but the tears brimmed and she could not see. "I—I am so disappointed in you."

Love looked at her a while, and he, too, seemed about to cry, for she had wounded him. And then he saw that she would almost break her heart about her disappointment, and he went and slipped his hand in hers. "You can paint me now," he said, laying his cheek tenderly against her hand. "You could not have done it before; you did not understand."

"I am disappointed in you," said the girl, and yet she let him put his arms about her neck.

"You can paint me now," he whispered, kissing her.

The girl smiled a little tremulously, but the sunshine made a shimmering rainbow about her as she unclasped his arms gently and went back to her work. She could not trust herself to meet his eyes, but she worked resolutely while the light lasted and while Love was busy with his specimens. At last he rose, and going to where she was working, he paused beside her easel.

"You have begun well," he said to her. "I think you will be able to finish now from memory, for I must be going along. We have each gained from having met. You have your impression of me, and I—I have my impression of you."

"Oh!" said the girl. She could not bear to have him go. She felt that she had made but a poor impression upon Love, and she glanced up in protest. He was not looking

at her. His eyes were bent fondly upon his collection, to which he had just added the fairest wings of all. "Who—whose are those?" she asked.

"Those? Those are yours," said Love.
Marguerite Tracy.

TOO LATE!

A WOMAN knew that love was in her life.

One came, reverently to touch her hand and look into her eyes, if haply he might find there rest for what was throbbing in his heart.

The woman wavered and drew back. "How foolish I am!" she thought. "Where is the fame—and the wealth—and the beauty?"

She wrapped her love in a shimmering tissue of friendship, and tied it firmly with a cord of indifference—to wait for a day that would come. The taut cord pressed painfully.

"Childishness!" exclaimed the woman with impatience, and deftly wound many cords together and intertwined them.

Then love sat inert. "Now I am safe—until that day."

She waited—and at length one came with wealth and fame, and stooped to kiss her hand. "This must be he," whispered the woman, beginning to unloose the cords.

One by one they fell.

"Dear Love, waken. It's morning!" she said softly, and pulled aside the covering.

But there was nothing inside.

Jean Marie Lawrence.

AT THE LAWN FAIR.

WITH a grim, hurt feeling at his heart, Shilton watched her as she stepped lightly across the lawn with Jackson, his rival, a handsome blond Northerner. The whole week had gone wrong. On Monday she had declined to go boating, because she was going for a ride—with his rival. On Tuesday she had refused him a walk, pleading a previous engagement—with his rival. On Wednesday she was tired from the night before, and would not go rowing with him. That evening she had worn a bunch of daisies which he had seen his rival plucking. Then, childishly enough, he had avoided her for two days, and then for the next two days she seemed to avoid him; and so things had gone from bad to worse.

There seemed, now, a studied coldness between them. The last and worst stroke of all was when he saw his rival wearing the scarf pin he himself had given her. He had reasoned it all out logically, and found that he had no reason to feel hurt, since he had no

claim whatever upon her; but his heart refused logic utterly.

He walked away and sat under a tree with his back to the direction in which she had gone. In a few moments, however, he heard her merry laugh, and saw her again by the light of the low swung Japanese lanterns. The soft light fell prettily over her white gown, which was sheer and cloudy—"floaty," as Shilton called it. He saw his rival take her hand and lead her into a few steps of the minuet.

"Would it not be fine to dance out here on the grass?" he heard her say. And then he saw them take position for a two step.

"You must whistle the 'Directory,'" she said.

"I can't think of it," answered his rival, still keeping the position.

"Then we can't dance," she laughed again. "I will only dance it to the 'Directory.'"

Shilton clenched his hands and walked back and forth in the deep shadows of the tree. It was not long before he was besieged by energetic ladies and enthusiastic girls asking him to buy any number of nameless little trinkets, for it was the evening of the yearly summer mission fair of the Hot Springs, held on the hotel lawn.

One pretty girl begged him to have his picture taken by flashlight. "Only," she said laughing, "you must stop frowning so blackly, or the flashlight will be of no use."

When she was gone he frowned twice as blackly. Then others came, asking him to take chances for bed quilts, embroideries, paintings, lamps, and other things which he hated. Some one else pleaded with him to give a dollar to have his silhouette cut, and he gave two dollars not to have it cut. At last a pretty girl of fifteen came to him and said:

"Mr. Shilton, you must have your fortune told! You must find out if she loves you! You know it is worth a quarter. Come now, isn't it?"

Shilton, being perfectly aware that it was worth the whole world to him, did not deny her statement, but stood frowning.

"Ah, do come!" she pleaded. "Mrs. Parker Averill is our fortune teller. There! I really ought not have told you. It is a secret. She is disguised, you know, and wears a veil and all, so that no one knows her. But she does tell the most wonderful things!"

It seemed so utterly foolish to have his fortune told. Besides, he knew Mrs. Averill by sight only. Not knowing him, she would have to make up a lot of impossible things about his being in love and marrying, and all the rest of the unlikely rubbish these people

usually tell. Nevertheless, the pretty little fortune agent urged, and he followed her.

The tent was the conventional gipsy booth, with a caldron, which, in consideration of the August night, had only a mock fire under it. The sides of the tent were hung with skins, and here and there, peering out uncomfortably from unsuspected places, were great Japanese spiders and toads. It was quite dark, too, save for the weird light of a red lantern at the entrance. With her back to this, and closely enveloped in a long cloak, sat the fortune teller, her face concealed by a Spanish veil, fastened under a fantastic head-dress.

"The very best of luck to you!" said the girl of fifteen, as she left him in charge of the gipsy.

Rather doggedly, and feeling very like a schoolboy, he sat down on the little low seat before the fortune teller.

"Palm or cards?" said the gipsy, drawing her cloak more closely about her.

"Oh, the infallible cards, by all means," said Shilton, a little sneeringly.

She bade him shuffle and cut the pack. Then she spread them out one by one before her, on a board covered with deerskin.

"Now let me see, you are not entirely blond. I think I shall run you through as the Jack of Hearts. Where is the Jack of Hearts? Ah, yes! Very fortunate!" she began mysteriously. "Wealth, health, and advantage cards together. Much travel. You have traveled a great deal, have you not?"

He nodded his head.

"Pessimistically inclined. Yes, at one time you were very pessimistic, shortly after the death of some one dear to you."

He had once lost a sister, and afterwards almost gone to the dogs. But Mrs. Averill could not know that; it was a mere coincidence. He looked up sharply at the gipsy, but she continued:

"Yes, your nature is a little unfortunate, a little unhappy. Lately—no—yes, lately you have loved. There is a blond man; and the jealousy card, the three of clubs, is between you and the blond man. She is a blonde. Spades. Clubs. Ah, misfortune comes to you through jealousy. It is that unfortunate nature of yours again," she said solemnly, putting her finger on a black card near the Jack of Hearts. "The card of imagination near to it. You have imagined! And yet she—the blonde—you have no warrant for it. Only light cards surround her. You have misjudged her."

"How do you mean?" he was startled into saying.

"See!" she said, laying her finger on the hated Jack of Diamonds, which stood for his

rival. "You have no cause for jealousy. There are no love cards between them. She does not love him."

"Are you sure?" asked Shilton.

"Quite," said the gipsy.

"But she might, because he loves her," insisted Shilton.

"Yes," said the gipsy in a low voice, "perhaps he does."

"Well, then," said Shilton, trying to laugh lightly, "I don't see but I've a right to that imagination of mine, after all. Do you mean to say I've no cause for jealousy with that Jack of Diamonds so near my blonde of Spades?"

"None," she replied solemnly.

"No danger of her falling in love with him?"

"No," said the gipsy, "the love cards are not there."

"Where are they, then?"

"Here they are, on the other side of the blonde—the nine, five, and seven of hearts."

Shilton drew up nearer in a businesslike way. He wanted to get the run of it all. "On the other side," he said, "five, seven, nine—those are love cards? Well, what does that mean?" He looked puzzled, and then put his finger on the Jack of Hearts. "Isn't that myself—that Jack of Hearts?"

"Yes," said the gipsy dreamily.

"Then the love cards are between the Queen of Spades—that is my blonde—and the Jack of Hearts—which is myself?"

The fortune teller assented.

"Then that means—she loves me?"

"Yes," said the gipsy almost under her breath, "she does."

Shilton thought a moment. "Well, that's just where you're wrong," he said ungraciously, and rose with a frown. Then he laughed a harsh, irritated laugh. "You see, I knew before I came in. So you will excuse my saying it is rubbish. But here is a dollar for the cause."

As he was leaving the tent, Mrs. Parker Averill passed him, going into it. "You poor dear child!" he heard her say. "Did you grow very tired waiting for me? It was so good of you to take my place for a while. Have you told many fortunes?"

He stopped just beyond the tent, and heard the gipsy answer. It was not in the mysterious tones he had heard but in a girlish voice which he thought he knew better than any other voice in the world. His heart leaped up and then seemed to stand still.

"Yes," it said softly, "and nobody guessed in the least that it was I."

He waited a few minutes, until the long red robe and veil thrown off, she fluttered out

of the tent in her filmy white dress, like a white moth.

"Alice!" he said softly.

With a little cry she found herself face to face with him.

A few minutes later the Jack of Diamonds, holding something between his fingers, came sauntering up to where the Queen of Spades and the Jack of Hearts were walking beneath the shade of an oak tree.

"Do you know," he said, taking no notice of the Jack of Hearts, "I'm so glad to have found you. I've only just learned that this stick pin belongs to you. I found it two days ago, and have even worn it once or twice. I am awfully sorry to have kept it. You will forgive me, won't you? There were no intentions."

"It's not really mine," said the Queen of Spades, for the same lack of reason that girls say many things.

"Yes, it is hers," said the Jack of Hearts pleasantly, taking it from the Jack of Diamonds. "At least it is mine, and it is just the same thing."

And then the Jack of Diamonds said, "Oh!"

Laura Spencer Portor.

NO. 9—WALTZ—LA MANOLA.

"GIVE you this dance! But I couldn't possibly! It's promised to Mr. Trevor. Here he comes now. Permit me—Mr. Trevor, Mr. Brand. Yes, this is our waltz, Mr. Trevor—excuse us, please, Mr. Brand—this music is too good to lose. The Military? Ah, no! The old Spanish waltz is best, don't you think so? There! Take me quite around—that was lovely! I do love to have the whole floor! You won't let me slip, will you? But I didn't say you might go to the other extreme—stop, please!"

"How perfectly your step matches mine! Oh, no—don't stop yet! Round once more—there! I'm not tired—a-at all! Well—fan me, please—wasn't that perfect? The piazza? We can step right out through the window.

"How delightfully cool it is out here! The beach? What, with thin dancing slippers! It does look lovely, though! That moonlight is simply bewitching! Well, just for one little minute—my shawl, please! Oh, be careful—your disarranging my hair! What, away down there by the surf? Well—come on! Oh, isn't this beautiful! Just see how each little wave catches the silvery light! And the waltz—listen—the breakers are dancing to it! Ah, Jack; please don't! Is that why you made me come out here? Do you know what you are saying? Do you really mean it? Say that?—oh, I couldn't!"

No! No! Ah, Jack, *must* I? Well, then—I—I—I think I do love you—just a little!"

Clarence Herbert New.

A WOODLAND PATH.

SOON after leaving Transylvania I married and settled down out there in Nebraska, on the farm where I have been working for nearly forty years. I have not been doing much else, in fact, but drudging my life away. At first I occasionally got down Horace or Theocritus, and read a little, but that was long ago. Years after, when the boys came home from college for their vacation, I used to tell them what a student I had been once, and I brought in my old books, but—well, the boys said that I would have to get a "pony."

Last winter we decided, my wife and I, to come back to Kentucky, where one of my brothers lived on the old home place, and rest all spring, while my boys put in the crop at home. To spend spring in Kentucky!

We have been here three days now. The day we came was one of those bright, sunshiny days in early spring when the warmth of the conquering sun is beginning to triumph over the frost of winter; when there is just a faint, lingering hint of the icy season in the air; when everything seems to be living and moving; when you feel like sitting out in the sun and soaking your soul and body full of the busy life and sunshine about you. It seems as if the sun had carelessly spilled a little sunshine into your soul. You even have a warm feeling for the turkeys and chickens, industriously scratching and sunning in the first dust of the year. You laugh as you watch the barefooted, light hearted boy who goes running and whistling down to the muddy creek, and sticks his bare hand into the cold water to see if it is not about time for "fishin'" and "swimmin'."

This was the sort of day, as I was saying, when I came in at noon; and while the folks were busy getting dinner I wandered, in a hazy, idle dream of long ago, out into the orchard. I lay down in the grass and in the sunshine, under the old Early Harvest apple tree, where we used to swing in the dear old boughs amid the pink and white blossoms, and to watch the white and blue tinted clouds, like ships at sea, sailing across the blue heavens, and to wonder when they would come sailing home to us. I had a notion to climb to that dear old limb, but it was older than it used to be, and looked rather rotten; so I lay there and peeped up through the fragrant, snowy blossoms to the sky above. Somehow a sort of tender, dreamy feeling for the hills, and wood, and meadow land, came

rushing over me; and somehow, I thought I was lazily wandering along with the boys and girls again, coming home from school along the old time woodland path.

I was back there, this bright spring day, loitering along with the rest—Madge is the only name I can recall now; wandering with the path through the sweet scented red and white topped clover; straggling by a field of green, rivery rippling wheat; then running down across the hillside where the dandelions, peeping out of the grass here and there, hardy little messengers of spring, fringed the path with rich yellow splendor.

Next we are in the orchard, where the apple blossoms, blown off by the gentle April breezes, are drifting lazily into the long green grass. The drowsy, droning bumble and honey bees stumble and stagger by on lazy wings, as if loaded down with the honey stolen from the abounding blossoms. A robin sings in the gnarled old apple tree hard by, while a lazy south wind brings the sweet smell of an April shower, hardly an hour old. We linger here a moment, while I jump and grasp some low hanging bough that brings a shower of white petals and fresh rain to the earth. Then I climb to the topmost branch to get that sprig of pink apple blossoms, like the color in her cheeks, for Madge.

From the orchard the path winds under low hanging beech and elm, where the cardinal sits upon the topmost branch, pouring forth his heart in a song of joy. You can tell that he feels that the skies are blue, and the grass is growing. Here we stop and gather the first spring flowers, shaking from them the drops of fresh, sweet rain.

A step farther on, and we are walking through a stretch of rich open woods, where the pale, sweet cowslips, Madge's favorite flowers, bloom in the late spring. The delicate white ones, nodding gracefully on their tall stems, always remind me of her. It is hardly time for them yet, but they are coming, for the clusters of smooth, dark green leaves have already begun to shoot forth from their long bare stems.

Next the path winds along the brookside, where the cattle splash and drink, and chew their cuds the livelong day, under the spreading old sycamore where "Madge" and "Tom" are cut, one above the other, deep in the white bark, and a heart just below, with "T. W." and "M. W." in it. Then, zigzagging through cattails and water lilies, where the lazy bullfrog croaks at twilight, we pass over old stumps and rotten logs, and old and new blackberry briars, into damp, deep, darker places; dim, cool moss covered dells, and flower strewn glades, where the shy chipmunk peeps from the

moss grown log, and the bushy tailed squirrel springs from the old rock fence to the young walnut hard by. Here the sweet blue violets grow around the rocks and roots of the trees, and the crowfoots and crocuses shoot out of the damp earth—the first pledges of blithesome May. Here I gathered buttercups and violets for Madge, the violets to match the blue of her eyes, the buttercups her golden hair.

Now we lazily climb, resting a moment on the topmost rider, an old, lichen bearded worm fence, with a broken rail, and jump with our bare brown feet into the cool, wet mud of the cornfield. We rake, as we go along, the mud from our toes upon the long wet grass that fringes the path. We stand amid the green corn and listen to the crow as he croaks from the dead limb of a solitary oak, and the "bob white" as he whirls away from his perch on the old rail fence, piping his name as he goes.

On goes the path until we let down the barnyard bars and go up the lane, lined with maple and locust, among the lowing cows that have come up to be milked and are standing close to the gate, looking longingly toward the hungry, frisky calves on the other side.

Then we go through the old gate, with its one hinge at the top, and under the fragrant lilac bush in front, around the house and into the kitchen, where mother is getting supper, and fixing the table on the porch for the first time this year. Here at the old farm house, in the evening twilight, amid the lowing of the cattle, and the neighing of the horses, with the farm hands just in from the field—amid the clash of the harness, and the thump of the corn as it is thrown into the feed box, and the rattle of the sweep as it goes down into the well to fill the moss covered watering trough, with the mint growing where the water steals over the side, and with the smell of fried ham from the kitchen—here ends this old time woodland path, so dear in the days of long ago.

And what became of Madge? Why, like the apple blossoms, the violets, the buttercups, and the cowslips, she was a spring flower. When summer came with its heat and dust—well, they have flowers that bloom forever in Heaven.

But this is not a romance. Madge, I believe, married a young country lad, and went West. They farm now with their three boys and two girls. Madge hasn't changed much—and just then I heard a sweet old voice behind me: "Tom, my dear, dinner's ready."

"Why, Madge, how you frightened me," I said, as I slowly arose and put my arm around her, and stooped and kissed the tired,

faded lips with as much fervor as I did forty odd years before on our wedding day.

"Why, Tom," she said, with some of the old time ring in her voice, "that is the first time in years—and there are tears in your eyes, too!"

Still holding her I reached up and pulled a sprig of white blossoms, to match the color of her hair, and fastening them in the smooth old locks, "Do you remember, Madge?" I said.

And there were tears in her eyes, too.

Frank Waller Allen.

AT THE DINNER TABLE.

THE guests were about going out to dinner, and Mrs. Van Decken said to Harrison Staples: "Come and be presented to my little cousin. You are to take her out."

"I shall be delighted," he said; but he was not. He knew that she had recently come from somewhere in the country, and the dinner was to be a long one.

"I know what you are thinking," said Mrs. Van Decken deprecatingly. "I was to have given you Marjorie Fenton, for I know you enjoy her witty flings; but at the last moment I had word that a bad cold would keep her away, and so I give you Phillina. This is her first big dinner party, and I know you will be amiable to her."

Staples said that nothing could please him more. He was introduced to Phillina, offered her his arm, and they joined the procession dinnerwards.

"She's really pretty," he thought as they seated themselves. "She has lovely eyes, but how she does stare out of them!"

Phillina was thinking of all she had heard about Harrison Staples. He was asked everywhere, was so cynical, and knew so much of the world. Phillina knew nothing of the world, but she thought she would like to learn.

After his third oyster Staples asked her how she liked New York. He thought that would do as well as anything to say.

Phillina liked it, but she didn't think she would ever get acquainted with the people.

"It never occurred to me that we were a difficult people to get on with," remarked Staples.

"But getting on with people is not knowing them!" exclaimed Phillina. "The people here all talk a great deal, but one never seems to get nearer to them."

"I see you are a sentimental young lady."

"I am not sentimental, and I think it is very unkind in you to say so," said Phillina, with a look of indignant reproach. Somehow she felt deeply hurt.

"What a killing glance she can give!" thought Staples, and he was conscious that he no longer felt bored. "Now you are angry with me," he said. "Please don't be."

"But you are very unjust to say I am sentimental, just because I like to really know people. Don't you care to know the hearts of your friends?"

"Heaven forbid!" said Staples. "I don't even want to know my own heart."

"Is it so desperately wicked?" inquired Phillina. She felt that she was pleasing him, and experienced an exhilarating sensation.

"Unspeakably! Do you make a study of your own heart, Miss Van Decken?"

"I never thought about it until I came to the city," said Phillina, evidently thinking about something that disturbed her, for she blushed and hastily changed the subject.

"Don't let us talk of hearts when we are having our soup; let us wait till the sweet-meats for that. Tell me about Miss Fenton, who was to have come. My cousin says everybody admires her so."

"You said that rather wistfully. Are you longing for admiration, Miss Phillina?"

"I think I should like being admired," said Phillina, who only knew enough to say what she thought.

"Because I was going to say that without doubt you will have plenty of enjoyment of that kind."

"If I could only live always in the city!" remarked Phillina irrelevantly.

"And aren't you going to?"

"I am afraid not;" she spoke sadly. "We do not seem poor in our town, but we are too poor for the city. I almost wish cousin Margaret hadn't asked me to visit her, for now that I know what this life is like, I can never be quite as contented at home again."

Just at this juncture Staples' attention was claimed by the butler, who offered him a dish, and the pause was taken advantage of by Phillina's other neighbor, an old gentleman who had known her mother and who had been waiting for a chance to tell Phillina how much she was like her. Staples found that the lady on his left was engaged in conversation, so he was left to his own thoughts.

"Poor little thing!" he reflected. "What a pity for her to be wasted in the wilds of a country town where the people don't half appreciate her! Why can't some rich old fellow take a fancy to her and marry her instead of spending all his money on himself? Colonel Mason, for instance. Perhaps Mrs. Van Decken had some such idea in her head when she asked her here. Phillina's very taking. She'd be a social queen, I'm sure. I would enroll myself under her banner for one." Here he glanced at Phillina's lovely side face, her

little pink ear, and the waves in her crisp, dark brown hair. "Now if I only had the money people seem to think I have, blest if I wouldn't go to Phyllina's rescue myself, and think myself a lucky fellow, too!"

At this point, Staples' thoughts wandered off to Marjorie Fenton. She was an heiress, and she seemed to take pleasure in his society. He had decided that the best thing he could do would be to propose for Miss Fenton's hand and heart and purse, but had put it off because her cynicism always repelled while it amused him—not that he regarded things in a higher light himself, but yet he liked women to be different. Lately he had noticed that young Langwort was becoming very attentive to the heiress, and as he sat beside Phyllina, he was saying to himself, "I think I would better call on Marjorie Fenton tomorrow and settle things one way or another."

During the remainder of the dinner Phyllina was monopolized by the old gentleman, who did not cease his reminiscences of her mother's girlhood. She listened patiently and smiled. She was sure that she and Staples had not had their talk out, and felt certain that after dinner he would find some way to finish it. As they rose from the table, Phyllina gave him a little unconscious smile of expectancy. He understood and smiled back. Later he asked her to show him some photographs in the library.

Once in the library, and possessed of the photographs, he listened rather absently to Phyllina's gay little description of the old gentleman's recollections. He wondered if Mrs. Van Decken had given the girl any advice on the subject of matrimony. Phyllina was so innocent that no doubt the idea of looking out for herself in that way might not occur to her unaided.

"I suppose you know Colonel Mason very well by this time?" he ventured.

"Yes, he has been here nearly every day, and I have been in town more than a month." She spoke hurriedly and seemed nervous. Staples wondered.

"I thought possibly I'd see him here tonight," he said. "I am getting up a little party to look at some rather choice pictures I know about. I hope you will be with us, and I thought of asking Colonel Mason."

"Oh, no, please don't!" Phyllina promptly replied. "At least—I ought not to have said that," and she blushed painfully. But after a pause she added simply, "I always speak so hastily. I am sorry, but since I have, I will tell you that yesterday Colonel Mason asked me to marry him."

Staples came very near saying "Jove, you don't say so!" but instead he said warmly,

"Well, if anybody *could* deserve such luck it is Colonel Mason!"

"But you don't understand!" cried Phyllina. "I don't love him."

"Oh, Miss Van Decken, after people are married they often—"

"But I have refused him!"

"Do you know what you have done?" exclaimed Staples. "He is a man of enormous wealth"—he paused. Phyllina was looking at him. He felt somehow like a cad.

"Mr. Staples," said Phyllina, with her eyes full of pride and scorn, "do you think I should be such a coward as to marry a man I didn't love for his money?"

"A coward!" murmured Staples.

"Yes, and if it came to the point, don't you suppose I would be brave enough to work all my life rather than act such a lie?"

"Don't be so hard on me," pleaded Staples. "It's only the way such things are looked at in the world."

"Perhaps it is just as well that I shall never live in it. I am going home in a few days. Cousin Margaret wants me to come again, but I do not think I shall." She was not speaking with anger now, only sadly. She had seen his point of view in a flash, and she felt sore and disillusioned.

"Really going so soon?" said Staples. "At least say that you forgive me!"

"Why, of course, if there's any question of forgiveness."

"And shall I see you next winter? Do promise me that."

"I do not think so," said Phyllina gently. "I think this is really good by." She moved towards the door.

"Where are you going, Phyllina?" he said, using her name unconsciously.

"I am going to talk to the old gentleman who used to know my mother." Phyllina smiled a little as she said this. She was thinking how impossible it would have seemed to her, an hour ago, that she would leave Staples to stay with the old gentleman.

"Then good by!" said Staples, holding out his hand.

Phyllina put hers in it, and said quietly and kindly, "Good by, Mr. Staples. You helped me to enjoy my dinner party."

After she left him, Staples stood still a moment staring at the floor. Then he went to Mrs. Van Decken and made his adieux, pleading an engagement. "Your niece is charming," he told her.

Out in the street he pulled himself together and lit a cigar. "Just an episode," he said to himself. "I've had 'em before. But there's one thing, I shall never make that call on Marjorie Fenton."

Gertrude E. Watson.

LITERARY CHAT

LITERARY COLLECTORS.

When a collector once gets the fancy for a thing, all is grist that comes to his mill. Generally it is a little curious to see how his hobby begins. It does not by any means follow that he has any great and particular interest in the things he undertakes to collect. The selection of his fad is usually a matter of chance. For instance, the man who owns the greatest collection of autograph letters of the Americans who have created American history dates his life work from the day when he happened to find a garret full of old documents that had belonged to a great uncle prominent in colonial affairs.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has a special room in his home in London which is devoted to "Pickwick." He keeps there the material for what he calls his "Monumental Pickwick," which will, of course, never be written. But the "material" fills thirty or forty large volumes. There are more than a thousand pictures which have been made as illustrations to "Pickwick," and hundreds of pictures of the places described in the book. There are translations of it in Dutch, German, French, Spanish, Swedish, Russian, and other tongues. There is every known edition of the book, besides every article or newspaper clipping upon the subject. Yet once Mr. Fitzgerald cared no more for the "Pickwick Papers" than he did for a great many other books. He happened to buy some old prints which were too valuable to put aside, but were of no particular interest alone. There was nothing to do but to begin a collection.

AN ABLE BODIED SET OF GHOSTS.

Marie Corelli preaches the doctrine of reincarnation with so much insistence that one is inclined to believe her sincere; but as she emphatically disclaims any responsibility for the views her characters entertain, it is an open question whether this favorite topic of hers is after all a part of her creed.

"Zisca, the Problem of a Wicked Soul," is the uncanniest of ghost stories, but one would not expect this writer of lurid tales to tie herself down to the narrow limits of a conventional "spook yarn." The theory of ghosts which *Dr. Dean* expounds is of no ordinary sort. *Armand Gervase*, who appears to the world as the foremost of living painters, is in fact the nineteenth century reincarnation of an amorous warrior of utmost antiquity,

but he lives in blissful unconsciousness of this disquieting fact. *Zisca*, on the other hand, whom the world knows as a beautiful princess of Egyptian descent, is in reality the living embodiment of a dancing girl of equally antique period, whose ill usage by the warrior the modern *Zisca* lives but to avenge. Unlike *Gervase*, *Zisca* retains the fullest knowledge of her real status; in her the dancing girl of antiquity lives again. *Zisca* is, according to *Dr. Dean*, undoubtedly a ghost, but about *Gervase*'s true condition the reader is left in suspense.

A doctrine of ghosts so flexible as to include the unwitting impersonation of a contemporary of Rameses, and the deliberate avenger of his long forgotten victim, possesses unusual attractiveness for the novelist, but does not add materially to the sum total of psychological data. Having in mind her versatility in the construction of various grades of spooks, one cannot help wishing that Mr. Stead could have had the co-operation of this talented author in writing his "Real Ghost Stories."

Uncanny as "Zisca" is, it is sufficiently earthly to give us a clever picture of English and American tourists in Egypt, drawn in Miss Corelli's remarkably vivid manner. The author has little sympathy with "trippers" in general, and she is particularly merciless in regard to foreign sightseers in Egypt. In "Zisca" she displays her descriptive power to advantage, and generally in a quiet and rational manner, but one is confronted occasionally by passages like this: "A woman whose dark hair fell about her heavily, like the black remnants of a long buried corpse's wrappings."

Little has been published in regard to the personality of this gifted but eccentric woman, whose work has stirred up so much discussion. It has been generally supposed that the name she signs to her books is an assumed one, but this is not so. Miss Corelli leads an unusually secluded life, though her habits are by no means those of the recluse. She admits a small circle of devoted friends to her artistic home in London, from which the outer world is so rigorously excluded. She is of Italian descent, as her name and temperament would suggest, and keeps her patronymic, though she was adopted when a small child by Charles Mackay. She is described as a modest and unassuming young woman of fascinating manners.

It is a matter for much rejoicing that Miss Corelli, who has made a fortune from the great popularity of her earlier works, is not likely to put upon the book market a succession of mediocre novels, to be traded off on the strength of her established reputation. We are told that she writes much, though she offers but little to the public. We wish her example was more generally followed.

“FLAMES.”

Robert Hichens is turning out books at the rate of one a year—a very moderate pace, in these days of hurlyburly production. In 1894 came “The Green Carnation,” in the following year “An Imaginative Man,” and in 1896 “The Folly of Eustace.” His new novel, the fourth of his annual series, is named “Flames,” as if in deliberate defiance of the epithet “lurid.”

“The Green Carnation” is the book to which Mr. Hichens owes his literary recognition. Passing by the intervening works, we feel inclined to allow “Flames” the second place. It is deliberately weird—a quality toward which the author’s imagination proceeds most freely. It exploits a doctrine of transmigration or transference of souls that is altogether ghostly.

It appears that a soul, strong in its own self satisfaction, possesses the power of ousting another soul weakened by unrest, and of usurping the latter’s place. The usurper is like a vampire soul feeding on any somnolent victim it chances to light upon. In Mr. Hichens’ cheerful tale, a preternaturally sinless London youth, known as the “Saint of Victoria Street,” becomes dissatisfied with himself. Thereupon the soul of an utterly corrupt and degraded man leaves its habitat, at the moment of death, and takes up its abode in the interior of the Victoria Street saint, ousting the soul resident therein. The author does not inform us clearly of the fate of this evicted soul, but discreetly leaves the question open. This upsetting of souls plays havoc with surrounding souls, and the close of the book finds a number of people in such sorry plight that none of them rests secure in the undisputed possession of his own or any other spirit. The vagrant souls appear as tiny flames flickering in the dark with awesome scintillations, and are usually accompanied by a thin, wailing cry. Any one experiencing simultaneously a flickering flame and a thin, wailing cry should be on his guard at once against the vampire soul.

The idea of picturing a wandering soul as a tiny flame is not new. Mr. Hichens gives Rossetti the credit of originating it. Possibly Rossetti might have placed its parentage further back yet. At least, he is not the only

one who has helped Mr. Hichens in making “Flames.” The idea of soul transference is as old as the hills in psychology, and by no means new in fiction.

“Flames” is the oddest possible combination of strength and weakness. One chapter, “The Dance of the Hours,” is in its way a notable work of art. It is a vivid picture of a London music hall and the holiday crowds who throng there. It shows Mr. Hichens’ unusual descriptive power to great advantage. On the other hand, the dialogue is at times utterly inane. Two young men are talking together over an experiment :

“It is rather interesting.”
“Yes, it is very.”
“You really don’t feel anything?”
“No.”
“Nor I. But why do we find it interesting?”
“Hang it! I don’t know. Why do we?”
“That’s what I’m wondering.”
“It’s awfully puzzling.”

This may be realistic, but like almost all realistic dialogue, it is terribly dull.

Laboring through the uncanny passages of “Flames,” the reader wishes that a writer possessing Mr. Hichens’ command of English, and his skill in the portrayal of persons and scenes, would forsake the tangled jungles for clear and open paths in which average readers of normal and healthy tastes might walk with pleasure and appreciation.

Mr. Hichens is quite a young man, little more than thirty years old. He did not go to a university, but studied the organ and the piano at the Royal Academy of Music, in London. From music he went to a college of journalism, and he is still something of a musician, and good deal of a journalist, as well as a clever novelist.

A PICTURESQUE ROMANCE.

The metropolis of today is a vastly different place from the little city of one hundred thousand inhabitants of which Mr. Edgar Fawcett tells us in his “Romance of Old New York.” Where Broadway is busiest now, then there were quiet apple orchards; and around the “grassy circle of Bowling Green” were the fashionable residences of the town.

Nor was this so very long ago. In eighteen hundred and twenty, the time of the narrative, New York was still “prim, colonial, and in spots village-like, and gave no prophecy of those prodigious changes which awaited it.” The Battery was the fashionable promenade of the town; away out in the open fields, where Madison Square now roars with traffic, the tents of the traveling circus were pitched; and today the crowded tenement district stretches out into the region where

the wealthy classes of those days had their country homes.

Though Mr. Fawcett takes us back less than eighty years, each decade has brought such changes that we seem to be reading of a forgotten age, and it is difficult to realize that the incidents upon which he builds his picturesque romance are hardly yet beyond the memory of living men. The story deals with a chain of events in the life of Aaron Burr, and the sympathies of the reader are early drawn out to that erratic genius. Burr's madly foolish schemes turned his immense popularity into odium and disgrace; but Mr. Fawcett paints his better qualities in glowing colors. It is, indeed, an idealized Burr whom the author shows us.

Mr. Fawcett's former novels—and he has already written more than many writers could count as their life work—have been built up chiefly around the familiar scenes of modern New York, and this new book is a marked departure. The author has signified his intention of following it with a series of books dealing with the bygone days of the metropolis.

A NOVELIST FROM KENTUCKY.

One of the figures often seen about New York is that of James Lane Allen. Tall, handsome, easily recognizable by the many photographs which have been published, he is generally followed by more than one pair of interested eyes, even in the busy streets of the metropolis.

As almost everybody knows, Mr. Allen was a college professor down in Kentucky when he discovered that he had a talent for fiction, and threw up his work to make the attempt to prove his gift to the world. One of his first stories, if not his first story, was called "Too Much Momentum." It was published something more than a dozen years ago, but that was some time after its acceptance by the magazine in which it appeared. Before it was ready to come out, Mr. Allen repented him. He had a feeling that the humor of the situation it depicted was a trifle too broad, and he wrote to the publishers asking it back again; but they had already put it into print. If Mr. Allen regretted its appearance, he was the only mourner.

We hear a humorous account of the genesis of one of his most familiar stories, which tells the beautiful and pathetic tale of two young lovers who went to Cagliostro, the famous magician and charlatan, and begged him to turn backward the tide of their lives, so that they might live again the two years in which they had loved each other. A friend of Mr. Allen's says that this poetic fancy had its origin in a bottle of hair restor-

ative, which the novelist once found it necessary to use. As he brushed it in, in the watches of the night, visions of renewing any part of the body, or all of it, came to him, suggesting the delicate conception which finally settled into literature.

Mr. Allen's best stories were those of the Kentucky convents, "The White Cowl," and "Sister Dolorosa." His last book, "The Choir Invisible," tries to be too much. He has worked too much of his own thought and fancy into it. Great masters of literature have often written half a dozen books as the background, the under stories, of one published masterpiece. In this volume, Mr. Allen has made the mistake of elaborating his background, with confusing results.

"A VINTAGE OF VERSE."

A dainty volume of the poems of Clarence Urmy has just been brought out in California, under the suggestive title of "A Vintage of Verse." Readers of MUNSEY'S are familiar with Mr. Urmy's work. These poems of his are pictures. They follow one another like the sunny days in the land they mirror. The first note, "The Golden Gate," is indeed

The open sesame to bowers
Of far famed sunshine, fruit, and flowers;
and turning, page by page, we wander in
verse through a land that teems

With shadows, reveries' and dreams;

* * * * *

The dulcet reveries that throng
With Mission bells and vesper song—
The dreams where joy and peace enfold
The happy Argonaut and gold.

The verses gathered under the title of "Treading the Wine Press" are more somber in tone. Theirs is the note of the toil and turmoil of life; theirs the sweat and the stain of the press.

But "With Laughter and Song" the vintage brightens again. There is a burst of gladness, a sound of reveling and of dancing fairies:

Do you know the fairy measure—
Lilting measure that they dance to,
When the moon is in the crescent
And the busy world is still—
When each sprite and fay and fairy
Steps from out the rose and lily
And goes tripping to the woodland
Just behind the purple hill?

Mr. Urmy, who has lived for many years in San Jose, California, is the son of a Methodist minister. Next to his verse he places his love of choir music. His compositions in this line are well known, and his own choir in San Jose ranks third in point of excellence in the State. Two years ago he visited New

York, and his verses have appeared in most of the leading magazines of the country.

"A Vintage of Verse" is the second volume of Mr. Urmy's poems. His earliest book, "A Rosary of Rhyme," issued some years ago in San Francisco, was the first volume of verse by a native Californian published in the State. Even with that distinction, and with many good verses to recommend it, most of the edition came home to roost. After cherishing the volumes several years, Mr. Urmy finally decided to keep them no longer. Shrinking from the idea of committing the offspring of his muse to the sacrilegious hands of the junkman, he tied the books in a sack, took them at midnight to the bay at Alviso, weighted them with rocks, and consigned them to the deep. In some way the bundle came untied, the rocks went to the bottom, but the "Rosary of Rhyme" struck itself out across the bay to the Golden Gate and—China.

"I never hoped," Urmy says, "to have my little book achieve so wide a circulation."

"WITH THE BAND."

From the sunny, peaceful quiet of vine clad hills—the odor of the wine press, and the laugh and song of the vintage, to the dull, querulous rumble of war, the note of the bugle, and the jest and hurrah of the trooper—this is not a greater step than from Mr. Urmy's "Vintage of Verse" to Robert W. Chambers' collection of ballads, "With the Band."

"With the Band" is strongly suggestive of Kipling. From "The Recruit" to "If There Ever Comes a Day," which is inscribed to Mr. Kipling, there are the same rollicking, changing meter, the same spirit of deviltry, the same touches of tenderness, that characterize the "Barrack Room Ballads." Still, there is no suggestion of plagiarism. Chambers' verse is as much his own as Kipling's is his. It has a dash and go that is irresistible. The roll of the drum and the call of the bugle is the meter, and the soul of the verse is the spirit that makes men do brave deeds in battle. Light or serious, grave or sentimental, the movement is always "with the band."

Of the lighter verses there are no better lines in the book than those of the first verse of "The Recruit":

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden :

"Bedad, yer a bad 'un !
Now turn out yer toes !
Yer belt is unhookit,
Yer cap is on crookit,
Ye may not be dhrunk,
But, be jabers, ye look it !
Wan—two !
Wan—two !

Ye monkey faced devil, I'll jolly ye through !

Wan—two !
Time ! Mark !

Ye march like the aigle in Cinthral Parrk !"

In "When Custer Rode into the West," we have a graphic picture of the daring cavalry charge and the bloody massacre that followed. Here are history, romance, and poetry, all in one stanza :

Ye've read of the battle an' slaughter ;
Ye've heard how the cavalry died ;
Have ye read how the farrier's daughter
Died wrapped in the robes of a bride ?
Oh-h-h !
Died wrapped in the robes of a bride—
Sweet Tessie, the regiment's pride ?
We found her a-kneelin'
To Heaven appealin',
Cold, dumb, widout feelin', a rose by her side ;
An' Burke of the Seventh we found,
Where Custer lay dead in the West,
Around him a mound
Of Sioux on the ground,
An' a rose hid the wound in his breast.
Oh, wirra, the day
That he galloped away,
When Custer rode into the West !

Toward the end of this procession of Uncle Sam's dragoons, troopers, rangers, national guardsmen, and their sweethearts, there is a pleasant and fraternal tribute to Tommy Atkins in a chorus that runs :

Half a million Boys in Blue
Have a sneakin' love for you,
An' perhaps they'll prove it too,
If there ever comes a day
When a brother needs a brother for to help him
on his way,
Anywhere betwixt Quebec and Mandalay,
Tommy A.

The second part of Mr. Chambers' book, "Vagrant Verses," adds little but pages to the volume, while the third is only "Shadows"—those inexplicable lines which are neither prose nor verse, and which no man, except Aubrey Beardsley, ever understood—and which he could only draw.

It is not alone on his reputation as a poet that Mr. Chambers hopes to achieve lasting fame. His is a smithy of large capacities, and many irons are heating at his forge. He paints pictures, and writes plays, librettos, novels, short stories, verse. All of these irons have thrown sparks from his anvil, and his forge is seldom cold. He is a young man—born in Brooklyn in 1865—and venerates Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island, as an ancestor. His skill with the brush is the result of natural talent developed under many of the best known French artists. His previous books are "The King in Yellow," "The Red Republic," "A King and a Few Dukes," "The Maker of Moons," "The Mystery of Choice,"

the wealthy classes of those days had their country homes.

Though Mr. Fawcett takes us back less than eighty years, each decade has brought such changes that we seem to be reading of a forgotten age, and it is difficult to realize that the incidents upon which he builds his picturesque romance are hardly yet beyond the memory of living men. The story deals with a chain of events in the life of Aaron Burr, and the sympathies of the reader are early drawn out to that erratic genius. Burr's madly foolish schemes turned his immense popularity into odium and disgrace; but Mr. Fawcett paints his better qualities in glowing colors. It is, indeed, an idealized Burr whom the author shows us.

Mr. Fawcett's former novels—and he has already written more than many writers could count as their life work—have been built up chiefly around the familiar scenes of modern New York, and this new book is a marked departure. The author has signified his intention of following it with a series of books dealing with the bygone days of the metropolis.

A NOVELIST FROM KENTUCKY.

One of the figures often seen about New York is that of James Lane Allen. Tall, handsome, easily recognizable by the many photographs which have been published, he is generally followed by more than one pair of interested eyes, even in the busy streets of the metropolis.

As almost everybody knows, Mr. Allen was a college professor down in Kentucky when he discovered that he had a talent for fiction, and threw up his work to make the attempt to prove his gift to the world. One of his first stories, if not his first story, was called "Too Much Momentum." It was published something more than a dozen years ago, but that was some time after its acceptance by the magazine in which it appeared. Before it was ready to come out, Mr. Allen repented him. He had a feeling that the humor of the situation it depicted was a trifle too broad, and he wrote to the publishers asking it back again; but they had already put it into print. If Mr. Allen regretted its appearance, he was the only mourner.

We hear a humorous account of the genesis of one of his most familiar stories, which tells the beautiful and pathetic tale of two young lovers who went to Cagliostro, the famous magician and charlatan, and begged him to turn backward the tide of their lives, so that they might live again the two years in which they had loved each other. A friend of Mr. Allen's says that this poetic fancy had its origin in a bottle of hair restor-

ative, which the novelist once found it necessary to use. As he brushed it in, in the watches of the night, visions of renewing any part of the body, or all of it, came to him, suggesting the delicate conception which finally settled into literature.

Mr. Allen's best stories were those of the Kentucky convents, "The White Cowl," and "Sister Dolorosa." His last book, "The Choir Invisible," tries to be too much. He has worked too much of his own thought and fancy into it. Great masters of literature have often written half a dozen books as the background, the under stories, of one published masterpiece. In this volume, Mr. Allen has made the mistake of elaborating his background, with confusing results.

"A VINTAGE OF VERSE."

A dainty volume of the poems of Clarence Urmy has just been brought out in California, under the suggestive title of "A Vintage of Verse." Readers of MUNSEY'S are familiar with Mr. Urmy's work. These poems of his are pictures. They follow one another like the sunny days in the land they mirror. The first note, "The Golden Gate," is indeed

The open sesame to bowers
Of far famed sunshine, fruit, and flowers;
and turning, page by page, we wander in
verse through a land that teems

With shadows, reveries and dreams;
* * * * *
The dulcet reveries that throng
With Mission bells and vesper song—
The dreams where joy and peace enfold
The happy Argonaut and gold.

The verses gathered under the title of "Treading the Wine Press" are more somber in tone. Theirs is the note of the toil and turmoil of life; theirs the sweat and the stain of the press.

But "With Laughter and Song" the vintage brightens again. There is a burst of gladness, a sound of reveling and of dancing fairies:

Do you know the fairy measure—
Lilting measure that they dance to,
When the moon is in the crescent
And the busy world is still—
When each sprite and fay and fairy
Steps from out the rose and lily
And goes tripping to the woodland
Just behind the purple hill?

Mr. Urmy, who has lived for many years in San Jose, California, is the son of a Methodist minister. Next to his verse he places his love of choir music. His compositions in this line are well known, and his own choir in San Jose ranks third in point of excellence in the State. Two years ago he visited New

York, and his verses have appeared in most of the leading magazines of the country.

"A Vintage of Verse" is the second volume of Mr. Urmy's poems. His earliest book, "A Rosary of Rhyme," issued some years ago in San Francisco, was the first volume of verse by a native Californian published in the State. Even with that distinction, and with many good verses to recommend it, most of the edition came home to roost. After cherishing the volumes several years, Mr. Urmy finally decided to keep them no longer. Shrinking from the idea of committing the offspring of his muse to the sacrilegious hands of the junkman, he tied the books in a sack, took them at midnight to the bay at Alviso, weighted them with rocks, and consigned them to the deep. In some way the bundle came untied, the rocks went to the bottom, but the "Rosary of Rhyme" strung itself out across the bay to the Golden Gate and—China.

"I never hoped," Urmy says, "to have my little book achieve so wide a circulation."

"WITH THE BAND."

From the sunny, peaceful quiet of vine clad hills—the odor of the wine press, and the laugh and song of the vintage, to the dull, querulous rumble of war, the note of the bugle, and the jest and hurrah of the trooper—this is not a greater step than from Mr. Urmy's "Vintage of Verse" to Robert W. Chambers' collection of ballads, "With the Band."

"With the Band" is strongly suggestive of Kipling. From "The Recruit" to "If There Ever Comes a Day," which is inscribed to Mr. Kipling, there are the same rollicking, changing meter, the same spirit of deviltry, the same touches of tenderness, that characterize the "Barrack Room Ballads." Still, there is no suggestion of plagiarism. Chambers' verse is as much his own as Kipling's is his. It has a dash and go that is irresistible. The roll of the drum and the call of the bugle is the meter, and the soul of the verse is the spirit that makes men do brave deeds in battle. Light or serious, grave or sentimental, the movement is always "with the band."

Of the lighter verses there are no better lines in the book than those of the first verse of "The Recruit":

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden :

"Bedad, yer a bad 'un !
Now turn out yer toes !
Yer belt is unhookit,
Yer cap is on crookit,
Ye may not be dhrunk,
But, be jabers, ye look it !

Wan—two !

Wan—two !

Ye monkey faced devil, I'll jolly ye through !

Wan—two !

Time ! Mark !

Ye march like the aigle in Cintheral Parrk !"

In "When Custer Rode into the West," we have a graphic picture of the daring cavalry charge and the bloody massacre that followed. Here are history, romance, and poetry, all in one stanza :

Ye've read of the battle an' slaughter ;

Ye've heard how the cavalry died ;

Have ye read how the farrier's daughter

Died wrapped in the robes of a bride ?

Oh-h-h !

Died wrapped in the robes of a bride—

Sweet Tessie, the regiment's pride ?

We found her a-kneelin'

To Heaven appealin',

Cold, dumb, widout feelin', a rose by her side ;

An' Burke of the Seventh we found,

Where Custer lay dead in the West,

Around him a mound

Of Sioux on the ground,

An' a rose hid the wound in his breast.

Oh, wirra, the day

That he galloped away,

When Custer rode into the West !

Toward the end of this procession of Uncle Sam's dragoons, troopers, rangers, national guardsmen, and their sweethearts, there is a pleasant and fraternal tribute to Tommy Atkins in a chorus that runs :

Half a million Boys in Blue

Have a sneakin' love for you,

An' perhaps they'll prove it too,

If there ever comes a day

When a brother needs a brother for to help him
on his way,

Anywhere betwixt Quebec and Mandalay,

Tommy A.

The second part of Mr. Chambers' book, "Vagrant Verses," adds little but pages to the volume, while the third is only "Shadows"—those inexplicable lines which are neither prose nor verse, and which no man, except Aubrey Beardsley, ever understood—and which he could only draw.

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and "Lorraine." He is devoted to outdoor sports, and is a man of attractive personality, unaffected, full of interesting information and good humor.

"THE BUILDERS."

A third volume of miscellaneous verse is Dr. Henry Van Dyke's "The Builders and Other Poems," to which we referred recently in this department.

"The Builders" is the title of an ode recited by Dr. Van Dyke at the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Princeton College; but it is the "Other Poems" to which the book owes its charm. One may turn many a page of rhyme to find so delicious and fresh an expression of a city angler's "spring fever":

When tulips bloom in Union Square,
And timid breaths of vernal air
Go wandering down the dusty town,
Like children lost in Vanity Fair;

When every long, unlovely row
Of westward houses stands aglow,
And leads the eyes toward sunset skies
Beyond the hills where green trees grow;

Then weary seems the street parade,
And weary books, and weary trade:
I'm only wishing to go a-fishing;
For this the month of May was made.

Only an idle little stream,
Whose amber waters softly gleam,
Where I may wade, through woodland shade,
And cast the fly, and loaf, and dream.

It is the same with all of Dr. Van Dyke's outdoor songs. They are full of the melodies of birds, the perfume of flowers, and the love of nature—with now and then a lesson to offer or a story to tell.

"THROUGH UNKNOWN AFRICAN COUNTRIES."

Since the expatriated Stanley gave to the world as much of the history of his wanderings in Africa as he deemed expedient, no narrative of African travel has appeared comparable in importance to the one just written by Dr. Arthur Donaldson Smith, "Through Unknown African Countries."

Dr. Smith, who is an American, and likely to remain one, set for himself a task of unusual difficulty and danger; but the perils to which the hostility of the natives has subjected many another traveler, he mitigated by the display of unusual tact and delicacy in dealing with the warlike negro tribes. He won the respect and friendship of chiefs who would not have scrupled to massacre an expedition animated by a less friendly spirit. He secured concessions and received rich presents from the head of the Abyssinian

army, at whose hands a less diplomatic traveler might have fared badly.

He gives an interesting and amusing sketch of his efforts to "lobby" his expedition through Menelek's domains against the commands of that monarch. Dr. Smith's purpose was to push on to the great lakes of northeastern Africa. His tactful policy so far prevailed over the jealous Menelek that he was able to reach Lake Rudolf, of which he explored the eastern shore, and Lake Stefanie, of which he made a complete circuit. He returned to the coast with remarkably slight loss of life among his native followers, bringing with him a rich store of geographical data, and a valuable collection of specimens, mostly zoological.

Dr. Smith's narrative is specially important in view of the recent war between Abyssinia and Italy. The glimpses he gives of Abyssinian character are of great interest, because of the surprising strength King Menelek's forces displayed. In conclusion, he discusses in a broad and thoughtful manner the inevitable apportionment of African territory among the European powers, and in the interest of the English speaking world he urges Great Britain to take action for the ultimate acquisition of the vast and loosely governed border countries of Abyssinia.

In his simple, straightforward manner of writing, Dr. Smith has unconsciously revealed the qualities that go to make the successful explorer. Every detail seems to have been taken into account in planning his expedition, and every contingency provided for. The men were constantly drilled in the use of arms, and their loyalty secured by the greatest personal consideration. It is not surprising, therefore, to read of the heroic stand these native followers made, under such leadership, against superior forces.

It is unfortunate, from the point of view of the scientist, that our national interests do not lie in the line of exploration. England's vital interest in the extension of her territory has led her to encourage the amateur traveler by a variety of means, but in America no such national incentive exists, and Dr. Smith deserves all the more honor for organizing and conducting, without assistance, such a brilliant expedition.

SOUTH SEA STORIES.

Every now and then we hear of a "new Robert Louis Stevenson." It generally turns out to be some writer who has used as material the strange conglomeration of human types that appear to infest—"inhabit" is scarcely a descriptive word—the South Seas. But as a matter of fact, Stevenson's fame is not going to rest anywhere near his South

Sea stories. They are nearer the bottom than the apex of his work. The Stevenson that will go down to posterity is the Stevenson of "Treasure Island"—which is a South Sea story in scene only—of "David Balfour," of "Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde."

The author's residence in the Pacific islands has been well advertised, with "diaries," photographs, and interviews. His step family were journalistic in their tastes, and always found his doings marketable. But these things are ephemeral, and are better known to the newspaper skimmer than to the reader of serious books. Stevenson's South Sea stories are not pleasant reading. "The Ebb Tide," which is the most powerful, is powerfully unpleasant, and leaves the reader with a bad taste in the mouth, a sense of almost physical nausea which drives him away from the Pacific as a field for literary enjoyment.

There is one other man who has written South Sea stories worth more than a passing glance. Basil Thomson, whose fantastic, vivid tales hold the attention, is also interesting as a personality. He is a son of the late Archbishop of York, and was educated at Eton and Oxford. Lord Derby sent him to Fiji as a magistrate several years ago, and a little later he held a government position in New Guinea. In 1890 he was official adviser to the native king in Tonga, and wrote his "Diversions of a Prime Minister." Just now he is in London, writing sketches out of his vast store of experience.

Apropos of "The Ebb Tide," we have never seen it noticed anywhere that one of the characters in that disagreeable book had been lifted into another story, which the transfer equally contaminated, without the touch of genius to excuse it. L. Dougal, in "The Madonna of a Day," took the character of the miserable little vitriol throwing Cockney, and put him whole and entire into her backwoods camp of ruffians. She transplanted him cleverly enough, and kept most of his life in him.

It might be an idea for other writers. Why not call a convention of characters when one wishes to write a novel, and simply set them new tasks?

FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

One of the most interesting books of this year is W. T. Harris' "The Spiritual Sense of Dante's *Divina Commedia*."

In this latter day, since the old idea of a capacious lake of literal fire and brimstone has been abolished by general consent, no subject has claimed more general and perennial attention than that of the sinner's fate. Nobody will allow that he can get off scot

free—possibly because we all have so many enemies who are sinners. George Macdonald found thousands of readers for the translation he made from the Danish of "Letters from Hell," although one frivolous young person was known to lay it down with a sigh of relief: "Well, I'm not half so scared as I was!"

Mr. Harris has a theory which is not precisely new, but when applied to a criticism of Dante's great work it claims attention. He regards the poem as entirely symbolic. The flames, the ice, the torments of the Inferno which the Italian poet painted are not literal, but psychological, and terribly true. He shows that in classifying his sinners Dante had all the accuracy of genius. Wherever a man actually was, in the psychological sense, the poet placed him in the literal sense. When an individual commits a crime, according to Mr. Harris, from that very moment his soul takes on the character, the color of his sin, until in course of time it becomes transformed; and this penalty must be eternal, the destiny from which there is no possible escape.

As a system of future punishment, this theory certainly gives a refinement of intellectual horror.

We have just read a passage in a "short story" which equals any "bull" we ever heard of: "Look into those eyes, and they will tell you that they have tasted bitter tears."

Here we have a most abnormal pair of eyes, eyes to be proud of, eyes to guard with special zeal. We have heard that when one sense becomes blunted, the others grow unwontedly acute. This person's sense of taste must have undergone lamentable degeneration, for here we have the eyes usurping the prerogative of the tongue so far that they both taste and tell!

* * * * *

A story comes from Boston that is far too good to keep. We have always stood in awe of the New England city's educational methods, but if the following is true we must ever hold the erudition of the Hub in speechless veneration.

It appears that the officials of a Boston library recently noted, with curious interest, that the children of a certain school district were clamoring for the "Pilgrim's Progress." A systematic investigation into the cause of this unwonted literary activity on the part of the native youth revealed the fact that the history teacher of this particular school had reached the colonial period of New England, and had told her classes to read the "Pilgrim's Progress," as a book of reference upon the valorous deeds of the Pilgrim Fathers!

THE STAGE

THE SEASON'S RECORD.

The metropolitan season of 1896-97 made further strides in the movement toward shortening the theatrical year, now for some time noticeable. Its beginning was dated August 20, as against August 8 in 1895, and as early as the first of May four houses put out their lights for the summer. Taking the theaters separately, we find that the Academy had no one money winner to mate with the preceding season's "Sporting Duchess." At the American, "Piney Ridge" was the most noticeable production. The Bijou opened with a failure in Harrigan's new play, but redeemed itself with two hits, "My Friend from India" and "Courted into Court."

The Broadway was another house that began with a frost ("The Caliph"), but its next attraction, "Brian Boru" was both an artistic and a monetary success, with "Shamus O'Brien" a close second, especially as regards the first named quality. A third frigid initial offering was "The Gold Bug" at the Casino, which did a fair business with Barnett's clever "Jack and the Beanstalk" and "An American Beauty," and still better with "The Wedding Day." At Daly's "The Geisha" was performed 161 times and made money, while two new productions of Shakespeare comedies ("Much Ado About Nothing" and "The Tempest") received much praise from lovers of the legitimate. The Empire was happy in finding it necessary to change the bill but once between September and May, and that only to replace John Drew in "Rosemary" with the stock company in "Under the Red Robe," the latter standing forth as the most notable play of the winter.

"Lost, Strayed or Stolen" began matters merrily at the Fifth Avenue, where Crane did well with "A Fool of Fortune," and then came evil times until the year closed in a blaze of glory with Mrs. Fiske in "Tess." At the Garden, Mansfield did an uneven business; "Heartsease," with Henry Miller, was forced to a run, and Olga Nethersole drew good houses. "Secret Service" and "Never Again" seem to have completely exorcised the old "hoodoo" from the Garrick. That lucky corner, Herald Square, did not altogether redeem its reputation till the third bill for the season was put up—"The Girl from Paris," who promises to be a summer as well as a winter maiden. Hoyt's was another of the houses that opened with a failure ("The Liar"), to find remuneration in two visits of "My Friend from India," and in introducing

to Gotham "The Man from Mexico." Francis Wilson, John Hare, and the Bostonians were the most profitable investments at the Knickerbocker. At the Lyceum, Sothern won with "An Enemy to the King," but the stock season fell behind its usual high standard in the matter of plays, "The Late Mr. Castello," a Sydney Grundy farce, being the cleverest of the four put forward. The theater part of Olympia was distinguished only by the pushing of "Santa Maria" to the century mark, after which this corner of the Hammerstein temple fell into innocuous desuetude. The Standard, likewise, after a futile attempt in the "continuous" line, was shrouded in darkness. At Wallack's the most noteworthy presentations were "The Rogue's Comedy" of Willard, and the "Bonnie Prince Charlie" of Julia Marlowe.

From the standpoint of the public, the season was neither better nor worse than the one that preceded it, but we fear that the managers will not agree with them. Although it started out brilliantly, success was in many cases a fickle jade and lured her victims on to "runs" which proved unprofitable.

A REVERSAL OF THE PROCESS.

Just now, when several prominent actresses have married into private life, it is something of a novelty to learn that a leading woman, who was recently voted "queen of the stage" in a newspaper contest, entered the profession because she married a member of it. Amelia Bingham, who succeeded Mary Hampton and Annie Irish in "Two Little Vagrants," was educated at the Ohio Wesleyan University, and studied to become an artist, having natural aptitude for painting and wood carving. Her family were in no way connected with the stage, and it was not until she met and married Lloyd Melville Bingham that she conceived the idea of looking at an audience across the footlights.

Mr. Bingham was not only an actor, but a manager as well. His wife began her new career with a stock company in Canada, but received her most valuable training as leading lady for McKee Rankin, whose abilities as a "coacher" seem to be universally acknowledged. Later she appeared in such standard comedies as "London Assurance" and "Caste," at Philadelphia's Girard Avenue Theater, when the three Holland brothers managed a stock company there. Last autumn she had a comedy rôle (*Hattie Van Tassel*



AMELIA BINGHAM.
From a photograph by Falk, New York.



JOHN HARE AND HIS SON, GILBERT HARE.

From a photograph by Ellis, London.

Smythe, the American professor's daughter) in Robert Hilliard's production of "The Mummy." Although she is at home in both emotional and humorous work, by her own confession she prefers laughter to tears—even on the stage.

THE HARES.

Our portraits of John Hare and his son Gilbert suggest the tie of brotherhood rather than that of father and son. There is really some twenty three years' difference in their ages. Gilbert began to act about seven years ago, first appearing in Beerbohm Tree's company. Although force of circumstances has fre-

quently compelled his taking up with juveniles, his chosen line of work is in the same field with his father—old men's parts. His inherited ability in this direction is evidenced by his impersonation of the retired pilot in the curtain raiser, "When George the Fourth Was King."

The Hares returned to London in May, and opened with "The Hobby Horse" at the Court Theater, intending to play through the Jubilee season. John Hare is known to be a special favorite of the queen, and although "The Hobby Horse" is a revival of a ten year old play the theme is thought to be more in keeping with the tendencies of the present

than with those of the period at which it was first produced. The next visit to America is set down for the autumn of 1898; we but echo the wish of all theater goers in adding that 'tis pity it is not 1897. Such acting as that of John Hare is a veritable tonic; and it

to the "problem" era without the relieving touches of dash and bravado that offset the unpleasantness of the theme of "The Rogue's Comedy."

Maud Venner, whose portrait is presented herewith, is a leading member of Mr. Wil-



MAUD VENNER.

From a photograph by Thors, San Francisco.

is good to know that his tour in "the States" stands out among the most profitable ventures of those who have come down in ships to entertain us.

WILLARD PLANS AND POSSIBILITIES.

Henry Arthur Jones' newest play, "The Physician," produced at the London Criterion in March, will be, it is announced, the chief feature in Willard's repertoire during his next season's American tour. Charles Wyndham has been doing it on the other side, but the piece is somber, and harks back

lard's present company. She was *Lucy* in "The Professor's Love Story," *Mary Blenkarn* in "The Middleman," and *Nina Clara* but in "The Rogue." Born in London, Miss Venner's first appearance was made some eight years ago with Charles Wyndham. When Mr. Willard comes to produce "The Christian," it is possible that she may be selected to fill the rôle of *Glory Quayle*.

ONE OF THE BOSTONIANS.

The best comedy work in "The Serenade" fell to George Frothingham (an old stand by)



HILDA CLARK.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

and Harry Brown. It is a pity Barnabee had so little to do. As the opera was written especially to fit the Bostonians, it may be that this was a stipulation, for Mr. Barnabee is a poor study. His associates in the cast never know when or whence their cues are coming in the early nights of a new piece.

We print herewith a portrait of Hilda Clark, who alternated in the rôle of *Yvonne*, the ballet dancer, with Alice Nielsen. She is pretty, of the English type, and has an exceptionally pleasing method of singing. This is only her second year on the stage, she having gone into "Princess Bonnie" to sing the title rôle, in September, 1895, direct from St. Mark's choir, New York. She was born in Leavenworth, Kansas, but has lived much in Boston, where her musical education was begun. She has sung *Maid Marian* in "Robin Hood" and *Arline* in "The Bohemian Girl."

Miss Clark comes of an old Southern family, and is proud of ancestors who won distinction both in the Revolution and in the war of 1812. She is a refined and charming girl, and her work is full of promise.

THE BARD OF AVON UP TO DATE.

Were it not for Mr. Daly and the vaulting ambition of new fledged stars, Shakspere

would in our day come but rarely to performance. As it is, only when money has been lavished on the dumb accessories to the piece does the public respond in sufficient numbers to pay the salaries of those that speak. Margaret Mather elected to return to the stage under these conditions, and gave us last season in "Cymbeline" a superb succession of settings. No less than six scenic artists of the first rank were represented, the five acts were subdivided into eighteen scenes, only three of which were shown more than once, while eight were elaborate types of the realistically beautiful or effective in stage pictures.

Miss Mather will never be a great actress. There are limitations of nature which cannot be overcome. She lacks magnetism, but she has beauty and is possessed of an earnestness of purpose that has accomplished much. She was born near Toronto, Canada, but was early brought by her family to Detroit, where poverty compelled her to be a newsgirl for a time. In 1878, when George Edgar began to star in Shakspere, he allotted leading support to Miss Mather, who had come to live in New York with her sister. It was during this period that J. M. Hill saw undeveloped possibilities in the actress, arranged to have her properly educated, and by skilful whetting of the public's interest, made her début an occa-

sion of notable import. Success crowned the venture, and when she opened in New York with "Romeo and Juliet" at the Union Square Theater in October, 1885, she created a real sensation. Her name was on every tongue, and this in spite of the fact that Mary Anderson was playing against her. There were two years of prosperity, and then, much against her manager's wishes, she

William Courleigh, who was the Indian in the melodramatic "Northern Lights," was a commendable *Leonatus*, and has been engaged for the coming season of the Lyceum stock.

THE EMPIRE'S LEADING MAN.

With all respect to John Drew, we are convinced that it was a fortunate thing for him



MARGARET MATHER.

From her latest photograph—Copyright, 1896, by Aimé Dupont, New York.

married a musician. She secured another manager, but he was not a mascot, and gradually she faded from public view. Her revival of "Cymbeline" has brought her forward again in legitimate form, and the enterprise is in every way deserving of success.

E. J. Henley's *Iachimo* was a valued feature of the production. In spite of the weakness of his voice—the complete loss of which prevented his creating a part in "The Heart of Maryland"—his intelligent interpretation won ready appreciation.

and for Mr. Frohman that the original plans for last season were changed. During the summer it was announced that "Under the Red Robe" had been secured for Mr. Drew. While he might have played *Gil de Berault* with heaven born genius, no amount of grease paint could have made him look the part. But "Rosemary" came to the rescue, leaving the French soldier of fortune to carry the Empire's new leading man into a flood tide of public favor.

It has been the practice of Mr. Daly to fill

prominent vacancies in his company with importations from without rather than by promotion from within, but the brothers Frohman have adopted the latter plan, Dan having replaced Kelcey with James K.

Howard's "Aristocracy." At the Empire he came to be associated with villains, his *Sir Brice Skene*, in "The Masqueraders," making a strong impression. He was *Sir Hubert Garlinge* in "John-a-Dreams," and last year

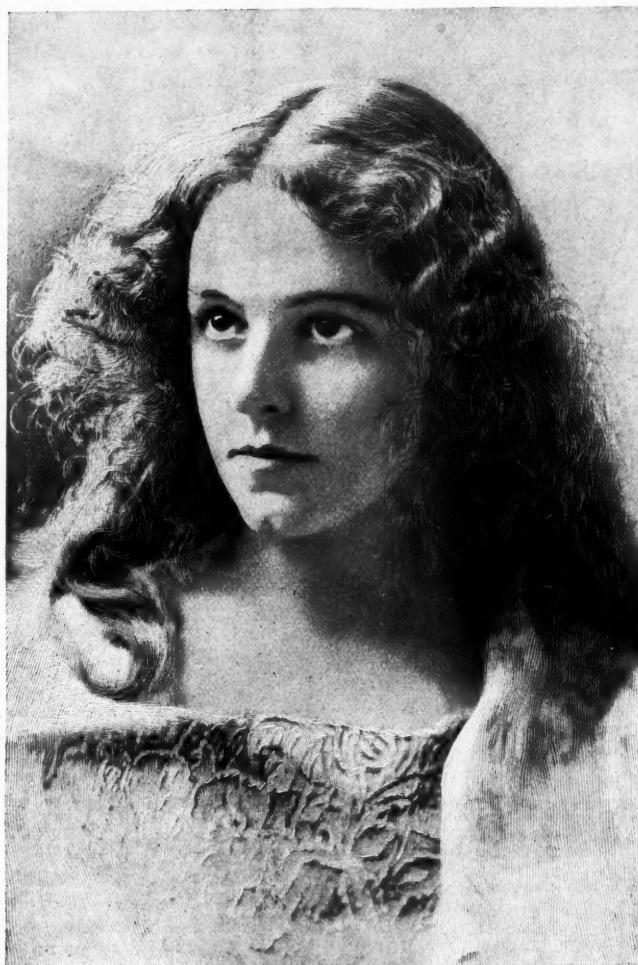


WILLIAM FAVERSHAM.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

Hackett, and Charles advancing William Faversham to Henry Miller's vacated pedestal. Mr. Faversham has been a member of the Empire company since the era of "Sowing the Wind," in which he depicted the young lover, *Ned Annesley*. He is an Englishman of good family and a university education, and played a prominent part in Bronson

went back to lovers again as *Marcel*, the artist, in "Bohemia." As the leading character in "Under the Red Robe," he has done honest, painstaking work. The rôle of *Gil de Berault* is an exacting one in every sense of the word, and although Mr. Faversham was far from well during the winter, he succeeded in proving that his manager made



HELEN MACBETH.

From a photograph by Falk, New York.

no mistake in transforming a second fiddle into a first.

THE UNDERSTUDY FIELD.

Who are the understudies? Sometimes they are the players of other parts in the same piece, resulting, in case of illness, in a "shoving up one" all along the line, until the stage manager or one of his friends is pressed into unwanted service for the briefest part. At the Empire, last winter, when Faversham was in poor health, E. J. Morgan, of the Lyceum, was held in readiness to take the character of *Gil* while he was out of the bill at his own house. The Bostonians maintain practically a double company, so that they

are always prepared for emergencies. At the Lyceum, Dan Frohman has a regular corps of understudies, and from these he frequently recruits his company, Elizabeth Tyree being a notable instance. Our portrait of Helen Macbeth shows one of the most promising members of this auxiliary force.

Miss Macbeth is the daughter of a Michigan doctor, and is a special protégée of Minnie Maddern Fiske, in whose company she played ingénue parts during the season of 1895-96. Last winter she made a very pleasing impression at the American Theater in "A Man of Honor," and an engagement with William H. Crane has been offered her. But she prefers to remain in New York, awaiting the



FRANCES GAUNT.

From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.

opening that Mr. Frohman has promised her as soon as the opportunity presents itself. There will be one vacancy, at least, for Miss Shotwell has left the company and gone abroad, but a good deal depends on the line of parts for which the new plays may call.

SACRIFICE HITS.

Another of the innumerable company who have begun at Daly's is to be found in Frances Gaunt, whose portrait appears on page 624. Later she passed under Dan Frohman's management, appearing as *Lucille* in "The Wife" and *Phyllis* in "The Charity Ball." After this she spent a season with Sothern, and then played the leading parts in "The Ensign" and "The Lost Paradise."

Her latest impersonation—*Carmen St. Henri* in "Two Little Vagrants"—is not calculated to win the sympathy of the audience, but the actress who sinks her personal preferences, and plays an uncongenial rôle conscientiously, may come in time to make herself peculiarly valuable to managers. Alice Fischer—*Zephyrine* in "Two Little Vagrants"—furnishes a notable example. She made a hit as the adventuress in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and now, while managers may have half a dozen people in mind for emotional or comedy work, Alice Fischer's name is very apt to occur to them first in casting a shrew or a "villainess."

THE SAMENESS OF SO CALLED VARIETY.

The conversion of an artificial ice skating rink into a summer music hall is a sensible substitute for the roof garden so far as the physical well being of the audience is concerned. Refrigerating machines are more to be depended on than aerial breezes when the thermometer is in the nineties. For the rest, we think the same ends would be served had Mr. James Lederer, of the St. Nicholas (he is a brother to George W. Lederer of the Casino), simply engaged the Sixty Ninth Regiment Band to play, as it does now in connection with the performance, and made no attempt to add the music hall feature.

The money made by Weber & Fields out of their venture with the old Imperial has set the brains of managers awry. Rumors have been flying thick and fast of this or that home of the so called legitimate, which is to be turned into a cis-Atlantic Alhambra or Empire. But Weber & Fields have won out because they are a clever team in themselves, with a large following, and were fortunate enough to strike the popular taste with burlesques on prevailing plays. New York already has more homes of variety than it can stock with first class "turns." There are four music halls and two houses devoted to

the continuous, and when we recall that New York has not yet adopted London's plan of making one performer do duty on several stages in the same evening, one can realize what a large number of "artists" are required to supply the dozen or more numbers on each of the six programs. It is not a matter of surprise that the tendency is more and more toward furnishing each bill with a big star, who is kept in reserve till the end of the evening in order to induce the audience to listen patiently to the small fry, who are for the most part time killers.

The wonder is, that with so many people constantly coming over from the legitimate into variety, the average quality of the acts should be continually growing worse. Were it not for the application of photography to theatrical uses, the situation would be desperate. It is almost pathetic to note the eagerness with which even a commonplace song is applauded simply because its monotony is brightened by the quick change from one picture to another on the screen. Variety is what the public wants; not too much of one thing, however good, and in no branch of amusement is variety so lacking as in the houses ostensibly devoted to its purveying.

THE HIT OF "THE CIRCUS GIRL."

"Go to," said the public to the critics. "We are going to judge for ourselves." And this judgment, if crowded houses are any indication, is that Mr. Daly's production of "The Circus Girl" is worth more than a single visit.

The piece itself, while of the same order as "The Shop Girl," is as far ahead of it in swing and go as the sawdust ring excels the department store counter in romantic interest. The first scene of the second act, showing the entrance to the arena, is admirably arranged, and the spectator is almost convinced that he is seeing a double show without being subjected to the neck twisting tortures that this sort of thing at Barnum's involves. The action is swift and culminates in a climax that leaves the audience as mentally breathless as the performers must be physically.

Among the latter, Virginia Earle is easily the favorite. Her entrance is managed in a refreshingly novel manner, and her songs are all captivating and well sung. Cyril Scott has the opposite part—or rather is it, as his consummate naturalness causes him to be every rôle he undertakes. James Powers does not possess this faculty. He must get his parts as we buy our hats, not our coats; but in this case the hat certainly fits. Nancy McIntosh as the circus girl really does wonders in a line of work manifestly unsuited to her. Her "Whoop-la-la-la" song is perhaps

more effective with the air of refinement she throws around it than if permeated with the reckless abandon that was evidently in the author's mind, and it gives one a sensation not easily analyzed to see the *Hero* and *Miranda* of the Shakspere season, mount a horse before our eyes and enter the ring to "do her turn."

Daly's "Circus Girl" is a success, and stranger things have happened than that she should keep his theater open all summer.

"A ROUND OF PLEASURE."

The dictionary tells us that "extravaganza" means "something out of rule," and if a play presupposes a well ordered plot, "A Round of Pleasure" transgresses every rule in the dramatic canon. But in warm weather a plot is oftentimes a weariness to the flesh, and when the lack of it is atoned for by such a kaleidoscope of substitutes, it is small wonder that the big Knickerbocker Theater contains a succession of big audiences who really get a "round of pleasure." One has no opportunity to tire of one species of entertainment, be it song, dance, comedy effect, or brilliant tableau, before something else is put forward to capture the attention anew.

Such handsome scenery, such brilliant costumes, and so large a number of young and pretty girls have not been seen gathered together on one stage within the memory of him whose mind goes back to the early days of "The Black Crook" and beyond. The youth and the prettiness of the girls at first sight almost stagger the public, accustomed to something very different in the chorus ranks. This is especially noticeable on the entrance of the jesters in the Shakspere festival scene, when the audience at first gasps and then breaks forth in spontaneous applause.

Of the half dozen American successes mentioned in our last issue as looking toward London production this summer, three have at this writing come to performance. "The County Fair," with Neil Burgess, ran two weeks at the Brixton, one of the outlying theaters, where the booking is usually changed every seven nights; "Lost, Strayed or Stolen," with an English cast, has made a decided hit at the Duke of York's; and "Secret Service," with William Gillette and the entire American company has won the day—and doubtless captured more nights than were originally allotted to it—at the Adelphi, the home of melodrama.

* * * *

The season at New York's unique summer theater—Terrace Garden—opens with an attraction that ought to extend its clientage far beyond the German element, for whom it

is primarily designed. "The Wizard of the Nile," bandmaster Herbert's tuneful opera, having crossed the ocean and pleased the Viennese as well as it pleased the Americans for whom it was written, comes back to us in foreign garb as "Der Zauberer vom Nil," presenting a capital opportunity for students of German to take lessons of the sugar coated variety.

The Terrace Garden theater opens on one side upon the terrace from which it takes its name, and here, between the acts, the audience refreshes itself with beer and a concert band. If those two maidens from the gay city on the Seine—"The Girl from Paris" and "The Circus Girl"—do not stay on through the summer, Terrace Garden's only rivals will be "The Whirl of the Town" at the Casino and "A Round of Pleasure" at the Knickerbocker.

* * * * *

For all that the writing of plays holds out such alluring possibilities, there are humiliations connected with the vocation which are painful even to its successful followers. A novelist makes a hit with one story, and has his fame heralded abroad; a second book is issued and may fall flat, but the fact is not forced upon their attention. They do not have access to his publisher's ledgers; and if critics are severe, their strictures are regarded as the penalty of fame.

A dramatist, on the other hand, has no recourse but to "grin and bear it," when his play is taken off the boards because it fails to draw. In his case the line of demarcation between success and failure is clearly chalked, and he who runs the streets may read the tale writ large on the hoardings.

Just this direful experience befell Louis N. Parker last winter. Co-author with Murray Carson of "Rosemary," he was lauded, feted, and dined; and then, alas, his "Mayflower" wilted in the early spring. And even though Sothern may win with "Change Alley" in September, Mr. Parker has to fear that unkind people may hint that success has come again only because he has returned to collaboration with Mr. Carson.

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Three successful annual reviews have given such an impetus to that form of summer entertainment at the Casino that each addition to the series seems assured of prosperity in advance. "The Whirl of the Town" is apparently no exception to the rule, judging by the comments of the daily press on its first night. Between the "Whirl" here and the "Round of Pleasure" next door, the stay at home Gothamite runs the risk of being dizzied by the titles of the entertainments offered him during the heated term.



THE WORLD OF MUSIC

"EXCLUSIVE MUSIC."

As New York grows larger and more cosmopolitan, it learns lessons from everywhere, and very often improves upon its models. Because this is a republic, there is no reason why we should not have all the advantages which come to other countries from having crowned heads, who serve as professors of good taste. A good many of us are always—or at least part of the time—insisting that we are all sovereigns here.

One of the latest developments in the musical world is the establishment of concerts on the plan of those under royal patronage abroad. They are to be held in New York, at the Astoria, the new hotel adjoining the Waldorf. They are to be under the direction of Anton Seidl, who will have a new orchestra of seventy five pieces, and the best soloists that can be procured. Each concert is to last a trifle more than an hour, and they will be distinctly fashionable events. No single tickets will be sold, and the course of twelve will cost sixty dollars a seat. Two boxes will be sold for three hundred and sixty dollars each. The idea seems to be to make them as exclusive as possible. Full dress will of course be worn.

There is some curious trait in human nature which makes a thing more enjoyable when it is "exclusive"—that is to say, when the majority of the world is shut out from its enjoyment. King Ludwig of Bavaria carried the theory to an excess, and he was called a lunatic on account of it.

It would seem as if the mind and soul which can assimilate sweet sounds would enjoy the knowledge that the same softening influence was falling upon the rest of the world, or upon as much of it as possible. But—it is not so.

A NATIVE OPERA.

Why don't we have a little native opera? Why do our singers go abroad while we have the European singers over here? Why shouldn't we have operas sung by our own people? There is no reason on earth. Everybody allows that Americans have the finest voices in the world.

Let us look at the people we should have to choose from. There are Lillian Nordica, Emma Eames, Emma Albani, Adelaide Phillips, Ella Russell, Susan Strong, Pauline L'Allemand, Marie Van Zandt, Sibyl Sanderson, Zélie de Lussan. This is only a partial list of the women of America who have be-

come famous in opera, including neither the elder singers who have retired, nor the concert singers. There is no country in the world that could support so fine an opera company. It will come some day, of course, and then we shall begin to have composers belonging to the soil, and the world will see that we are not simply a nation of money getters, who have to send abroad for our art.

So long as we buy art in the foreign markets, our singers will go abroad.

WHERE TASTES DIFFER.

There is beginning to be a queer feeling in some quarters that perhaps there is something wrong with our musical taste.

There was Tamagno. We sent him home again, the year before last, as not quite up to our mark; and lo, we find that Paris, the city which we too often allow to create our taste, is breaking the rule which forbids the use of any foreign language upon the national stage of the Grand Opéra, in order to let Tamagno sing in his native Italian. There have been dinners and fêtes in his honor, and all Paris has delighted to show its appreciation of his talent. But then, Parisian taste may be declining. It was only a few months ago that an old portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence was rejected by art committees in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, and pronounced to be quite below our standards, and the very next month France bought it for the Louvre!

But Germany seems to uphold Paris in the case of Tamagno. We are going to have none of the great singers next year, we are told, and they are offering their services in Europe. It is said that the de Reszkes, Lassalle, and Emma Eames are all to go to Germany, with the understanding that they will cut their prices, but Tamagno is holding out for \$1,200 a night, and getting it.

A NEW AMERICAN SINGER.

We may have another American opera singer in Della Rogers, who hails from Denver, Colorado. She has been singing "Andrea Chenier" in Milan, and is to sing "Werther" and "Carmen" in Turin. Massenet is coaching her for her appearance in "Werther."

Miss Rogers was taken to Paris seven years ago, and was carefully prepared for her débüt under the best teachers. Her family had removed to the French capital that she might

have the most favorable surroundings, and be able to meet the leading people in the profession she had chosen. When she was ready to sing, she made a successful début in St. Petersburg, singing afterward at Milan, Constantinople, and Bucharest. After her Italian season she has been invited to make a concert tour in Great Britain.

But Miss Rogers has been best known in Paris, where she sang in many of the great houses before her professional début. Almost invariably she was accompanied by the composer of the music which she rendered. She has a fine stage presence, and Parisians say that she will take a first place within a very few years.

MUSIC IN EDUCATION.

The importance of the teachers' convention in New York, on June 24, was not understood by a great many musicians. It was an education in methods which could be found nowhere else, for it was the personal experiences of thoughtful men that were offered.

The work of Professor Gow, of Vassar, was particularly interesting. Professor Gow put himself in communication with all the college presidents of the United States, and many educators of world wide fame in other countries, and asked for an expression of their opinions upon the proper place of music in education. It was shown that each year American and European colleges are understanding more and more the necessity of teaching music as one of the arts. Its refining and elevating influence cannot be overestimated.

The fact that there are musicians who are neither refined nor elevated is no argument against this truth. The same thing often holds true of the excess of the artistic temperament. In any great creative talent we often find an over balance, which makes it lacking at other points. To the well poised mind, music is always an ennobling influence.

HERMANN WETZLER AND HIS WORK.

Musical people are looking forward to the début of Hermann Hans Wetzler as an orchestral conductor.

Six years ago Mr. Wetzler produced a symphony of his own with the combined orchestras of the opera and conservatoire at Frankfort on the Main, where he studied under Clara Schumann, Professors Scholz and Knorr, and Engelbert Humperdinck, the composer of "Hänsel und Gretel." His conducting attracted a good deal of attention in Germany. The critics unanimously found wonderful magnetism and virility in his work, and predicted that he would reach the highest rank as a conductor. At the Chicago

World's Fair, from three hundred compositions submitted to the jury—which included such famous names as that of Saint-Saëns—Mr. Wetzler's symphony was selected as the prize winner, and it was several times played with great success by Theodore Thomas' orchestra.

Mr. Wetzler is to give an orchestral concert in New York during the coming fall, at which he will conduct several of his own works, as well as some of the Beethoven and Wagner classics. One of his latest compositions, "The Fairy Queen," which is based on an old English ballad, has been sung by David Bispham at song recitals, and well received. For the last five years he has been working quietly in New York, as an organist, and as a teacher of the organ and of composition. He is an enthusiast and an authority upon the subject of Bach, and is specially noted for his strong and poetical rendering of the old German master's scores. He has been felt as an influence among local musicians, and his friends and colleagues will be glad to know that at last he intends to place himself at the head of a good orchestra—where he belongs.

MUSIC IN LONDON.

The jubilee period in London was rich in musical events. The musical season begins there when ours is ending. In May, more than a hundred concerts were given, and the rush was kept up during June. Among the entertainments were concerts by Dr. Richter, the début of Mme. Pancera, the pianist, two concerts by Mme. Marchesi, and others by Melba and by Paderewski.

England has been cold to Melba, it is said, probably because the queen refused to hear her sing, on purely personal grounds. It is hard for the American intellect to comprehend why the disapproval of an old lady who never had a great musical taste should dim the brilliancy of what is undoubtedly the most wonderful vocal organ in the world. If Mme. Melba has a sense of humor, she must find plenty exercise for it in considering this question.

Mr. Grau's season opened at Covent Garden on May 10, with Emma Eames in "Tannhäuser." Mme. Eames had been singing in Paris before she went to London. She expects to sing *Elizabeth* in the German cities next winter, and the outside world will wait to see how her beauty and her ever expanding voice interest the Germans.

THE LARGEST SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

It may not be generally known that the largest school of music in the world is quartered in the old Guildhall, in London. It

has one hundred and forty professors, and nearly four thousand pupils; and yet there are more applicants for admission than can be accommodated, and the corporation is about to enlarge its premises at a cost of more than twenty thousand pounds. A more commodious concert room and theater will also be built. There will then be space for at least five thousand students. The vast majority of these pupils are amateurs, studying music entirely for home use.

It is strange that a school like this cannot be successful in New York. The Madison Square Garden building, whose fate is problematical, would make an ideal building for it. America finds more and more pupils every year studying music for professional purposes, but home music bids fair to be ridiculed out of the community by the ignorant joke maker. This is almost the only civilized country in the world where the young men are not taught music, and where it is not an expected part of a "good education."

GIACOMO PUCCINI.

In calling the roll of the "Young Italy" group of composers, the name of Puccini is too often forgotten. In America we always think of Mascagni and Leoncavallo as the leaders of the school; but Verdi has spoken of Giacomo Puccini as the most promising of his successors.

With musicians, Puccini's fame rests principally upon two operas, which have been unsuccessful with the public, but which the best critics consider to bear marks of genius. They are "Le Villi" and "Manon Lescaut." Massenet's "Manon" might appear to have exhausted the possibilities of the Abbé Prévost's story, but Puccini has treated some scenes which the French composer did not touch. Auber had already written an opera about the same theme in 1856, but it is long ago forgotten.

Puccini comes of a long line of musical folk. His great great grandfather was a composer of reputation, whose requiem for eight voices was produced at the Vienna Musical Exhibition of five years ago. He had a son Antonio, born in 1747, who was famous as a theorist. One of his compositions was also included in the program of the Vienna celebration, as well as the work of his son Domenico, who was a writer of operas as well as church music. Michele, the father of the present Giacomo, was famous through northern Italy as a scientific musician, and his death, in 1864, was lamented as a loss to the musical world. At Vienna they sang some of his canons for thirty two voices.

It was as a tribute to his father that the Queen of Italy gave Puccini a small pension, which

enabled him to start his studies at the Milan conservatory. He is still a young man, and the older musicians have hopes of him which they do not feel for some more popular composers of the day.

THE MUSIC OF DECADENCE.

When civilization reaches a certain point, it is like anything else past its ripeness and coming to its decay. During this stage it often throws out beautiful developments, unhealthy but wonderful, like the phosphorescence of decaying vegetable matter. Sometimes the fads of an old society are simply the workings of this natural law of decadence.

We cannot call it anything but morbid sentiment that sent people to the catacombs of Paris to hear a concert, although the effects were said to be remarkable. It was an incident that led Ziem, the Parisian painter, to recall and relate the story of Chopin's famous "Funeral March." One night four young men of the two worlds—the great and the bohemian—were dining at the house of one of them when a skeleton was produced and made to play the piano with weird effect. "Some little time after," Ziem says, "Chopin came in looking as Georges Sand has so well depicted him, 'his imagination haunted with legends of the misty regions, besieged by unnamed phantoms.' After a frightful night, spent in struggling with specters which had been clinging to him, he had come to rest with me." Ziem spoke of the skeleton's performance at the dinner, at which he was one of the guests, saying that it reminded him of Chopin's nightmares.

"Have you a skeleton?" the musician asked.

One was found for him, and Ziem relates that "what had been a mere joke was translated, through the grand inspiration of Chopin, into something awful, grand, and painful. Pallid, with immeasurably distended eyes, and wrapped in a long shroud, Chopin was hugging to his panting heart the specter which had haunted him so often in his dreams. Suddenly we were all moved to the marrow of our bones. Through the deep silence of the studio spread mournful notes, broad, dull, depressed, deep—music unheard until now; and slowly the funeral march was developing into life, enchaining us with its diabolical ring. The notes began to waver, and we ran to Chopin, to find him almost in a collapse under his shroud."

All Chopin's music has the weird touch of another world. Somebody once interpreted one of his waltzes as the dance of a little pair of red shoes, whose owner was dead, and which danced down the stairs, through the streets, and over the hills, only finding rest

at last on the grave of the light feet that had worn them.

WAGNER'S TWO WIVES.

We wonder what Bayreuth would have been by this time had Wagner lived. It would certainly be a much more powerful factor in the musical education of the world than it is. Frau Wagner is a woman of talent, as the daughter of Liszt should be, but she does not take art for her sole guiding star, as her husband did.

We hear a great deal about Frau Wagner having been the wife of Hans von Bülow, and of the friendship between her and Wagner which ended in Frau von Bülow leaving her husband to become the companion and the "inspiration" of Wagner — without, by the way, altering at all the intimate relations of her first and second husbands; but we seldom hear any mention of Wagner's first wife, Minna Planer, who died in Dresden in 1866. Yet it was in her lifetime that he wrote "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhäuser," and "Lohengrin." She is described as a pretty, domestic little woman, who was economical, thrifty, and quite ignorant of her husband's genius. Wagner was violently in love with her in his youth, and there is said to be a letter still extant in which he threatens to ruin himself by dissipation if she does not marry him. There is another in which he tells her that he has begun proceedings for a divorce, and intends to push them to a conclusion if he can obtain a certain position which he covets.

The marriage seems to have been like so many of those unfortunate alliances made by men of talent or genius when they are young and ignorant of their own natures. It may be that the consequent irritation is like the grain of sand in the oyster, forming a nucleus for the pearl of endeavor. There is a Chinese proverb, that the man who sits on silk seldom becomes famous.

Wagner himself said of their separation: "Between me and my wife all might have turned out well. I had simply spoiled her dreadfully, and yielded to her in everything. She did not feel that I am a man who cannot live with wings tied down. What did she know of the divine right of passion, which I announced in the flame death of the *Valkyrie* who has fallen from the grace of the gods? With the death sacrifice of love, the twilight of the gods sets in."

All of which may be interpreted in the simple old way. Wagner had met Frau von Bülow.

America need not feel so unhappy because she is shown up to the world as unable to

afford grand opera. Notwithstanding all efforts, it is practically true to say that it never pays anywhere. No opera house of the first class can exist upon its box office receipts. They all show deficits, greater or less, which are usually made up by the government. The Emperor of Austria gave three hundred thousand florins, last year, toward the Imperial Opera in Vienna.

The star singers appear to be the only people who make anything out of grand opera in the long run.

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They are going to have a musical novelty in Cincinnati next season. Mr. Van der Stucken has announced his intention of giving, with the Symphony Orchestra, Berlioz' lyric melodrama called "Lelio, Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste." It was first produced in 1832, and as it had for an interpreter one of the great actors of that day, Bocage, it was a success. It consists of a recitation with a hidden orchestra, and with an invisible chorus behind the scenes. It ends with a fantasy on Shakspere's "Tempest."

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We are glad to chronicle that Edvard Grieg's tour through Europe has been in every way a triumph. He has moved the world by his playing of his own compositions, and has been feted and loaded with honors. The phlegmatic people of Holland gave him a particularly enthusiastic welcome. The Diligentia Society, in Amsterdam, made him an honorary member after he had conducted one of their concerts, where his own compositions were interpreted by the leading Dutch artists. The young Queen of Holland gave him a decoration with her own hands.

Every year the world learns more of Grieg's marvelous work.

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As Wagner is so much the fashion at present, Mme. Materna, who has lately opened a school for singing in Vienna, is receiving many pupils who once went to Paris. In the old Wagnerian days, Materna was the greatest of them all. Wagner himself taught her how to sing her rôles, and although her voice is not what it was, she has not forgotten her teacher.

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The little "Book of Encores," by Ralph Bernheim, which was delayed through the serious illness of the author, is before the public at last. One of the songs without words, arranged to "The Widow Bird," by Shelley, has fascinated Yvette Guilbert so much that she has written to Mr. Bernheim asking him to arrange it for her voice, with orchestral accompaniment. She will add it to her repertoire.

IN VANITY FAIR

MASQUES AND DANCES, DINNERS AND TEAS, MUSICALES, OPERAS, PLAYS,
GOSSIP AND GALLANTRY, WAYS OF EASE, FOLY FRAUGHT NIGHTS AND DAYS;
GREED OF GOLD AND THE PACE THAT KILLS, GLAMOUR AND GLOSS AND GLARE,
FADS AND FURBELOWS, FANCIES AND FRILLS—THIS IS VANITY FAIR!

THE DEGENERATION OF THE ELOPEMENT.

Elopements have entirely disappeared from fiction, and almost entirely from high life, having, like the generic term "lady," gone from the drawing room to the kitchen. This was inevitable when modern conditions crushed out the romance, the post chaise being replaced by the livery stable buggy, and the pursuit of the irate father becoming a matter of telegraphy and private detectives rather than of thundering hoofs. The well born child of today is prudent and worldly, not troubled with reckless impulses, and preferring a sedate love, ushered into a suitable establishment by Tiffany and "Lohengrin," to the most thrilling escapade that ever set the countryside gaping. And this is not strange, for though one might rather enjoy the squire's laughing oath of admiration, and his lady's uplifted hands and eyebrows, the sensational headlines of the modern daily newspaper are less delicately flattering. Romance cannot survive the vulgarizing touch of the "new journalism."

Moreover, in America the young generation does so exactly as it pleases that there is seldom any excuse for stealth in carrying out its wishes. A contemporary writer confesses that he would prefer elopement to any other form of marriage, but sadly asks where he is to find parents sufficiently obdurate to justify such a course. Obtaining the parental consent has become a mere form, a gratuitous courtesy on the part of the happy lover. Why not? The well bred girl of today seldom wants to marry any one she shouldn't.

There are spheres of life in which the elopement still flourishes, brought about by very much the same causes as those that influenced the heroes and heroines of old time romances—the poverty of the suitor, the youthfulness of his bride. They belong chiefly to small towns just "over the line," or to locations within reach of the unfettered high seas. In California there is a minister who has earned the title of "the deep sea parson," from the number of runaway couples he has married the necessary three miles from land. It is no light thing to face the probable seasickness and possible whales of the great Pacific in a small boat. These runaway minors have the

courage of their affections, even though their rank awards them but an inch or two of nonpareil in an obscure corner of the big daily.

This deep sea parson has married so many couples that they talk of forming a Deep Sea Marriage Association, which shall give a banquet in his honor. Such a gathering would offer a good opportunity for collecting statistics on the wisdom of foolish marriages.

THEY THAT MOURN.

The mortality this past winter must have been something appalling, to judge by the sable garments in the crowd. Every third woman was in black from aigrette to dust ruffle, while it would take a civil war to account for all the little toy widows, with their frivolous veils, plump, cheerful faces, and white lawn cuffs. Now, with the coming of summer, humanity seems to have taken a new lease of life, for the symbols of mourning have disappeared, and *Vanity Fair* glows like a garden. Is it that no one has the heart to die while the shop windows bloom the ethereal colors of midsummer? Or that even grief cannot stand against the seductions of a red hat? Or must we admit the foolish truth, that the garments of woe were but a fad, a device for giving variety to the winter of our discontent?

Not that black was assumed without some pretext. A great uncle, or a something in law, or a faithful housemaid, or even a favorite fox terrier, was always offered up in advance for the privilege of six weeks' retirement from the world and promenading of the streets in fashionable black. Any old person would do, but the death must be authentic.

She who would be most elegant and most bereaved wears a gown made entirely of heavy English crêpe, severely plain, and a bonnet of the same material. The only fur she can allow herself is curled lamb. Precisely one year from the day of her loss she lifts her head again, and adorns it with a white ruche in the bonnet's edge. White begins to appear in shining bands at her throat and wrist. Six months later comes a hint of lavender, and that is the beginning of the end. This, however, is for extreme cases—the loss of a pet dog, for instance.

Any ordinary sorrow admits of white points after three months, gray and lavender at six, and anything whatever after a year.

The colored clothes are prepared weeks beforehand, like a trousseau, that all may be in readiness, when the appointed day arrives. In some instances, dark gray may be worn after three months. It is correct to mourn a husband or a parent with a veil, but not a child; and so on, through all the silly little laws according to which we buy dry goods to express our grief, very much as the Chinese hire mourners.

Some years ago, when fashion condemned a widow to pitch black for six months, a certain woman's husband died. He was on the other side of the globe, and she did not learn the news for six months. Then, very properly, she went into second mourning, black and white; for, as she explained, the time of first mourning had passed before she knew of her bereavement. It is a blessed state of civilization, where we can escape the first half of our grief through the simple accident of a miscarried letter.

CURIO MANIA.

A vigorous, healthy mind, that has no rational exercise in the line of a fixed vocation, is the kind of mind that devotes itself most frantically to the most improbable and unreasonable hobbies. The possessor of a hobby may be at once an object of respect and of pity—of respect, because we cannot help admiring the zeal and determination with which he has pursued his special mania all through his life; of pity, to see that these strong characteristics are not matched and balanced by a sense of the fitness of things.

There is nothing particularly educational about—let us say—a salt cellar; but we have known intelligent men to spend their fortunes and the best years of their lives searching over Europe on no better errand than that of hunting up odd specimens of such household trifles to add to their “collection.”

There are many men, busied in useful occupations, who demand constant mental activity. Such people very wisely fill up their leisure minutes with small hobbies, which operate as a counter irritant to the vexations of business. This is the legitimate scope of a hobby. In such cases it becomes a real economic factor.

Then, again, there are men who, in all the busy world, can find nothing to do until they hunt up or invent a fad—by preference, one so extraordinary that no one ever thought of it before. Then they ride their pet all over the world, scouring the globe for specimens to gratify their particular curio mania. These men become pitiable and laughable specimens

of misplaced talent, and their boasted collections often remain as grotesque monuments to misdirected genius.

WHEELING TO HOUNDS.

There is indeed something impressive in the way our American people handle a hobby, when its claims upon their consideration are well established. Minor things, like street pavings and public buildings, we sometimes leave half done, but a good, thoroughbred hobby never!

The bicycle is at once the stanchest of allies, the best of physicians, and the great pleasure giver to millions of people of all sorts and conditions; but it is also a hobby, and there is no chance that, as such, our thoroughgoing people will leave it “half done.” Some of our theaters would be quite undone if they did not provide arrangements for storing and checking the wheels of their cycling auditors. It is now soberly proposed to have certain trains run by wheelmen. The bicycles and their riders are to be suspended in rows inside the “motor car,” and their propelling mechanism attached to the car axles.

The cycle boat is no longer even a novelty, so long has it held its loads of novelty hunters on our park lakes. People go calling on bicycles; we have seen staid parsons paying their pastoral visits awheel; we know of one or two “progressive” churches with a “bicycle entrance” for wheelmen and wheels. Doctors pedal their way upon their rounds, and this may have suggested the movement—to which we have already called attention in this department—for the adaptation of the bicycle to funeral functions.

The ravages of the wheel upon established customs and preconceived notions are merciless. No thought of its fitness or adaptability to its intended use, deters the zealot from extending its domain. The cry of the wheeling enthusiast is ever :

While the spider spins, spin I;
With the cycling winds I vie;
Wheeling gull may tire—not I;
I'll ride the whirlwind—by and by.

You can drive a nail where it will go, but you can drive a bicycle anywhere if you press hard enough on the pedals. The latest and most astonishing experiment has been made by a bicycle brigade which has been pursuing the fox along with the huntsmen. The cross country wheelmen have to come to terms ignominiously with walls, and fences, but horsemen have to do that too, sometimes. So over stubble, stony meadows, and plowed field go the jolted but happy sportsmen.

Such a performance makes one think that bicycling is a fad, and therefore liable to

sudden and violent collapse. It shows that some wheelmen have no more idea of keeping within proper and fitting limits than has the Mississippi or the Nile. The bicycle is a pleasant and useful thing, but we should be sorry to see civilization swamped by it.

TELLTALE PHYSIOGNOMY.

"If you don't want the world to know that you have done a thing, don't do it," was the sage observation of an ancient philosopher. The advice has a renewed force now when women are becoming more and more emancipated, and are taking up the pursuits and occupations, and even the sports and pleasures, that used to be considered men's special prerogatives. Whether women's faces are more mobile and more ready to receive an imprint, or whether women are less given to self restraint, and so express more of their inner feelings, is not definitely understood; but the fact remains that on nearly every feminine face is indelibly stamped some impress of her favorite pursuit or amusement.

The bicycle face is well known, with its tightly drawn muscles, resolute, tense expression, and an underlying air of resignation, as if it were saying, "If death whirls around the next corner, I will meet it with fortitude!" The long distance lens of the golf eye is also growing common, but the card face is comparatively new. The more experienced *Sherlock Holmeses* of society claim that they can detect the difference between the whist face and the countenance molded by progressive euchre; but the card face in general is recognizable by the veriest tyro.

There are women who have thrown themselves into card playing so feverishly, with such intense excitement, that it is no longer a diversion, but a serious task. Whether they play for money or points, or for some trumpery prize which they would not admit to their drawing room except as an evidence of their skill at the game, the result is the same. The strain on their nerves is expressed by closely drawn brows, and an eye eager and watchful for an opponent's plays and misplays; while greed and the desire for gain show themselves in ugly lines about the mouth. This description applies, of course, to the worst victims of the craze; but the same symptoms, in a more or less modified form, are appearing on the faces of not a few of society's maids and matrons.

THE IMMOBILE GIBSON MAN.

Since the society girl has taken to beruffled and lace trimmed shirt waists, and her silken stock is fast supplanting the stiff, brotherly tie, the Gibson girl, with all her breezy ways, has ceased to be the model of the summer

maiden. The dainty ruffled and laced girl is to be queen of this season, and the clinging "angel" skirts may soon be with us.

When we lift up our tearful eyes to the dull horizon, to contemplate the ivy girl with limp skirts and picture hats, our tears are turned to rainbows as the sight is gladdened by society's latest fad—not a maiden, this time, but a man! Lo, he glides forward in subdued splendor, the white parting of his sleek hair enough to indicate the center of his face—even though he were noseless. But he is not noseless, for that straight, firm nose is stiffened with pride, and below it the smooth, well defined mouth and square chin carry out the look of steely indifference with which his face is marked.

To be a successful Gibson model, a man must appear to be wonderfully wise, but tired of worldly wisdom and bored with all creation. Never, while in company, may the muscles of his set jaws relax; but when his valet is dismissed—for the man does not live, the familiar saying tells us, who is a hero to his valet—his nerves may begin to assert themselves and his jaws find rest in a series of facial gymnastics. He should measure at least six feet in height, be very broad of shoulder, very slim of feet, and—another contradiction to the ordinary laws of mankind—have a West Point waist.

Alas, for the man who has been living in a state of bliss these last four years because he resembled Napoleon, for his day is passed. The Gibson man is as grave as the Little Corporal, his face as smooth, his eye as piercing, but he glories in the distinction of being a foot taller, with athletic shoulders, and owns a waist, which poor Napoleon never counted among all his grand possessions.

Such is the description of the new idol of the hour. The beauties of Baltimore and the belles of Washington gaze rapturously upon Gibson drawings, and then go on a mad hunt for the original, proclaiming their find with shouts of joy. The New York girls hunt for him in pairs, and the Philadelphia maidens do not see how they can keep out of the chase, for he is to be the favored light on piazzas and board walks this summer. He is so charming, so handsome, so wise! Wherein does his wisdom consist? Really, they cannot tell, but he looks wonderfully wise. He despairs mere conversational accomplishments. It is vulgar to argue; only people who are learning argue, and the Gibson man knows—knows it all. In fact, he is the male sphinx of the end of the nineteenth century.

THE THREE R'S.

The three "r's" that dominate American society have nothing to do with the impor-

taut trio of the school room, yet a knowledge of them may sometimes be as useful as anything in McGuffey or Wentworth. They are the clipped, slurred "r" of the South, the unctuous, mouth filling "r" of the Middle West, and the thin, cold, pure "r" that is Boston's by instinct and New York's by adoption.

So far as social advancement goes, it is better to be born with the right "r" in one's mouth than with a dozen gold spoons. Just which is the right one, authorities may not have agreed. America in general, and Mr. Hamlin Garland in particular, are fond of asserting that there is no such thing as authority in matters of taste, that no form is to be accepted or denied except by personal preference. But society admits standards and conforms to them, and in her ear that "r" is best which hovers about the classic slope of Murray Hill and the level shores of the Back Bay. Not, let us hope, because it is English by birth, but because it falls pleasantly on the ear, and is associated with all that is most cultivated and refined.

In our snap shot judgments of people, the "r" has a tremendous influence. This is scarcely just, for the man born in Chicago may be of as fine a quality and as deep a cultivation as the bluest blooded aristocrat of the Atlantic coast, and yet his thick, coarse 'r' will, at first speech, disguise the fact. He is hampered by a mere geographical accident. From the broadly American standpoint, his manner of speaking is as good as anybody's; but in the narrower judgment of society, accepted authority must rule the tongue of a true citizen of the world. In not recognizing the cosmopolitan standard, he is guilty of provincialism. He may, of course, win his way in the end, but he starts with a handicap.

The three "r's," shrewdly handled, may prove useful allies. Should you wish to pass as a remnant of a fallen aristocracy, a courteous, open hearted, impecunious gentleman of the old school, in which perfect breeding mingled with childlike simplicity, snub your "r" into the merest hint of a sound, with an echo of "oi" about it. That and a little tact will mark you "F. F. V." in any community. Should you prefer to stand for a shrewd, rustling, wealthy man of affairs, a member of boards and a president of committees, cultivate a broad waistcoat and fill your mouth with the thick, furry "r" that growls itself into prominence above all the other letters of the alphabet. Would you seem high born, cultivated, socially *au fait*, a desirable acquaintance in every respect, sharpen your "r" down to a fine edge of chilly purity, and send it forth a thin lipped ascetic, whose right

be known is neither suppressed nor exaggerated.

Above all, never betray by over carefulness and conscious accuracy, the fact that your chosen "r" did not come to you in the cradle.

PARESIS AND POSIES.

Probably few of the young women who love to adorn themselves with large bunches of fragrant violets know that the perfume of these flowers is producing in them paresis of the constrictor muscles of the glottis, and spasms of the bronchial tubes, beside exerting a most sinister effect on various other important portions of their anatomy. Yet such is the case, as we are assured upon the highest medical authority.

Science has arrayed herself against all flowers, but violets, roses, and heliotrope have to bear the brunt of her displeasure. No longer may the invalid's eyes rest on a dainty bunch of roses or violets, expressing in their delicate fragrance the love and sympathy of some dear friend excluded from the sick room. The pernicious influence of these highly obnoxious blossoms is even more injurious to the sick than to one who is out and about, and so able to throw off some of the deadly effluvia. In the London hospitals an edict has recently gone forth that no cut flowers are to pass the thresholds of the wards; and similar rules, we are told, are likely to be made in medical institutions everywhere.

It will be a blow to the poets when the enamored swain no longer bears floral offerings to the shrine of his adored Belinda. The humorists will now depict him, instead, as furiously sending great bunches of odorous roses to his wife's mother, with intent to undermine her constitution.

VAGARIES OF HOUSE NAMING.

A pretty custom prevails abroad, notably in England, of giving names to country houses—names suggestive of their location, or of some prominent bit of family history or legend. These names are mostly simple, and therefore pleasing; but it happens in this relation, as in some others, that a fat cut from English custom and grafted upon American life, bears fruit startlingly variant from its parent tree.

In place of the suggestive names of English country seats, we have names of Presidents, names of prima donnas, girls' "pet" names, names of race horses, and no end of appellations plucked at random from the indices of mythological tomes. It is some consolation to bear in mind the quiet enjoyment our foreign visitors must extract from this borrowed finery of house nomenclature.

ETCHINGS

BICYCLE PROVERBS.

It's an ill wind that blows out of a puncture in your tire.

A soft saddle turneth away wrath.

The novice and his saddle are soon parted.

It's a poor cyclometer that won't register double up hill.

He who sups with the scorcher needs a high gear.

The bumped child dreads the flyer.

Answer a street car according to its trolley.

No man can hasten the passing year, but any good rider can make a century run.

Take heed of the beginner from before, the scorcher from behind, but who shall escape the bloomer girl?

Despise not the day of small things; it's the little sprocket that makes the wheel go round.

It's the man without a cyclometer that has ridden the greatest distance of all.

Winthrop Packard.

A TIME FOR EVERYTHING.

ON most occasions you might take
Estelle for "Silence" fled her frame;
When with sweet, tight closed lips she sits

You're sure to cry her sisters shame
For their distracting badinage;

And when she smiles, their repartee
And wordy wit fall flat enough
Beside her quiet brilliancy.

Her taciturnity destroys

The flavor of that ancient jest
That woman talks all day and night,
And never gives her tongue a rest.

But there is an occasion when

On chattering she will insist
Fast as the jay proverbial;
And that's when she is playing whist.

Edward W. Barnard.

A LOVERS' RACE.

OVER the hills and dales she wheels,
Her lover following fast;

Oh, 'tis a race—

A rare love chase,

And though he's ever at her heels,
She leads him first to last.

Yes, just by half a length she keeps
The lead with calmest ease;

Ah, don't they go

Like lightning, though!—

Over the plain and sun kissed steepes,
As merrily as you please.

And will he catch her? Faith, I doubt!

They might speed thus all day,

And in the rear

He'd stay, I fear;

You see, to let the secret out,

A tandem's built that way.

Charles Edward Barns.

MORE THAN MEETS THE EAR.

"To rusticate I go," said Brown;

"I can't endure the beastly town!"

And packed his very swellest clothes—

The scarfs and suits all dudedom knows.

Better to be a country clown

Than slave of fortune or renown!

How sweet to leave life's dreary prose,

And pluck the blossom where it blows—

To rusticate!

That night a harvest moon looked down
Upon a girl in gingham gown,

A veritable country rose,

And Brown! Ha, ha, 'tis thus he goes,

When city maidens wear a frown—

To rustic Kate!

Mary L. C. Robinson.

IN GOTHAM'S STREETS.

IN Gotham's streets I spend my days,

A looker on, a passer by;

No laurel wreath or crown of bays

Can draw from me one fleeting sigh,

Or tempt my ever feasting eye.

Here shall I live, here shall I die.

No woodland scene, no mountain sky

Can lead me from the human maze

In Gotham's streets.

One of the million, that am I;

One of the million wondering why

And what it is, and if it pays,

This living in the city's ways—

This laughing when the heart would cry,

In Gotham's streets.

Tom Hall.

"EYES LIKE THE SEA."

HAVE you heard, my pretty, shy lass,
How of old the youthful Hylas

Stood amid the soft voiced rushes

Of the sedgy Mysian mere,

Heard afar his comrades calling,

Then the water nymphs, entralling,

Quenched the ardor of his blushes

In the ripples cold and clear?

Oft, when looking 'neath the lashes
Of your lake-like eyes, there flashes
Over me the thought that duty
 Lies in thralldom to their gaze ;
Far and faintly calls ambition—
Calls in vain, for sweet submission
To their magic spell of beauty
 Cools the heat for others' praise.

Let their echoes ring and die, lass ;
Happier am I than Hylas,
And the farewell diapason

When the Argo sought the seas,
Struck by Orpheus, could not call me
From the fate that must befall me
In your eyes, nor thought of Jason.

Nor the grief of Heracles.
Joseph L. Hooper.

A MAIDEN'S YEA AND NAY.

SHE laughed when he asked for the rose in
her hair,
The velvet cheeked rose she had gathered
that day.
She laughed—but her fingers strayed upward
to where,
Amid her dark curls, it lay fragrant and fair,
And 'twas pinned on his coat when he
went on his way !

She laughed when he asked for the heart in
her breast,
The heart she had guarded from friends
and from foes.
"Oh, fickle and false ! Who could trust
you ?" she said.
But he looked in her eyes, and her secret he
read,
And she gave him her heart—as she gave
him her rose.

Josephine H. Nicholls.

A LOVE LILT FROM BOHEMIA.

No diamonds you wear in your nut brown
hair ;
No pearls to encircle your neck ;
There's never a jewel to glint and glare
 And never a gem to deck.
Your tapering fingers have never a ring,
They never a circlet knew ;
Yet a rarer thing than the gift of a king
 Is the gold of my love for you.

The world, I'm sure, will assert you're poor,
 And vow much poorer am I ;
But still our love shall endure, endure
 As long as the years go by.
A simple toiler alone I stand,
 My wealth no miser can see ;
But richer than land in the king's command
 Is the gold of your love for me.

Your pure young life shall be free from strife,
 And all that I hope to be
I'll payment make to my promised wife
 For the gold of her love for me.
Together we'll laugh at the world unwise
 That fancies us poor, we two ;
And your pansy eyes shall behold a prize
 In the gold of my love for you.

Roy Farrell Greene.

WHIPPOORWILL.

WHEN the purple night shades fall,
 " Whippoorwill !"
Comes thy sweet melodious call,
 " Whippoorwill !"
From each sylvan nook and bower,
When the dew is on the flower,
 Softly sounds the plaintive trill,
 " Whippoorwill ; whippoorwill !"
Through the glade and o'er the hill,
 " Whippoorwill ; whippoorwill ; whippoor-
 will !"

Like a chime of silver bells,
 " Whippoorwill !"
Through the lowland's marshy dells,
 " Whippoorwill !"
Where the willow droops its head,
Where the summer brook is fed,
 Flute-like comes thy mournful trill,
 " Whippoorwill ; whippoorwill !"
Echoed through the woodlands still,
 " Whippoorwill ; whippoorwill ; whippoor-
 will !"

At thy sweet and pensive song,
 Whippoorwill,
Tender memories round me throng,
 Whippoorwill !
Memories of moon lit skies,
When I read, in love lit eyes,
 Looks that made my pulses trill,
 Whippoorwill ; whippoorwill !
While we listened to thy trill,
 " Whippoorwill ; whippoorwill ; whippoor-
 will !"
Helen Whitney Clark.

THE BELLS.

" RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky !"
The man of verse remarked ;
And straightway on a rhapsody
The sainted bard embarked.

He eulogized the pealing chimes
 In many a stirring line ;
He wrought a maze of feeling rhymes,
 Involved and serpentine.
But nowadays we cannot quite
 Indorse the bard's idea ;
For in our searching modern light
 His logic is not clear.

He hardly would have dared begin
His lavish theme to tell,
If he'd ever heard the jangling din
Of the pesky cyclist's bell.

Harold White.

WORKS VERSUS FAITH.

Two good ecclesiastics, on their talk intent,
One morning toward the vast cathedral went,
There to attend the service of the day ;
But when they reached it, great was their
dismay,
For while they had discoursed of creeds and
lore,
The time had passed—the service was half
o'er.
" My watch is slow," cried one of these
good men.
" Never will I have faith in it again ! "
So prone are e'en the wisest and the best
To cast the blame, where never blame should
rest.
The other smiled, and gravely shook his
head ;
" It is not *faith* you want, but *works*," he
said.

Katharine Jewell.

SWEET O' THE MORNING.

'Tis the sweet o' the morning now,
And hark, from the hidden bough
There wingeth the warbler's cry,
His matin ecstasy !
Sweet was the dale of dreams,
But sweeter the lyric streams,
The laughter of leaves, and the hues
In the rainbow heart of the dews !
Oh, who would tarry with sleep
When the green earth calls, and the deep
Breast of the blue is aburn
With the fire overspilled from the urn
Of the holy high priest Sun
At his morning orison !
The year's at flood, I trow ;
'Tis the sweet o' the morning now !

Clinton Scolland.

A TELEGRAM.

THE husband's face grew deadly pale,
As the telegram he read :
" Oh, come to me at once, for I
Am dying"—thus it said.

He scarcely paused to lock the safe,
So great was his distress,
But dashed away in frantic haste
To catch the fast express.

At last he reached the watering place
And rushed to the hotel,
Where he the week before had left
His young wife strong and well.

Amazement ! there she sat, attired
In fashion's latest style—
The rose of health upon her cheek,
Upon her lips a smile.

" What did you mean ? " he almost gasped.
" I feared that you were dead ! "
" Oh, no, but I was dying just
To see you"—so she said.

" Then why did you not write it so ? "
" Because you said, dear Ben,
In wiring use but just ten words,
And so I stopped at ten."

Helen W. Grove.

SIR POET.

(*Ideal.*)

SIR Poet, he dwelleth in Arcady ;
'Neath sunny skies, he sings
Of life and love. Sweet melody
Spontaneous from him springs.
Naught doth he care for gold so rare ;
He writeth in art's dear name,
And for a return doth never yearn,
Or so crumbling a crown as fame.

(*Real.*)

Sir Poet, he dwelleth in Harlem town,
In a flat on the far fifth floor ;
Writes vagrant verses by the ton ;
And sells them—which is more.
What doth he care for fame so fair ?
He'll write in what style you please—
Sad or funny, so long as your money
Just buys him his bread and cheese.

George Alison.

THE DIFFERENCE.

BUT yesterday ? It seems a year,
Love, since we strolled along this shore.
Where were you when I came at four,
Expecting that you would be here ?
My heart throbbed with a nameless fear ;
More sullen seemed the ocean's roar,
And shrill the wild, discordant cry
Of some sea bird. What fantasy
Held me in thrall as ne'er before ?
Only because you came not, dear !

A year ? But yesterday it seems,
The day we strolled along the shore.
Ah me ! To think that nevermore
I shall meet you, but in my dreams !
At night, what vision of you teems
Within my brain ! Again the roar
I hear of surf along the beach.
What need for human touch or speech ?
In your dear eyes that are the door
To your sweet soul, love ever gleams !

Charles Williams Barnes.



I AM just off to Europe. I am going for a bit of rest, and to buy the best products of Europe for MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, THE PURITAN, and THE ARGOSY—yes, and for our cloth bound books. On my return I shall resume these chats with you. Meanwhile I hope you will find MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE improving from issue to issue. It is our policy to have it improve.

* * * * *

THE letters received from readers of MUNSEY'S, in answer to suggestions made in this department, have been exceedingly gratifying, both in their numbers and in the tenor of their contents. "I am very busy, and get an immense amount of reading matter," says a Connecticut clergyman, the secretary of an important religious association, "but I read MUNSEY'S through last month. The features I like best are its variety, its excellent illustrations, and the *thoroughly good work* which seems to be done on every page." "I read every inch of MUNSEY'S," says a correspondent from Cleveland, "and have never found anything uninteresting in it. I am reading the serial stories, and am sure that I am no exception to the general rule. It is hard to wait for the next magazine to find out what Hall Caine is going to do with *Glory*, and Marion Crawford with *Vittoria's* lover."

It is impossible to quote from all the letters received, or from a tithe or even a hundredth part of them. But every one of them is welcomed, and is read with due consideration.

* * * * *

THE following criticism, from a journal in the Hoosier State, is worth publishing because it contains something I wish to reply to. It says :

Munsey's deserves more praise than we have space or time to give it, but is treading in the same channel that has laid the higher priced magazines, *Century*, *Harper's*, etc., on the shelf, or relegated them to those who "seek the instruction that they need" and the class who wish to buy advertisements. For our part we hope the day will come when every publication that we buy will be free from advertisements.

I am not disposed to take issue with the writer on his utterance in the first part of the first sentence, but as to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE treading in the path that leads to the realm of the cobweb, I do take issue; and for reply

I refer to the remarks I made in this department last month, in which I distinctly stated that while a part of our thirty two additional pages will be devoted to somewhat heavier articles, all the characteristics that have crystallized into MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE will be retained. The new features—the heavier features—are added on the added pages.

And now as to the advertisements. I don't know that I can answer the gentleman better than to quote something I wrote for these columns somewhat more than a year ago. I said :

"Now that advertising has reached a point of commercial honor, the advertiser is as important to the magazine reader as the reader is to the advertiser. The latter spends hundreds of millions of dollars annually to tell the reader—the wide awake reader—just what he wants to know—what he should know. It is very kind of the advertiser to do this—generous, philanthropic. He is a public benefactor. We say it seriously. It is through him that the reader keeps in touch with progress, with the trend of prices, with inventions and improvements, and these mean something to the man who would spend his money wisely—mean something to the woman who would not be deceived in what she buys, and swindled in the price she pays.

"In this age of invention, of mechanical perfecting, you are sure to wake up and find that you have bought something that is out of date, unless you watch the advertising pages of the magazine—that mirror of commercial enterprise. Inasmuch as this information is spread before you free of cost, you—not you, but the other fellow less progressive than yourself, is, perhaps, wont to pass lightly over pages that mean so much to the man who profits by the information at his command.

"It is not too much to say that if business men did not advertise, and if the facts contained in the advertisements of the day were published in pamphlet or book form and offered for sale, there would be a fortune in the enterprise for the publisher. And why? Simply because the information (now had in the shape of advertisements) is the very thing the people want—you want.

"Hence we say that the advertiser is as important to the reader as the reader is to the advertiser."

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

PATRIOTISM RUN MAD.

JULY is upon us, and the Small Boy is busy with his preparations for the proverbially glorious Fourth. Wonderful preparations are these of the warlike youth in the Home of the Brave! Awesome and despotic are the purposes of the imperious youngster in this Land of the Free! Freedom must wait at home, and Bravery lurk behind closed shutters, when the Youth Militant and the Kid Rampant go out to give battle with sputtering cracker and noisy torpedo.

The oriental fanatic finds expression for his illogical devotion in genuflections, in weird dance movements, and in shouting his vocal chords into revolt. He taxes his physical endurance to such a degree that sometimes he drops dead in the middle of his frenzied performance. Is this religion? Savages, notably cannibals, signalize their conquest of a weaker foe by fêtes even more violent than the ravings of the dervish. They dance in mad glee around their victims; they play on weird and awful contrivances for making noise; they howl in exultation, and wave their weapons of crude warfare in a delirium of savage valor. This is the best the savage knows. So also is the dervish dance the best the fanatic knows.

Now let us peep cautiously from behind our closed window blind at the howling mob of small folk in the street, forget that they are our own and our neighbors' children, and critically analyze their exhibition of adolescent valor. Here are the sons of civilization, the advance guard of an era of universal peace, shouting their lungs out in celebration of a fierce and long forgotten war of which they have only the vaguest possible conception. It is not a historical observance; its participants have but the vaguest idea of the events of the last century. It is not patriotic; children can have little understanding of the breadth and depth of patriotism, and love of country can scarcely be symbolized by blare of trumpet and flash of powder.

We find the modern counterpart of primeval custom in the most unexpected quarters. We trace the motives of the savage in the conventions of city life; and you will not look coolly and critically at the mock warfare of the Fourth without finding in it a suggestion of the days when the victorious savage beat noisily on his tomtoms, and stamped about in the intricacies of the war dance.

The love of country is the bulwark of

national integrity, the foundation on which the phenomenal growth of America has rested. In it is the surest promise of the continuance of that growth until our nation shall be a safe pattern for the fashioning of lesser peoples. But patriotism has no kinship with flamboyance. It is a sentiment too deep even for measuring with words; how then shall it be emphasized by the flash of tame powder, the fizz of wet rockets, and the tooting of impotent tin horns?

Then, again, the country against which our noisy and smoky demonstrations of patriotism are aimed, against which the florid rhetoric of outdoor orators is directed, is the nation with which we have been for long years on terms of almost brotherly intimacy; to which we are bound by every tie that holds mankind toward a broader and higher civilization and from which we draw much of our best intellectual life. For three hundred and sixty four days in each year we hold out the hand of kinship to our English cousins; on the one remaining day we resort, in commemoration of the victory which our great great grandfathers achieved over their great great grandfathers, to expressions and manifestations of exultation which match in crudity the orgies of the South Seas.

Let patriotism grow apace, with the growth of the nation we love; but with the passage of the years let us hope to find our love of country assuming more moderate forms of expression, to find it lifted into the nobler types of expression which we adopt toward individuals we love, and at last to find the receptive minds of our children left untutored in the direction of skyrocket enthusiasm and gunpowder patriotism. Let the loyalty of generations yet unborn be based more upon the sure footing of intelligent approval and support of the principles of freedom and good government, and less upon the vainglorious heralding of the wars of long ago.

THAT ANCESTRAL LOG.

Now that the so called log of the Mayflower is safely enshrined on this side of the ocean, we might reasonably expect to see a marked impetus in the direction of ancestral record hunting. We might look for a corresponding increase in the ranks of would-be "sons" and "daughters" of those awe inspiring societies into the names of which the cabala of Revolutionary terms is so cunningly worked.

The "log" is not a record of daily life on board the pioneer immigrant ship, but a historical work compiled by Governor Bradford, and begins in 1602, eighteen years before the *Mayflower* left Southampton. Its nearest approach to the function its name would indicate is found in an accurate list of the passengers on board that famous little vessel. It also contains an account of these people and their families thirty years after the landing at Plymouth.

With such data, a grandmother hunt founded on honest family pride might grow into a genealogical stampede, and the fame of the book would be spread abroad throughout the land. The fact that the placing of the priceless manuscript once more in American keeping has not been marked by any such popular upheaval is evidence that the genealogy fad rests on another basis than true ancestor worship. The exhibiting of colonial heirlooms, and the insistent proclaiming of *Mayflower* ancestry, are not, as a rule, an end in themselves; they are only means to an end, and that end is social preference. The evidence of so historic a document as Governor Bradford's memoir is too searching to be brought to bear upon some of these cherished but flimsy fabrics of *parvenu* genealogy. Its appearance has caused disquietude in not a few quarters.

The true and worthy descendant of our best and sturdiest colonial stock is likely to carry with him his passport to recognition. The social strugglers who grasp at the straw of hypothetical lineage do not care to encourage research into dangerously authentic records, fearing a landslide of uncomfortable facts. Considering both sides of the question, we do not look for any startling results from the return of the Bradford manuscript to the United States.

NANSEN AND THE POLE.

DR. NANSEN is very much in print since his return from the arctic regions. One might expect to find his writings and sayings full of enthusiastic accounts of polar experiences, helpful suggestions for future attempts to reach the pole itself, and expressions of eagerness to enter again upon the work of exploration. Instead, he deliberately declares that the North Pole is not "worth while."

The sober good sense of this statement is gratifying. Nansen's observations were continued through months of the most careful attention to thermometric and barometric conditions, and to all the other observations which make up an arctic record. The results show that there is little useful information remaining to be gleaned from extreme northern sources. Nansen has practically

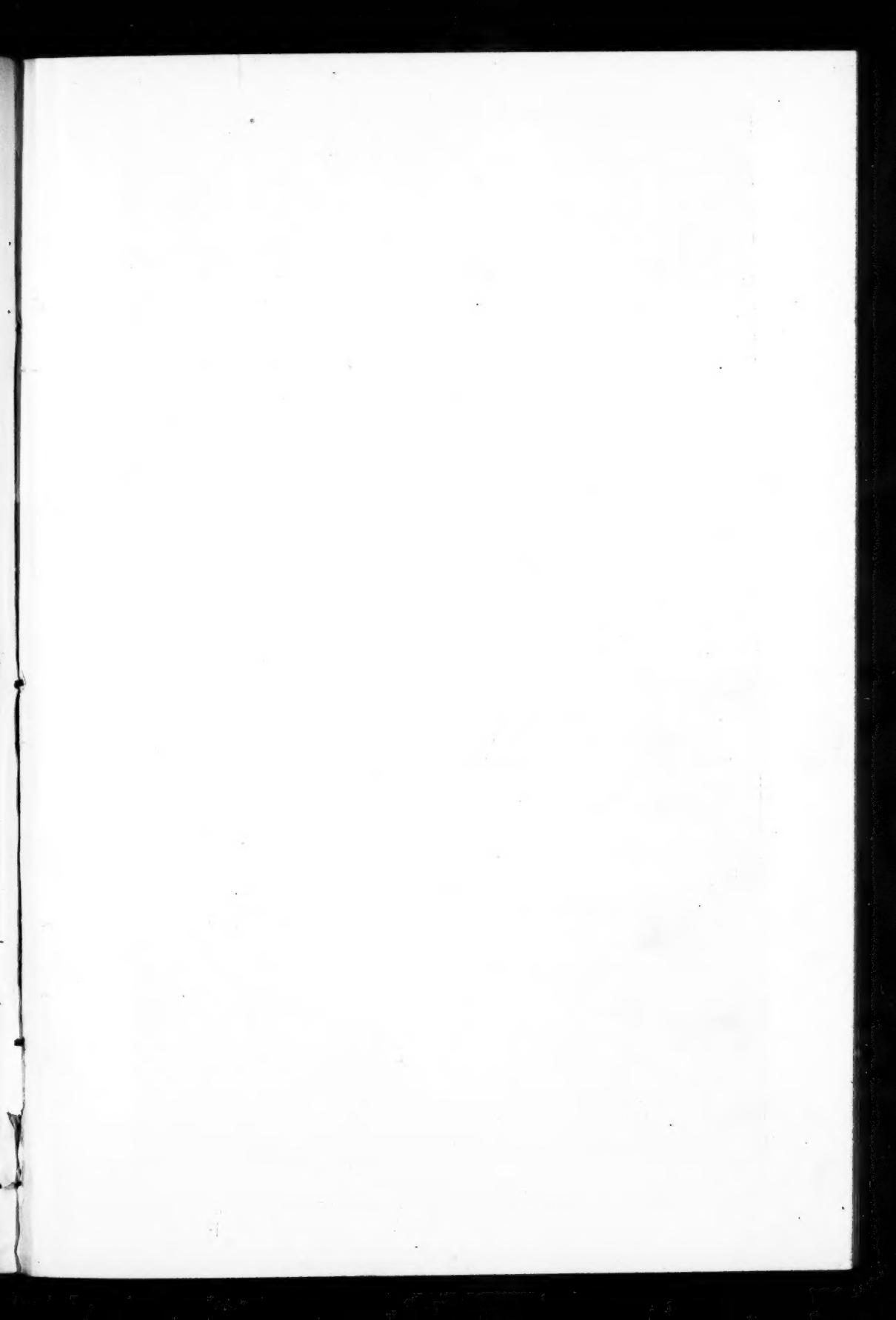
reached the pole, and there is no reason to believe that, had his journey been continued to that precise geographical spot, the results of his voyage would have had any greater scientific value than they possess now.

With many men, arctic exploration has been a sort of crusade, a matter of daring hardihood and reckless enthusiasm; but Nansen has placed it on a basis of sound common sense, the same basis that made his last voyage of exploration such a notable success.

PICTURES IN AMERICA.

WE have been called "young" by the old countries for so long that both we and they scarcely realize that we have had time to gain a little age, and at least sufficient experience to know a good thing when we see it, and cultivation enough to feel the advantage of possessing it. People who visit the galleries of the leading New York picture dealers are aware that they can find there better collections of fine examples of modern art than are to be seen in the shops of any other city in the world. The taste and the money are here, consequently the artists send their pictures here to be sold. We have not very many Lawrences and Reynoldses, because most of these portraits belong to families whose ancestors they represent; yet some fine examples are owned here, as the people who have arranged our portrait exhibitions discovered. Nor can we boast of our Rafaels and Titians; the great governmental collections of Europe have long held almost a monopoly of the cream of the old masters, and they do not sell their treasures; yet even in this field of art we are richer, probably, than most people think. For instance, in a public gallery in Chicago there is a larger collection of Rembrandts than can be found together anywhere else in the world.

Furthermore, it is probably true to say that no other country has brought together so complete a gathering of representative pictures from all other lands. We are cosmopolitan in our tastes for art, and the French, Italian, German, English, and even the Polish and Russian schools find appreciation here, while in Europe each nation centers its attention upon its own painters, or makes an exception in favor of the old masters only. Our Metropolitan Museum, which has grown with phenomenal rapidity to be one of the great galleries of the world, has the distinction of possessing one of the most uniformly good collections, containing less waste, less trash, than almost any other. Every season the leading dealers give free exhibitions of pictures which are in themselves an art education such as could not have been obtained, twenty five years ago, without a journey to Europe.





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"LOVE'S MESSENGER."

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